THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated We
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in

JUNE 26, 1909

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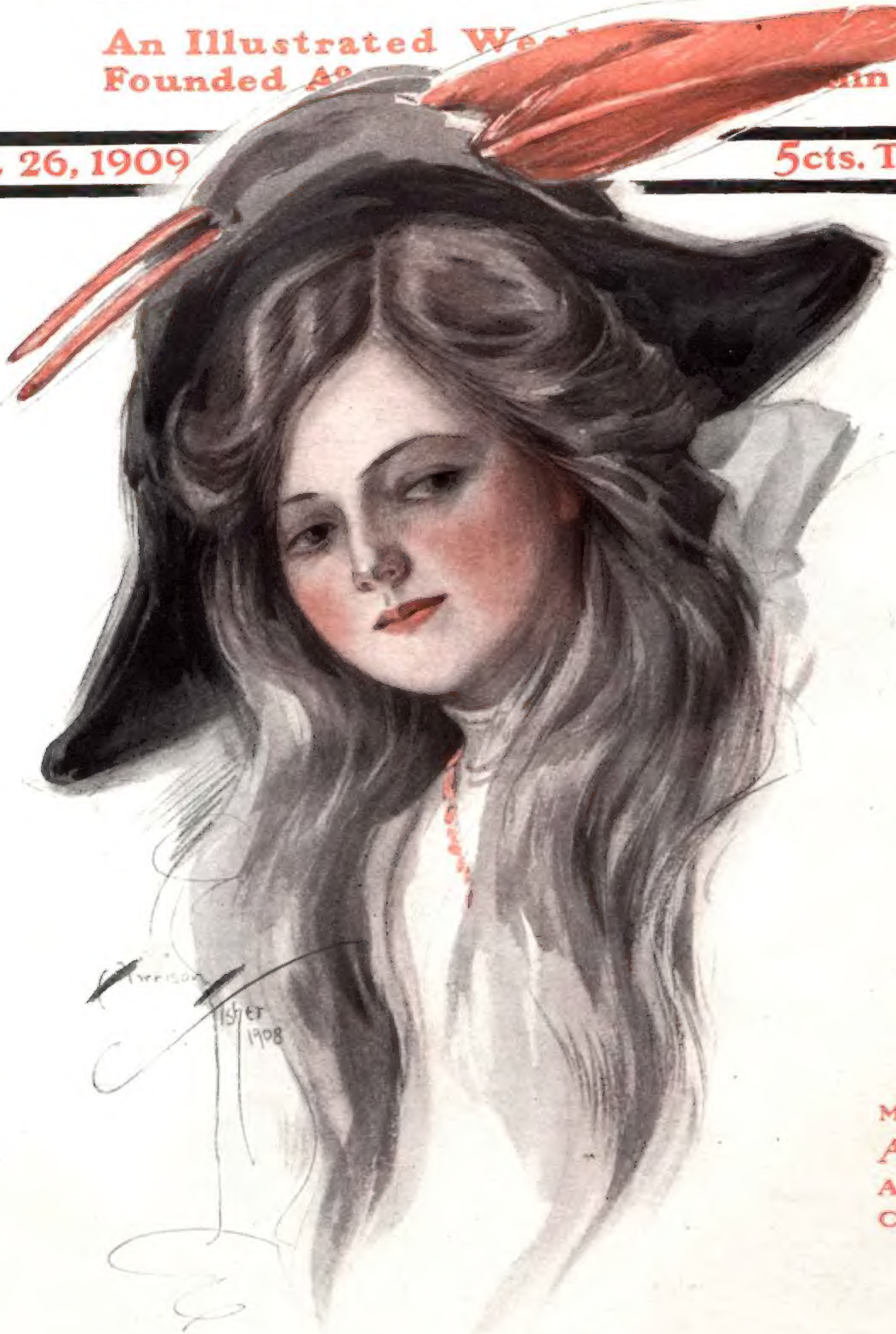

More Than
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DRAWN BY
HARRISON FISHER

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

FILM

The Film that Lifts Amateur Photography from Guesswork to the Realm of Artistic Achievement

WITH Ansco Film you can achieve the greatest possible success that your equipment will allow. The Ansco Film gives you not merely a photograph—but an artistically correct rendering of your subject—line for line, tone for tone.

The latitude of the Ansco Film is a revelation to the photographer—be he novice, amateur, or advanced. The marvelous pencilings of nature in light and shade—all the gradations which the eye unconsciously catches—can be depicted with unerring fidelity by the Ansco Film. This is what makes successful photography.

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The Ansco Film is the highest type of film. It has that fineness of grain of the emulsion so necessary in producing a well-balanced negative.

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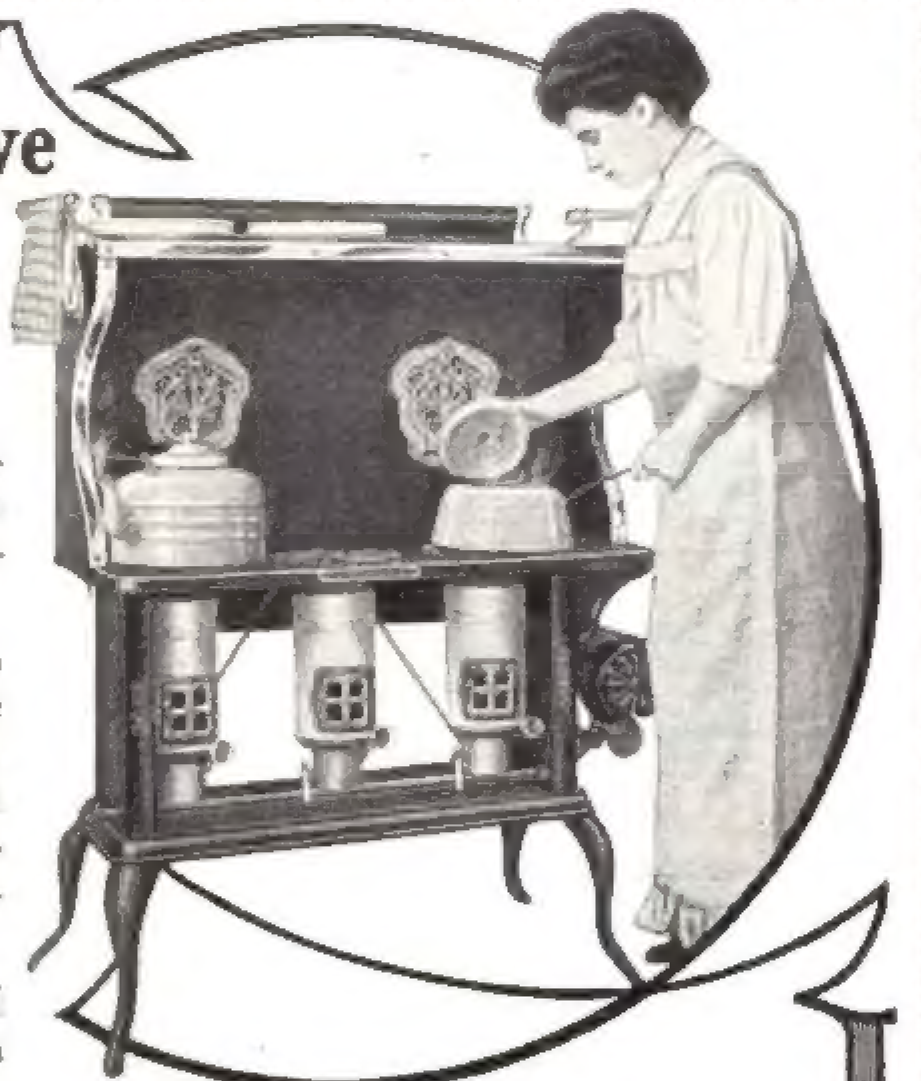
The Ansco Film fits any camera; exposure numbers always register; non-curling.

Independent dealers everywhere carry full line of Ansco Film, Cyko Paper, and pure, carefully prepared photographic chemicals. If other dealers will not supply you, do not blame them. An agreement with their manufacturer forbids them. Look for the ANSCO sign.

YOURS FOR THE ASKING: A complete photographic library in two volumes, teaching the art of making prize-winning pictures. Write for it, or ask your nearest dealer.

Ansco Company, Binghamton, N.Y.

A Summer Stove of Unusual Convenience



Your kitchen is really incomplete without a New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove.

Not only does this stove do anything that any other stove will do, but it does it quicker, better, at less cost for fuel, with less trouble to you *and all without perceptibly raising the temperature of the kitchen.*

Think what comfort and convenience it means to have a

NEW PERFECTION
Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

for summer cooking. Note the CABINET TOP for warming dishes and keeping cooked food hot. Also the drop shelves for holding small cooking utensils, and bars for holding towels—features entirely new to oil-stoves. It is as substantial in appearance and as efficient in practice as the modern steel coal range. In convenience it far surpasses any other stove. Three sizes. Can be had with or without Cabinet Top. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

The *Rayo* ***LAMP*** If you are troubled by flickering gas and large quarterly bills for the same, get a Rayo Lamp—the best, handsomest and most economical light for a home. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

"Porosknit"

Summer Underwear

COOLEST THING FOR WARMEST WEATHER

FOR MEN **FOR BOYS**

—Comfortable—**Fits** as if it were made **on** you—**Wears** as if it cost twice as much—No better **quality** at any price.

Ask for this Label

FABRIC
TRADE MARK
"Porosknit"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DESIGN

and you will be sure of a clean, cool, sanitary, well ventilated *Porosknit* Summer. Ask your dealer for it.

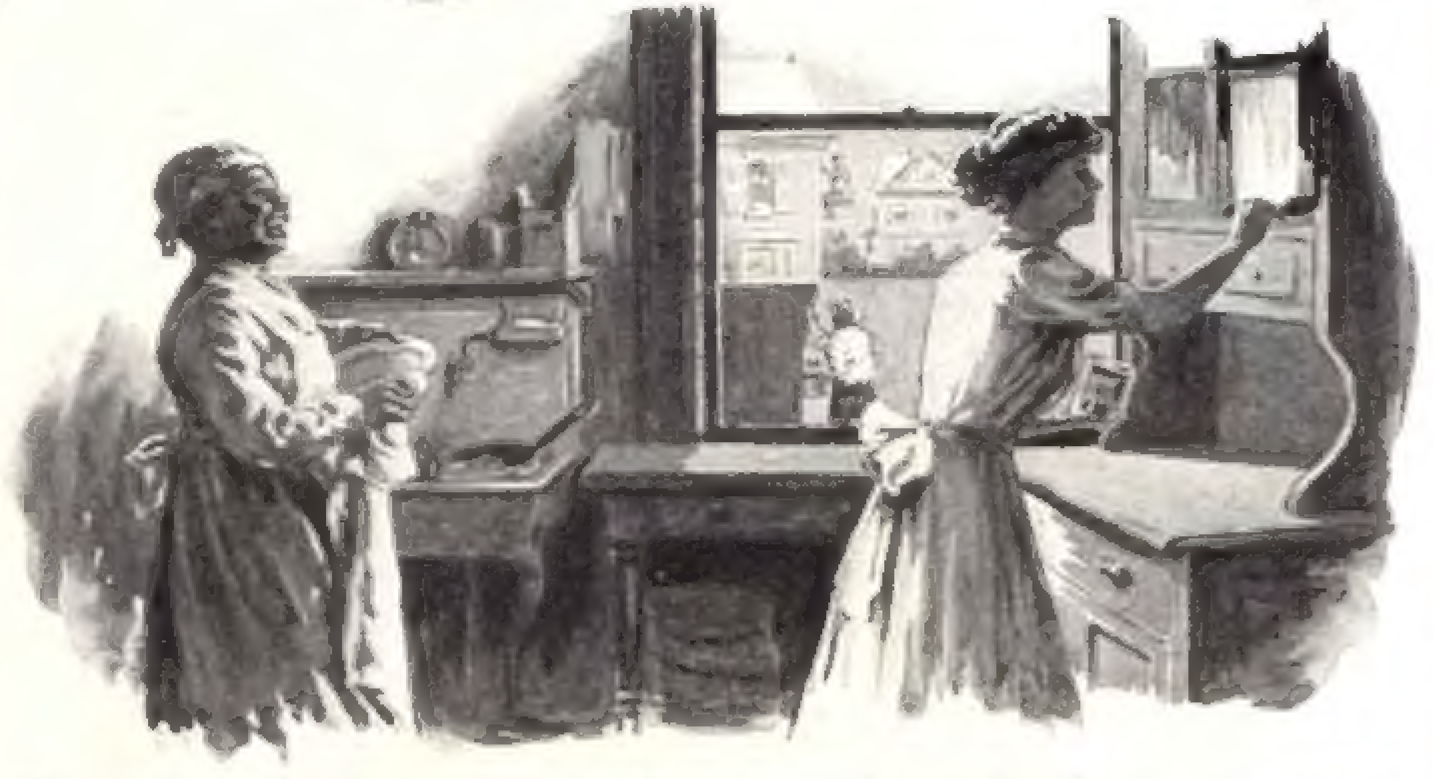
MEN'S Shirts and Drawers, each **50c**
Boys' Shirts and Drawers, each **25c**

Union Suits: Men's $1.00, Boys' 50c.

Made in all standard styles and sizes. Send for our new illustrated booklet on "Coolness, Comfort and Economy."

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY
1 Washington Street, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Brighten Up



The effect of paint or varnish properly applied to your house and to the things inside and outside of your house will be to brighten up your home wonderfully, provided you use the right paint or varnish.

"Brighten Up" is the name of a line of Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes intended especially for the use of home-makers.

Go to the Sherwin-Williams dealer in your town, tell him what you wish to do, and he will suggest the right Brighten Up finish for your purpose, or write to us and we will send you the Brighten Up booklet, telling all about the different kinds of paints and varnishes in this line.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
LARGEST PAINT AND VARNISH MAKERS IN THE WORLD
Address all inquiries to 613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, Ohio
In Canada to 639 Centre St., Montreal
London Address: 7 Well Court, Queen Street, E. C.

"Holeproof" Hose

(In All the Latest Summer Colors)

Are the Original Guaranteed Hose

The "Holeproof" knitting process makes them close-fitting, neat, and attractive.

No one need sacrifice *wear* and *comfort* any longer to get perfect style.

No one need now sacrifice *style* to get wear and comfort.

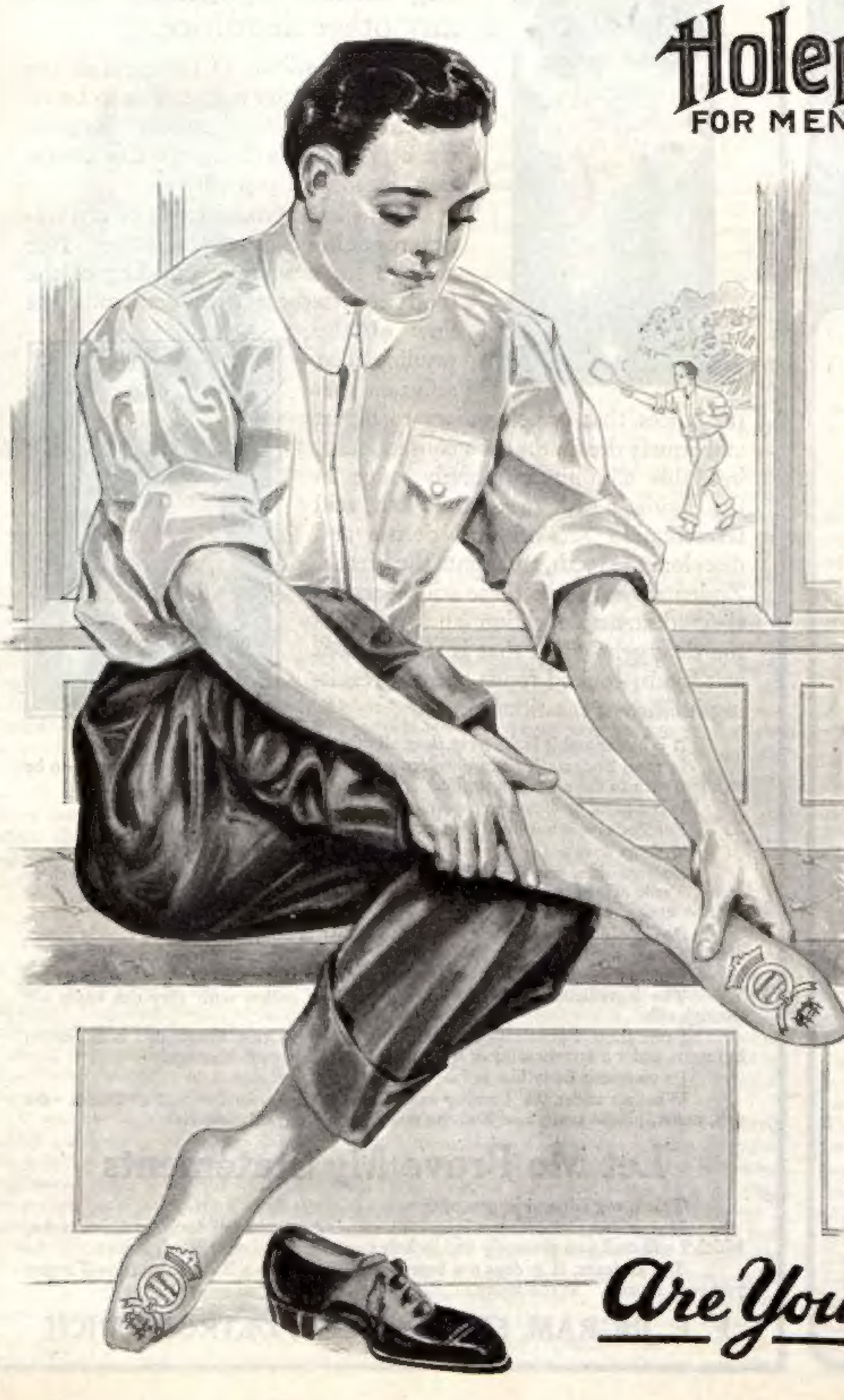
It cost us 31 years of patient experiment before we achieved this ideal style—comfort—wear combination in "Holeproof" Hose.

Yet you pay no more for "Holeproof" than for ordinary hose which lack the guarantee and all the other "Holeproof" features.

Then—with every box of six pairs of "*Holeproof*" Hose (all one color, or assorted to order), you get the following *guarantee* signed in ink by the dealer:

"*If any, or all of these hose, come to rips, tears, holes, or need darning within six months from the day you buy them, we will replace them free.*"

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN



Note the Summer Colors Sold by "Holeproof" Dealers

There are eleven different and very attractive colors for men. There are six dainty colors for women. The children's hose are made in two colors. You'll find them all named in the list below.

How We Can Give So Much For the Money

We now make 18,000 pairs of "Holeproof" each day. Last year we sold over 3,000,000 pairs.

Our business, you see, is on such a large scale that we can easily give the utmost hosiery value for the money. That's why the sale price of these hose is no more per pair than that of common hose.

You get the benefit of this *great production* when you buy "Holeproof" Hose. You get the finest hose ever made.

Egyptian and Sea Island Cotton

We pay an average of 63c a pound for *Egyptian* and *Sea Island Cotton Yarn*. We could buy yarn at 35c per pound. But the very best yarn is essential to the kind of hose we make.

How We Get the Wear

We get the wear by deftly reinforcing the heels and toes with this ultra fine yarn.

The yarn is so soft and pliable, and our process of knitting so perfect, that you never feel the reinforcement. It is this exclusive process, also, that assures you of perfect fit over every square inch of your foot and ankle.

How to Get "Holeproof" Hose

Ask your dealer to show you the "Holeproof" assortment of light weights and summer colors. Decide if you have ever before seen such value in hosiery.

If he hasn't them, write us and we'll tell you a dealer who has, or we'll ship direct, where we have no dealer, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

Holeproof Sox—6 pairs, $1.50. Medium and lightweight. Black, black with white feet, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted, as desired.

Holeproof Sox (extra light weight)—6 pairs, $2.00. Made entirely of Sea Island cotton.

Holeproof Lustre-Sox—6 pairs, $3.00. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, flesh color and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12.

Holeproof Full-Fashioned Sox—6 pairs, $3.00. Same colors and sizes as Lustre-Sox.

Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $2.00. Medium weight. Black, tan, black with white feet, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Holeproof Lustre-Stockings—6 pairs, $3.00. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan, black, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Boys' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $3.00. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 11.

Misses' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $3.00. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 9½. These are the best children's hose made today.

Reg. U.S. Pat. Office, 1906.

Write for Free Book—"How to Make Your Feet Happy."

Holeproof Hosiery Co.
308 Fourth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Are Your Hose Insured?

There is Beauty in every jar
MILKWEED
MILKWEED
Ingram's Milk Weed Cream
FOR TAN, FRECKLES, SUNBURN, REDNESS
MAKES THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH AND VEL-
IS DELIGHTFUL TO USE. PREVENTS CHAPPING
IS READILY ABSORBED.
FREDERICK F. INGRAM & CO.
PROPRIETORS
DETROIT, MICH.

MILKWEED CREAM

We want every woman in America to send for a liberal free sample of Milkweed Cream and our booklet telling of the wonderful results that follow its daily use. Write today before you forget.

This is the one toilet cream that has proved its merit.

Milkweed Cream is not a new thing. Your grandmother used it and her matchless complexion testified to its worth.

It is nature's own aid to beauty—a skin tonic. A very little applied gently to the face, neck and hands night and morning, cleans out the tiny pores and stimulates them to renewed activity. The certain result of this is a complexion clear and brilliant in coloring—a skin soft and smooth without being shiny—plump, rounded cheeks from which all lines and wrinkles have been taken away.

Improves Bad Complexions
Preserves Good Complexions

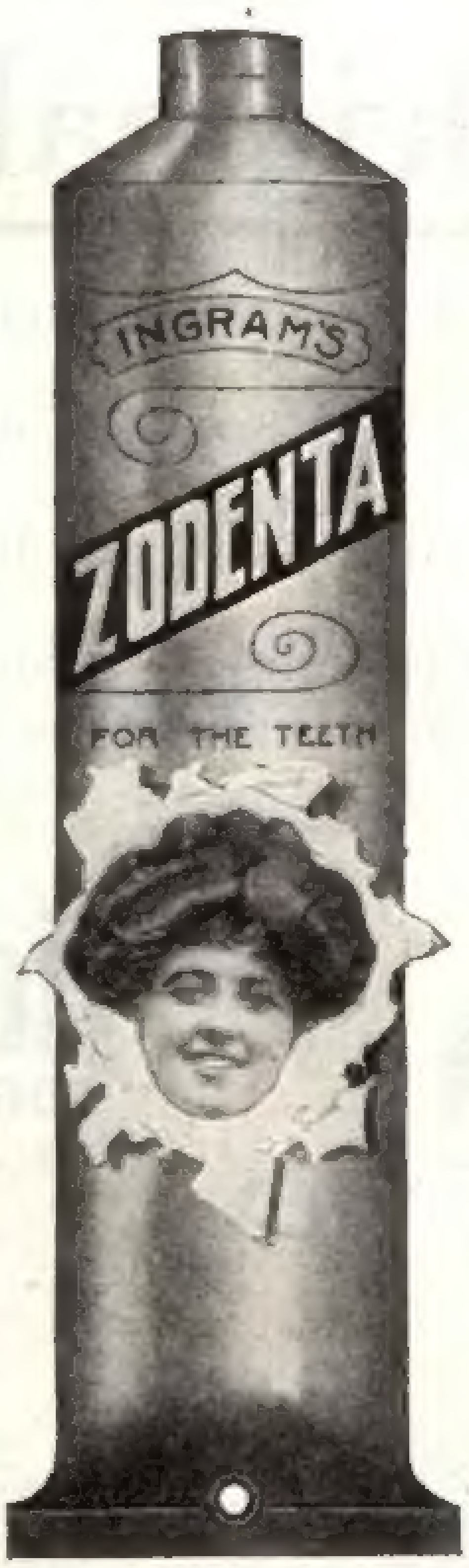
Milkweed Cream is good for all complexion faults. It has a distinct beneficial action on the skin and its glands. Excessive rubbing or kneading is not only unnecessary, but is liable to stretch the skin and cause wrinkles. Milkweed Cream is absorbed by the skin like dry ground absorbs rain. Thus the pores are not clogged up, irritated or enlarged as they are by having stuff forced into them by rubbing. Milkweed Cream is dainty, fastidious and refined—a necessary toilet luxury for every woman who values her personal appearance.

Sold by all druggists at 50 cents and $1.00 a jar, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Don't forget to write for the liberal free sample.

F. F. INGRAM, 55 Tenth Street, DETROIT, MICH.

ZODENTA

A Preservative For The Teeth



I want you to let me prove to you the superiority of my tooth paste, and at my expense. It is whiter, smoother, and I believe it possesses greater cleansing and preserving properties for the teeth—stopping their decalcification and consequent decay and discoloration—is more refreshing to the mouth and gums and is more strongly antiseptic—preventing the acid forming micro-organisms—than any other dentifrice.

The condition of the teeth of the present generation is so bad as to be an indictment of our civilization. Regular use of Zodenta will change this condition, let me tell you why—

The soft cooked foods of civilization result in deficient mastication. Not enough mastication or grinding of the food between the teeth causes insufficient flow of the ptyaline laden saliva and gastric juices that are necessary to digest and liquefy the food. As a consequence, insoluble albuminous shreds lodge in the cavities and between the teeth, acid fermentation sets in and decays and discolors the teeth, and taints the breath. Zodenta neutralizes these acids—arrests their destructive action and provides the detergent effect that is absent from soft foods, cooked foods and the resulting inefficient mastication.

It is better and it is different from all others.

In form Zodenta is not a powder to be wasted and spilt over everything—to be an annoyance to the clean housewife.

It is a paste or cream—economical and clean—without any defects.

For Zodenta is not dirty or dark in color, but is brilliantly white.

Zodenta does not petrify in its tube but remains moist and pliable.

Zodenta does not disintegrate into a number of separate ingredients, such as water, chalk, wintergreen, oil, etc., but always remains the same, an inseparable definite entity.

Zodenta does not scratch the teeth because of some cellulose or woody ingredients, for there are none such in Zodenta.

Zodenta is made as no other tooth cream or paste is made.

The ingredients of Zodenta are ground or milled until they can easily sift through silk.

I mix these ingredients together, then form the true inseparable combination in retorts under a temperature of from 350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit.

Its texture is fairly like satin.

Whether under the burning sun of the Sahara or in the cold of Siberia—the soft, moist, pliable texture of Zodenta will remain always the same.

Let Me Prove My Statements

This is my fair and square offer—

If your druggist does not keep Zodenta send me 25 cents for large 2⅙ oz. tube, which I will mail you promptly and include free a family Tooth Brush holder.

Try Zodenta, if it does not bear out all my claims tell me so and I will return you your money. Write today.

F. F. INGRAM, 55 Tenth Street, DETROIT, MICH.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Volume 181 PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 26, 1909 Number 52

A MINISTER'S MAIL

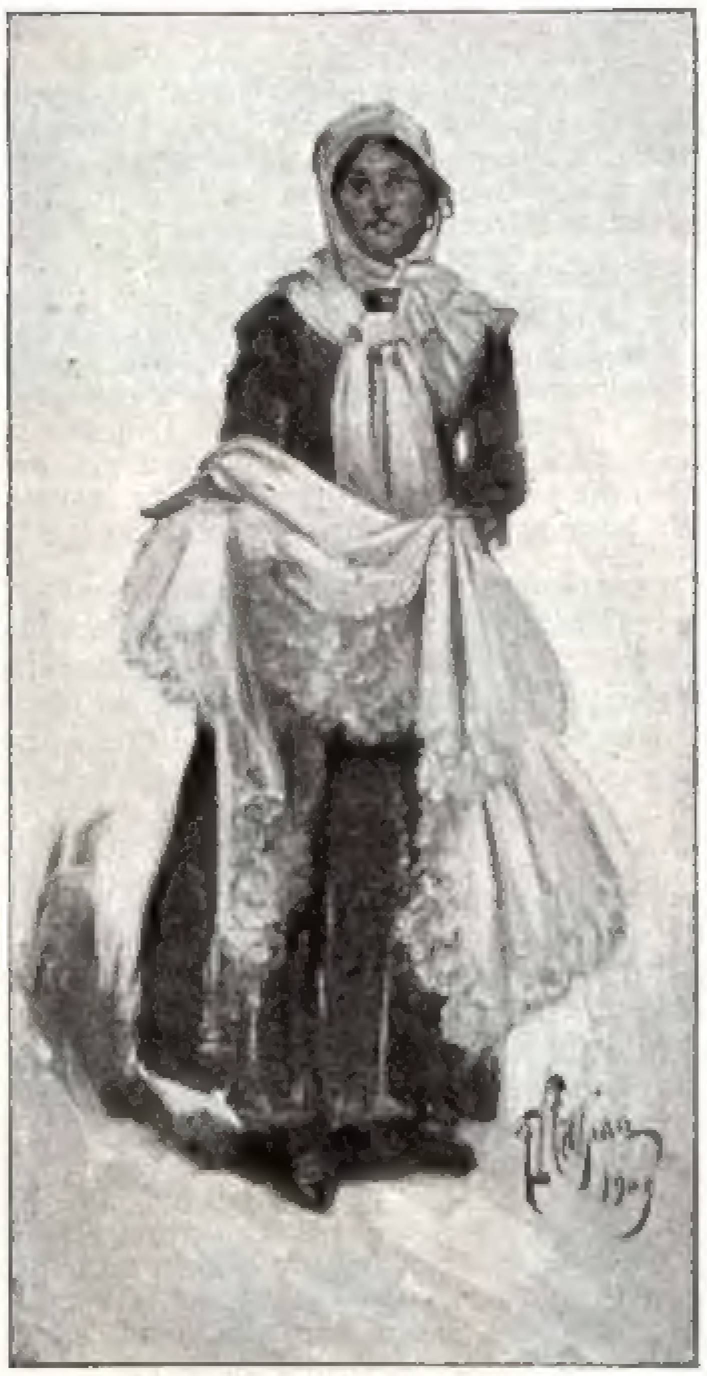
Mr. Rockefeller's Millions

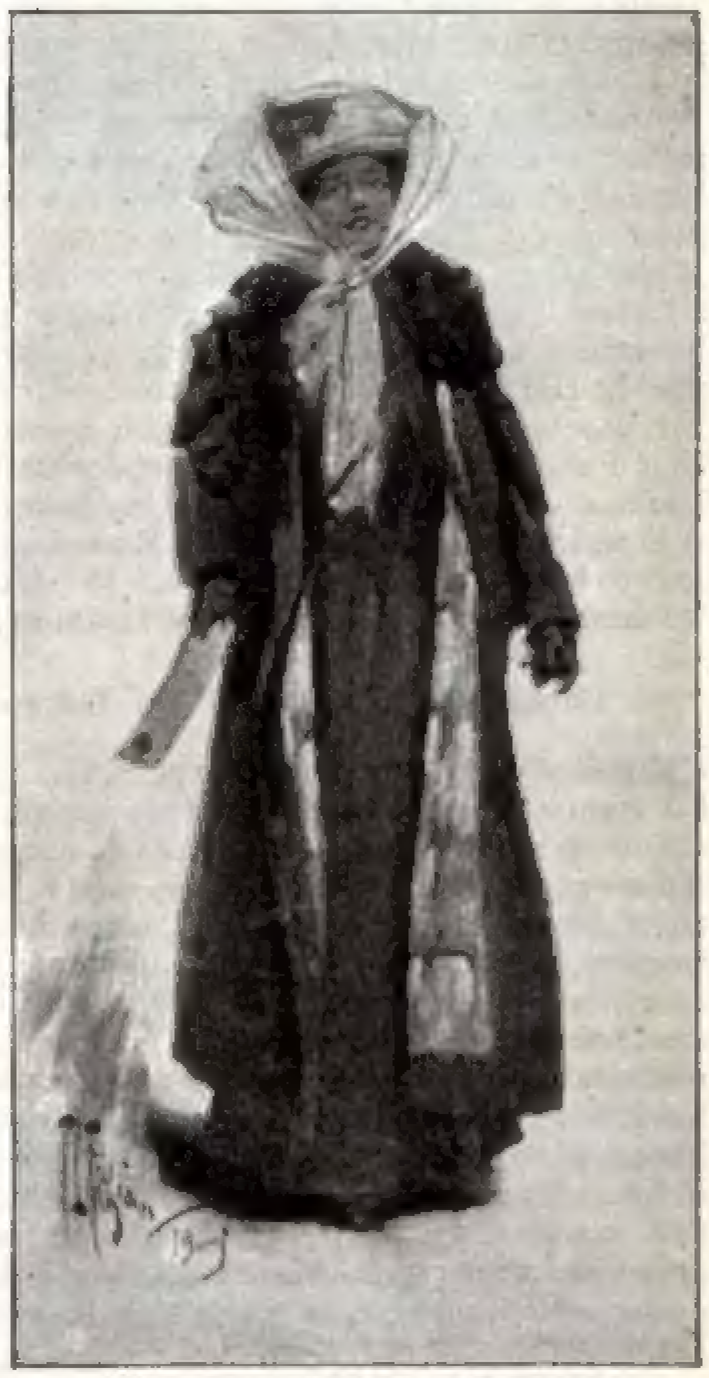
By

CHARLES F. AKED, D.D.

(MINISTER AT THE FIFTH AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY)

ILLUSTRATED BY F. L. FITHIAN


A Woman From the West of Ireland With Lace


A Young Lady With Land to Sell on Long Island

IT SHOULD be stated at the outset that I have no more to do with Mr. Rockefeller's philanthropies than the Man in the Moon. Mr. Rockefeller has his own staff, his secretaries, his organization of charity, his own way of doing things. I have never yet introduced an appeal of any kind to him. And I have no reason in the world for supposing that a suggestion of mine would not be resented by him. Yet I have had more than six thousand requests to put before him appeals for money! And still they come, thicker than the leaves that strew the brooks in overquoted Vallombrosa. They come not single spies nor whole battalion; they come in armies charging down upon me with remorseless purpose. They come from every land beneath the sun. They are written in every language. They come from men and women and children; from persons of every rank and class; from the rich who would be richer and from the poor who seek escape from poverty; from people who bear great and famous names and from the nameless and unknown; from people religious, non-religious and irreligious. They come by day and by night—and they make my life a burden to me.

One evening, less than a week after landing in this country, I attended a committee meeting at my church, and I found the sexton's room crammed with letters, newspapers, rolls of music, book packets, addressed to me. The English mail was in! It was impossible for me to carry all this stuff away. One of the trustees of my church took pity on me and loaded his automobile up with the things and brought them and me to the Majestic Hotel, where I was then staying. The hall porter had to carry in the bundles. Mrs. Aked and I began to open the letters. For a moment I had an idea that everybody I knew in England had been taken with a wild and simultaneous desire to send me good wishes for the opening Sunday of my new life. I was quickly undeceived. We opened about a hundred letters. Every one was an appeal for money! I could not understand it until I reached the letters which contained newspaper cuttings. Then the secret stood revealed. A London paper had published a string of lies to the effect that I had been appointed "Almoner" to Mr. John D. Rockefeller, charged with the duty of giving away his millions. The report had these scare-heads:

ROCKEFELLER'S BILLIONS

The Rev. Mr. Aked to Give Them Out by the Handful
His New Post

It was stated that the report came from "Our New York Correspondent." Reporters in New York City to whom I have spoken, and especially some men of character who represent English newspapers here, not only repudiate knowledge of it, but declare their conviction that the story was not sent out from New York. They say it was too thin. Nobody here would have believed such a silly story. And they point to the fact that no American newspaper of standing reproduced it. They believe that it was invented in London. Anyway, the effect was tremendous.

It was obvious that I could not open and read all these things. I had not so early found a secretary—and one secretary would have been of little use. I simply called the bell-boy and let him carry them away unopened—and what was in them and what became of them I neither know nor care. I had to do the same thing with my mail for several weeks, though I took the precaution to look at each envelope. If it bore a name I knew, or if it was directed in a handwriting I recognized, I opened it. If not, it was thrown away unopened. Naturally, I made many mistakes, and for months afterward I was engaged in apologizing to my own personal friends for not acknowledging the receipt of letters they had written and presents they had sent. Hundreds of letters came through the registered mail, and as each calls for a signature the thing became a nuisance. I notified the post-office that I would not receive registered mail—and in this way refused to receive my own bankbook when it was sent to me after being made up.

I doubt whether my contradiction of the ridiculous story had one-hundredth part of the circulation which the original fabrication enjoyed. We know that a lie can go round the world while a truth is getting its boots on. And where papers gave the contradiction they satisfied their conscience with an obscure paragraph in small type with a single headline, while the original had filled columns in type you could read across the street. I hope that God will forgive the rascal who first set the lie moving, for I am sure that there are men and women who never will!

In process of time the rush ended, and now I regard the appeals which reach me as belonging to the normal state of things. I reckon that about three thousand letters came in the first fortnight. Within the next two or three months came about one thousand more. Since then, in about eighteen months I have received, say, two thousand. The rate at the present time averages nearly the same, say, twenty each week, or a thousand a year. After the first few months I developed a sixth sense. I feel in my antennæ, in picking up a letter, whether it is one of these foolish appeals. My secretary has attained to a like measure of divination, and such letters are now seldom opened. They are never answered. But for the purpose of this article some that would have been consigned to the waste-basket during the last few days have been read. And—to begin the story at the end—here is a letter which has come while these lines were actually being typed. It is written in French in a clear, bold hand. It comes from a town in French-speaking Switzerland and it points to previous letters which, of course, I have not seen. It will be observed that French politeness does not desert my sturdy beggar; though my silence is "brutal" he presents to me his "distinguished respects." He writes:

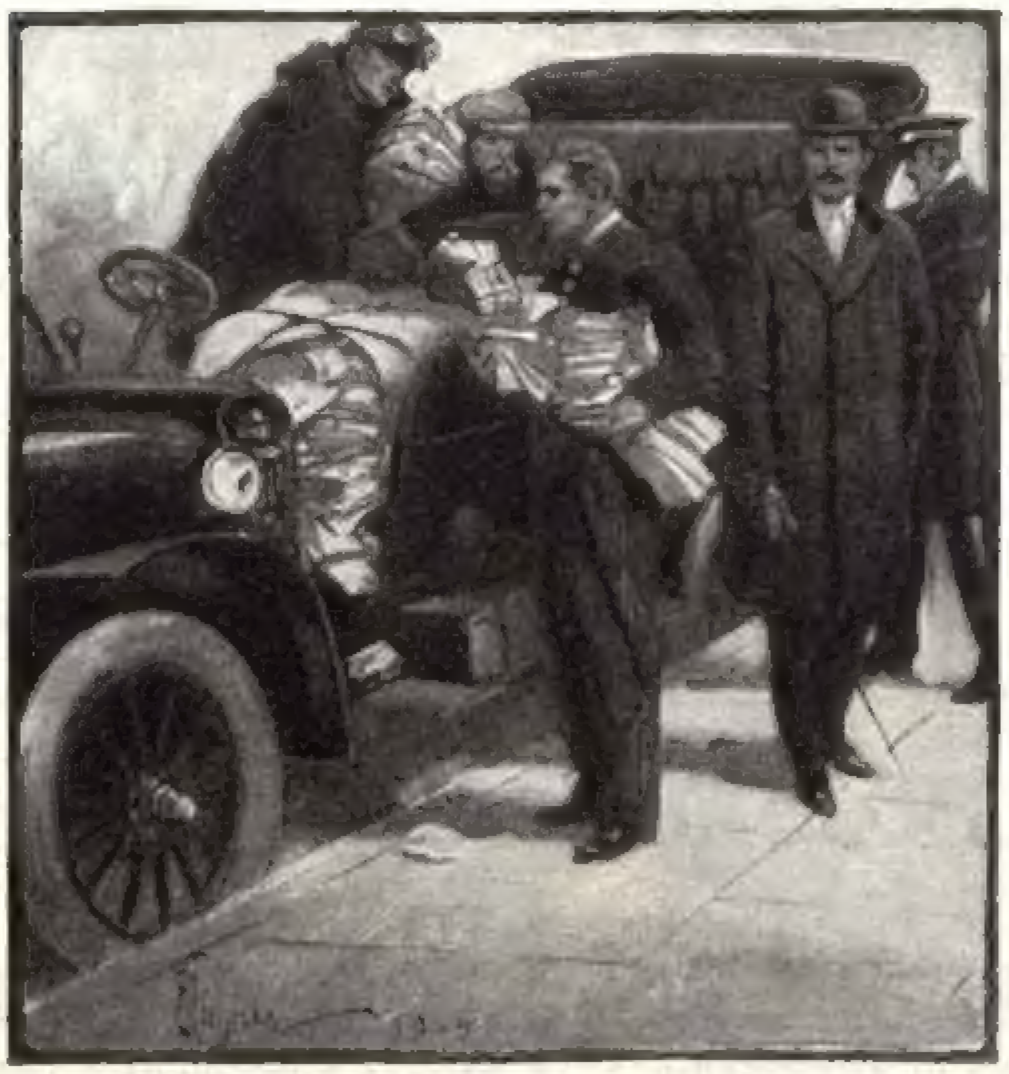
Honored and Reverend Sir:

It is unbelievable that you are able to leave in the greatest distress an honest old man. You ignore all my prayers and the recommendation of our pastor, whom you treat with contempt, although he is a worthy Christian and does not deserve the disdain which you manifest by your brutal silence. Mammon has already attacked your heart. You show no sign of charity. I supplicate you again to come to my help, and I present to you my distinguished respects.

As a matter of fact, the trouble began before I left England. Some of the recollections are a little painful; some are only laughable. Rich men, capitalists and financiers, whom I knew slightly, began to show very great interest in my career. And, although there had been no great friendship between us, their manifestations of regard were most embarrassing. Friends who had forgotten my existence for many years awoke to the knowledge of the grievous loss which they were sustaining by my departure! Only, they curiously enough all wanted introductions to Mr. Rockefeller. An English judge, interested in a great denominational undertaking in the Far East, for which an endowment of more than a million dollars was and still is needed, approached me. The work in question is as good a piece of Christian philanthropy as one need wish to help, and the man who gives the necessary million to it will be doing a good work for humanity. This judge invited me to his home, or begged me to invite him to mine, so that he might discuss the scheme with me, and when I reached New York beg the odd million or so from Mr. Rockefeller. Considering that this came from a man of great education, ability and experience, I regard it as among the most foolish of all. The very idea that I should begin my ministry by an appeal of this sort, that before I had even made the acquaintance of my own people I should start by a demand upon one of them for a million, is simply preposterous. Ministers of the Gospel without number, with the deacons and officials of their churches, were crowding my doorsteps and hanging on to the end of my telephone wire for several weeks, all with their appeals for building new churches, or repairing old ones, or paying off mortgages, or establishing institutes and social clubs. Every case, if one could believe those interested in it, was "special," and in every instance there was admirable reason why Mr. Rockefeller should finance the whole proceeding, or, at the very least, subscribe liberally to it.

It should be explained that I accepted the invitation to my present charge on the first day of January and did not sail from England until early in April, so that there was ample time for the besieging hosts to gather for the attack. A man wrote to me from New Zealand, telling me that he had invented and patented a "plaster for the nerves" which he wished to put on the market at ten shillings. He needed capital, and he told me that if I would persuade Mr. Rockefeller to finance it he would supply me with plasters for my nerves for the remainder of my natural life! I happened to mention this to an esteemed friend of mine in Liverpool, a magistrate, and he reminded me of the Corrupt Commissions Act! Plasters for the nerves of various people would have been needed had the pastor-elect of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church been sent to jail for "graft"!

Was it the knowledge that a clergyman could not be induced to accept a corrupt commission, or was it mere forgetfulness which left me out of a proposed big deal in railway appliances? One Sunday evening after church I walked up Fifth Avenue with Mr. Rockefeller. On Monday a letter which had been addressed to me at Mr. Rockefeller's house was forwarded to me by his secretary. The writer said that he had seen me on the previous evening walking with Mr. Rockefeller. He assumed that I was his guest and that I should have unexampled opportunities of talking business with him. He wished to lay before me a railway deal which would bring in to Mr. Rockefeller five millions and to himself five millions more. He signed the letter, "Your brother in Christ." Where I came in he did not say!

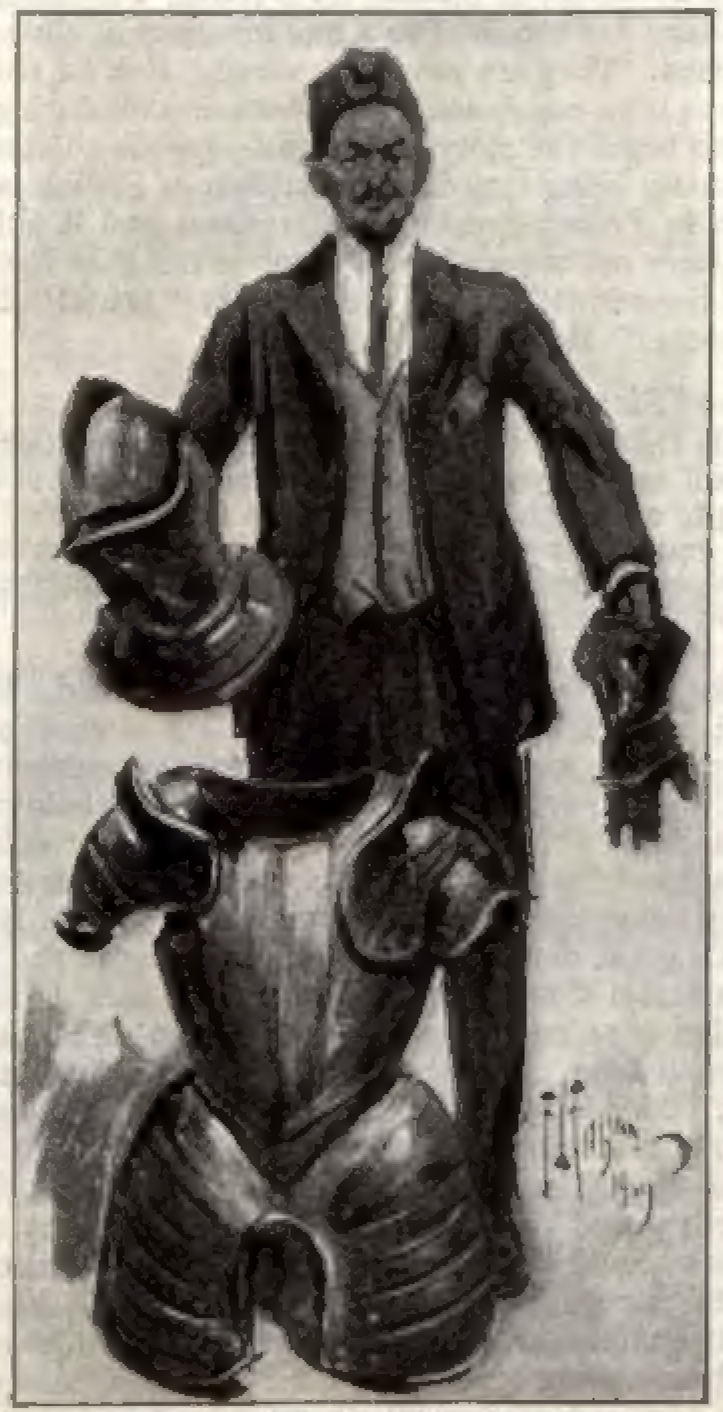


One of the Trustees of My Church Took Pity on Me

Thousands of People With Things to Sell

SOME of the appeals are really pathetic. Probably every great and good and gracious movement on the face of the earth makes its appeal sooner or later to Mr. Rockefeller—generally sooner, not later—and a vast number of these, both American and foreign, come to me. Christian workers, philanthropists, organizers and managers of charities have an idea that Mr. Rockefeller has surrounded himself with a kind of impenetrable barrier of organization, and that if only they could get at Mr. Rockefeller personally nothing more would be needed. They add to that supposition one which is even wilder, that in some way or other I can secure the introduction for them. And so a thousand men and women, honest and honorable, approach me to seek this introduction. Friends of my own, people whom I know and respect, to whom, of course, I cannot deny an interview, come to me, as I suppose, for a social call, bring their appeals, and seem the most surprised people on earth when I tell them that I have nothing at all to do with Mr. Rockefeller's millions. And I must add that it has been not a little sickening to find that people who, long before I was the minister of this church, to my own positive knowledge looked down from heights of superior sanctity on Mr. Rockefeller and his millions, now, thinking that they have a chance of exploiting some part of that wealth for righteous ends, come to me to beg me to lay their appeals before him. I have had in this room, painfully and almost tearfully anxious for Mr. Rockefeller's money, people who ten years ago were ready to foam at the mouth about "tainted" gold.

Everybody who has anything to sell wants to sell it to Mr. Rockefeller, and many of them try to get at him through me. The cynic asserts that there is a fool born every minute and that some of them live. Some of them come to me! A young lady with land to sell on Long Island; a convicted murderer serving a life sentence making hair bridles for horses; a Russian countess with jewels; a Bohemian with a collection of old coins; somebody else with fine specimens of plate armor; a woman from the west of Ireland with lace, and a hundred more, besiege me. People send things through the mail, valuable things, or things which seem valuable to them. In the most reckless and ridiculous way an old minister of the Gospel, fallen upon evil times, appears to have sent several letters to me and an illuminated testimonial presented to him by his church on his retirement after twenty years of service. I never saw it. I do not know what happened to it. All these things, as I explained, were thrown away, and the poor man bewails his loss. Regularly once a month I receive a post-card from an author, or an alleged author, denouncing me because I will not return a manuscript volume, whether of prose or poetry I do not know, which he says he sent to me in the hope that I would induce Mr. Rockefeller to publish it. A great map of Palestine on some alleged new plan is supposed to have been sent to me. It was delivered to my publishers and I notified them that they could do what they liked with it —I should not receive it—and the poor fellow who sent it bombards me with applications for its return. Mr. Rockefeller was to finance the publication of that, to be sure. One absurd person—if it were not a woman I should say one idiotic person—sent me a large bundle of stock certificates in a mining company, which I was to sell to Mr. Rockefeller at a certain price. These, by a fortunate accident, were safely received and were sent back by my secretary just because the foolish person was a woman and a widow. It is impossible for an outsider to believe that there are so many foolish people in the world, just as it is impossible to describe all the ridiculous things that have been sent to me for Mr. Rockefeller.



Somebody Else With Fine Specimens of Plate Armor

Then the wants of the world! A rural postman in Oregon wants a bicycle—Mr. Rockefeller is to buy it. A child in Canada sends her missionary collecting card—Mr. Rockefeller is to subscribe two cents a week and I am to mail the money to her regularly. A negro editor in Georgia wants a printing press—and Mr. Rockefeller is to send it. A girl in London who wants to get married asks Mr. Rockefeller to buy an annuity for her mother, that she may be free to set up a home of her own. But this is nothing beside the English girl who threatened me—but I must tell the story exactly.

I received a letter from a young and pretty girl. I only know she is pretty because she said so herself. She inclosed her photograph and there seemed to be some discrepancy between its testimony and her own. She explained that she was teaching music and not earning more than fifteen shillings a week. A music-hall manager had offered her £5 a week. She was engaged to be married. Her sweetheart could not marry her because, having his father and mother to keep, he had been unable to save money enough to furnish a house. She wanted Mr. Rockefeller to send £200 to set up housekeeping. If he would not she felt that she would be driven to accept the music-hall offer, and she added that she knew what dangers awaited a pretty girl like herself in the music-hall life, but told me that if I did not get this money and send it to her I should be responsible for whatever happened! I was to be *particeps criminis* to all consequences if I did not send the check!

Some specimens of the uneducated appeal may be interesting, those that are begging letters pure and simple. Here is one from Washington:

Kind Brother:

> Will you please see that this letter inclosed is delivered to Mr. John D. Rockefeller? Will you be so kind as to do that much for me? I trust God you will, and may God bless you, my Brother. I do hope and pray that this letter will bring us some help soon. Now, kind Brother, do this for me, will you? Just the crumbs that fall from his table.

And here is another from Wales:

> We have read of Mr. Rockefeller's charity. Please pardon us for writing to you. We are two lonely women, mother and myself. Mother is a widow seventy-two years of age. I have the care of her. I inclose a sample of crochet work. Please, sir, could you get me an order to enable me to start a poultry farm or start a sweet-shop? We have nothing to bring us a living.

Then follow many particulars about their personal troubles.

Here is another—I cannot give it in full. A lawyer tells me that he has embezzled trust funds, that the discovery may be made any day and will certainly be made within a few weeks, and asks for £2000 which he undertakes to pay back at the rate of £200 a year for the next twelve years—the £400 being, of course, interest.

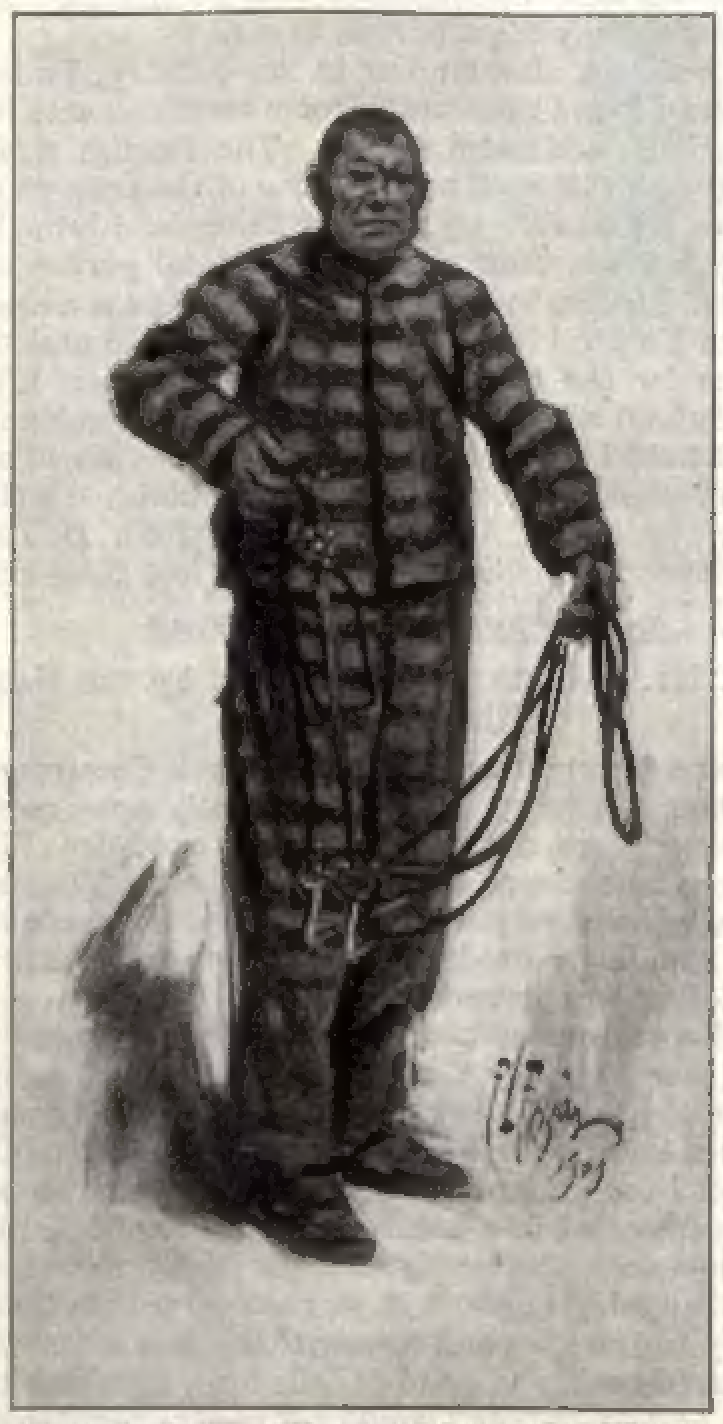
Generosity With Others' Money

HERE is another from a man who tells me one of the most scandalous stories I ever read either in Zola or elsewhere, a story downright abominable in its revelations of guilt, asking for money to enable him to buy off women whom he has wronged.

And here is one which must be given in full:

Reverend and dear Sir:

> Briefly—may I ask for only £2000 by check, or to be placed to my credit at the —— Bank, of Gloucestershire, England, where I have banked about forty years continuously and never borrowed money? I am greatly respected and would like to lay out the above for the benefit of others at my discretion, thus assisting you. I shall be so *glad*, and, thanking you in anticipation, beg to remain.



Everybody Who Has Anything to Sell Wants to Sell it to Mr. Rockefeller

Scores of girls have written me telling me of their extraordinary musical talents and proving to me that they only need a training in Paris or Vienna to enable them to astonish the world—Mr. Rockefeller must pay the bill. Mothers with sons such as the human race never saw before need money to educate them properly—Mr. Rockefeller must find it. And now, young men all over America, who have read Mr. Rockefeller's reminiscences and noted his statement that young men need capital, write to me begging me to introduce their cases to him so that he may supply the capital which he knows they need.

(Concluded on Page 26)

The Riddle of Central Real Estate

Why and What Big City Buildings Pay the Investor

PHOTO. BY GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN, NEW YORK CITY

By Harrison L. Beach

IT IS undeniable that money produced from gold mines and silver mines has for most people a peculiar and persistent fascination. There are many reasons why this should be so. Money so produced is clean. It has, generally speaking, been wrung from the distress of no other man, and it is virgin wealth brought into being through original effort. The work of producing it has all the attraction of a speculation with the merit of being entirely legitimate. The man who wrests it from the earth has added to the wealth of himself, his people and the world at large.

Viewed in the aspect of a business venture there is no especial reason why a gold mine should attract investment more readily than a coal mine. Yet if subscriptions to the stock of a gold mine and to that of a coal mine are simultaneously opened, and the same dividend guaranteed from each, the stock of the gold mine will, in all probability, be absorbed long before that of the coal mine has been taken off the market. There is, of course, no sound reason why this preference should exist, but that it does exist cannot be gainsaid.

All commercial enterprises have one definite end in view, and that is the return of the dividend. By that supreme test they must be measured, and by it, literally, they must stand or fall. A gold mine or silver mine producing as great, but no greater, return upon invested capital as does a livery stable or a truck garden is just as good an investment as that stable or that garden—no better and no worse. Lead the average man up to that truck garden or drag him within that stable and show him that he can obtain a net return of thirty per cent per annum, then show him a hole in the ground in which he can catch the glint of silver and gold, and prove that he can make thirty per cent per annum out of that; give him his choice of the three as an investment, and what will he do? Will he buy that stable or that garden? He will not. He will simply jump down that hole and scratch the pay-dirt with all the strength that in him lies. To the investor in mines there is always the chance of a fortune just a little deeper in—physically or financially. There may be millions in a drift run at another angle—and nobody looks for millions in stables or in gardens.

The Rush to the Gold Fields

KEEPING always in mind the almost irresistible attraction that the mine of fabulous wealth—read the adjective either way—has for the majority of mankind, suppose that some day the news were flashed across the country of the existence of a tract of placer-mining ground in which $75,000,000 of values was in plain sight. Suppose that a small number of men had located all of this land, washed themselves into affluence within fifteen years, and at the conclusion of that time still held the original property and had in sight another $75,000,000 which they would extract in another fifteen years. Suppose that it were made clear beyond all argument that this ground would continue to produce wealth at an equal or even a greater rate for an indefinite time, what would follow?

The world is familiar with the frenzy that grips the souls of men when fresh discoveries of the yellow metal are made. The trail of the gold-seeker is across every page in the nation's history from its inception until now. Columbus was largely after gold when he discovered the New World. De Soto was seeking it when he found the Mississippi and a place in history that no discovery of wealth could have given him. Coronado led his band of fortune-hunters along the old Santa Fé trail, over which a horde of more successful treasure-seekers was to follow him when three hundred years had come and gone. Cortez, Balboa, Pizarro—after gold, all of them and all the time.

The old pathways crossing the continent are edged with the bodies of men who died in the first rush of the gold-seekers to California. The Golden State is dotted with the graves of those who left their homes in the East to die in the West discouraged and disappointed. Men have drowned and frozen in Alaska; they have sickened and starved in the Transvaal; the trails to a hundred mining camps between have been marked with their bones—and they suffered and died for what? For only the chance to look for gold. If they have endured so much for its possibility, what would they undergo for its certainty?

Untold Fortunes at Our Feet

SUPPOSE that a promoter advertised for sale stock in a placer mine out of which he had taken $75,000,000 in fifteen years, and which held in sight another $75,000,000 which might be washed out in a similar length of time; how long would it be before the officers of the Government commenced an investigation to ascertain whether or not he was using the mails with intent to defraud?

Suppose he asserted that the soil in his placer mine was so rich that a miner could set his sluice-box and find in it every evening enough gold to make him rich in due course of time, and yet at the end of twelve months there would be more gold in sight than when he began work.

Suppose that he declared that he knew of twenty-seven similar mines in various parts of the country, all of them easy of access; how many days would elapse before his business morality would be investigated by the grand jury, or his mental condition by experts on insanity?

Suppose that his morality were proved sound, his mind perfect and his proposition accurate, what would be the result? It would mean a financial upheaval so tremendous that its consequences can hardly be imagined. It would be an about-face of the commercial world.

And yet it is true—every word of it is true. The placer mines, or their equivalents, exist. They have turned out gold in the volume and within the periods of time that have been mentioned; they will continue to produce it while the country lives, and in the majority of cases they will increase the value of their output year by year. As long as the men of this country retain their present customs these mines will produce the gold—and the men are no more likely to alter their habits than is the earth to change its orbit.

What is more, these mines are at the feet of every resident of every city in the land that has a population of 150,000 or more. They are within a few hours' travel of millions and millions of people who do not reside in cities. All of these people may see these mines, they may thrust out their hands and touch them, they may share in their wealth if they will. Untold thousands of them would abandon their homesteads, rush madly across a continent and an ocean or two to reach such mines, and yet they may behold them at any time for the expenditure of the price of a railroad ticket. It is all true—this story of gold—and these mines, or their equivalents, are to be found in the property lying within the congested business centers of these cities with the population of 150,000 or more. It matters nothing where these cities are located. If they have the 150,000 people they have of necessity the congested business center, and the property within its boundaries has produced and will continue to produce wealth as the population increases.

The placer mine first mentioned is nothing but the business center of a western city, where the value of the centrally-located business property has increased $75,000,000 within the last fifteen years. It must be understood, however, that not all the cities with a population of 150,000 have business centers that will increase in value as rapidly as has this one. Some of them may increase still more, but all of them will show an enhancement of values according to the increase in population. New York, Chicago, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Baltimore—the statement applies to all of them. It must be remembered, however, that the rule is correct only as to such property as lies within the commercially-congested districts. Other business property may also be benefited, but it is not considered in this article.

Centrally-located business property offers a remunerative investment with as much safety as can attend any financial enterprise. It is, moreover, remarkable that while no investment, speaking generally, offers such prospects of wealth with such a minimum of risk, no business of today has been less carefully studied and is so little understood. Doing business with business property is something that few men fully comprehend. This is evidenced by the fact that comparatively few people are attracted by it as an investment. All of the land lying within the congested business centers of the cities of 150,000 or more population is held by not more than 14,000 people, or about one person out of every 6,000. There are some railroads in the country that have three times as many names on their lists of stockholders as can be found in all the title deeds to the centrally-located business property in cities of 150,000 or more population in the United States.

Great Wealth in Few Hands

ONE cause of this condition is that the revenue-producing ability of this class of property has been so little understood. Another is that the great mass of the people are no more able to purchase centrally-located business property than they are able to buy outright a fully-developed and dividend-producing gold mine. The man of small means may, in some of the cities on the Pacific Coast, acquire an interest in this kind of property, but in the majority of the larger communities he is prohibited by the necessary size of the primary investment. So powerfully are these two causes working that the number of investors in central business property is decreasing from year to year—and this in the face of the fact that it constitutes not only the safest, but the most permanent investment that can be found.

A guaranty of the security of an investment of this character is evidenced in the truth that the value of the centrally-located business property in the twenty-seven leading cities of the country is about equal to that of all the railroads in the United States. All of these railroads have been at the outset enterprises to be established. They came into being through the courage of their projectors and the persistence of their stockholders. The business property, however, has reached an equal valuation by itself through the necessities of the people. Any investment that stands upon such a foundation must be safe, for the excellent reason that as long as the people exist they will have necessities.

The assurance of the permanence of the investment lies in the fact that centrally-located business property rarely, if ever, loses its character.

The central square mile of London, which produces mercantile profits greater than the total of the seventeen largest cities in England, excluding London, has remained fixed for more than one thousand years, and shows no sign of impending change. It will remain what it is so long as London stands.

The original city of Paris occupied an island in the Seine. It was, of course, physically impossible that this small spot could contain the commercial activities of a large and constantly-growing city, but for centuries the business center of the country has been around that island. It has always been, and bids fair always to be, the commercial heart of France. In Berlin, St. Petersburg and Brussels the business centers have remained unmoved for centuries.

In the United States, although history is much briefer, the same steadfast tendency has been manifested. That part of the city of New York settled prior to 1661 is still the center of the commercial and financial energy of the nation. Business, it is true, has spread beyond it; but the old center still holds its own, and it will, in all probability, endure as long as the city itself.

The Profit on the Mints

THE old business center of Baltimore is the present business center, and in Chicago, where physical conditions have, as in New York, compelled an expansion of the business center, the leading retail stores are today situated within six squares of the first trading-post erected within the bounds of the city. The central business area here, as in London, is not more than one square mile; but it will be the greatest money-producing mile in the city for a thousand years to come.

In Philadelphia the active business life has moved somewhat from the river because it no longer is dependent upon the stream, as in the days before the coming of the railroad. The site of the Government mint in that city was bought in 1829 for $31,667, and sold in 1902 for $2,000,000. In this connection it may be of interest to note that since 1899 the sites of six Government mints have been sold. They were located in New York, Milwaukee, Kansas City, Indianapolis, Los Angeles and Philadelphia. They were held for an average of thirty-seven and one-half years. Their approximate total cost was $1,000,000, they were sold for an aggregate of $6,000,000, and every one of them was located in the center of the business district.

No man has failed to prosper who has bought desirable business property in the center of a large city and held to it year after year. Few men have become rich by the purchase and sale of acre property if they have continued the practice through many years in the vicinity of the same large city. There are exceptions, of course, but in general the rule holds good. The reason for this is that business property is a vital necessity—it must exist if the city lives; it must increase in value if the city grows. On the other hand, the desirability of acre property lessens when the city has received a goodly portion of its growth.

Residence property often decreases in value, while central business property never does. A particular residence section is not a necessity. People may live elsewhere. The business center must, however, always continue, for no matter where men may live they must have a central place in which to transact their business, and they will have business to transact until the primal curse is lifted and they no longer earn their bread by the sweat of their brows.

Values in residence districts do not inevitably follow the increase in population. Residence districts may, as in Chicago, be scattered over half a county. Their comparative desirability may, and frequently does, alter; but such is not the case with the business center. It will remain fixed, no matter where the resident section may be or how many times it may move.

Imperfectly understood, rarely approached as an organized business, often neglected as to business details, business property has made good all the shortcomings in its management, and through its innate worth has sometimes so promptly retrieved mistakes made by its owners as to leave those individuals in ignorance that they had committed a mistake at all.

Are You Paying Too Much Rent?

AS AN instance of how slightly the questions of leases and values of centrally-located business property are understood it may safely be said that hardly one merchant in one hundred knows whether he is paying too high or too low a rental for his business premises. Even a less number would know how to figure correctly just what should be paid in rent for the amount of business that their location brings. The average merchant will consent to a rental, provided that it is approximately what men in his line of business are paying in his immediate vicinity. In the great majority of cases he goes no deeper into the matter than that. He ignores the fact that the rental rate of a square foot of floor space in a centrally-located business building increases and decreases along with the population of the community and the value of the property. The following illustrations are from actual observation made in different cities:

No. 1—Retail grocery; total floor area, 12,750 square feet; area of street floors, 5100 square feet; area of three basements, 7650 square feet; yearly rental of street floor, $9000; of the basements, $2700. This gives a rate for the street floors of $1.76 per square foot per year, and of thirty-five cents for the basements. Volume of business yearly, $850,000. The sidewalk traffic from two to four o'clock in the afternoon is 4600 people. The yearly rental equals one and thirty-seven one-hundredths per cent of the amount of business. This man is paying too low a rental and could easily afford to pay more. His landlord does not know the landlord business.

No. 2—Jeweler; total floor area, 3000 square feet; annual rental, $9000; rate per square foot per year, $3; volume of business yearly, $400,000; sidewalk traffic from two to four o'clock in the afternoon, 4400 people. Yearly rental equals two and one-quarter per cent of the volume of business. This man can pay more rent.

No. 3—Haberdasher; total floor area, 1960 square feet; yearly rental, $3600; rate per square foot per year, about $1.85; volume of business yearly, $45,000; sidewalk traffic from two to four o'clock in the afternoon, 4600 people. Rental equals eight per cent of the volume of trade. This man is not paying too high a rent for his location, but his rent constitutes too large a fixed charge against his business. Moreover he is not doing the business that he should; the fault in this particular instance lies in lack of proper advertising.

No. 4—Druggist; total floor area, 2400 square feet; yearly rental, $4500; rate per square foot per year, about $1.88; volume of business yearly, $162,000; sidewalk traffic from two to four o'clock in the afternoon, 5600 people. The yearly rental equals two and seventy-seven one-hundredths per cent of the volume of business. This man could pay more rent. Contrast the figures here given with those of the following example where the man in the same line of business, at a less desirable location, pays a higher rent.

No. 5—Druggist; total floor area, 2485 square feet; yearly rental, $6900; rate per square foot per year, about $2.78; volume of business yearly, $120,000; sidewalk traffic from two to four o'clock in the afternoon, 3900 people. Rental equals five and three-quarters per cent of the volume of business. The drug business, as a rule, can pay five per cent in rentals, but this man is paying too much, both for his location and in proportion to the amount of his trade.

As examples of how rentals have increased it may be stated that property in New York City which in 1868 brought in $375 per square foot now brings in just ten times that amount. In Chicago the rental values at one corner that were $5 per annum per square foot are today $18.07.

Granting that the business man has given too little attention to rental values, he is in this respect a veritable mine of wisdom compared to his customers, who have almost no idea of what they pay for rent when they purchase anything to wear or to eat.

In the café of any fashionable hotel in the country the wheat in buttered toast is sold to those who confront it at the breakfast-table at about $440 per barrel. Approximately one-half of this amount the consumer pays to the owner of the property in which he takes his meals, and the other half is divided among all the people who have handled that wheat from its sowing to its consumption. Prices of toast may vary somewhat in different cities and different cafés, but in the average first-class hotel in the large city $440 per barrel is close to the selling price.

There is more money in selling wheat at $220 per barrel than in selling it for any part of $220 per barrel, and much more than in buying it for $440 per barrel. It requires, therefore, no acute mental effort to see that the money in the buttered-toast business lies largely on the side of the property owner—and what applies to toast applies in this connection to all things bought and sold.

One of the greatest problems in the management of business property is the proper utilization of space. In many buildings of ancient construction the wastage in this direction has resulted in a decided reduction of the earning power compared to what it might have been had the structure been erected on correct lines. Even in some of the modern buildings the question has not received the consideration its importance demands, and yet the buildings pay and the wealth flows in from the automatic placer.

At present it is the fashion—and there is a fashion in buildings as there is in hats—in many of the cities to erect skyscrapers, some of which are little else than steeples. The theory of many of the builders who favor the extreme in this style of architecture is that rentable space may be pulled out of the air. They frequently ignore the fact that a huge volume of rents is not the thing to be desired if it is to be offset by a correspondingly large expense account.

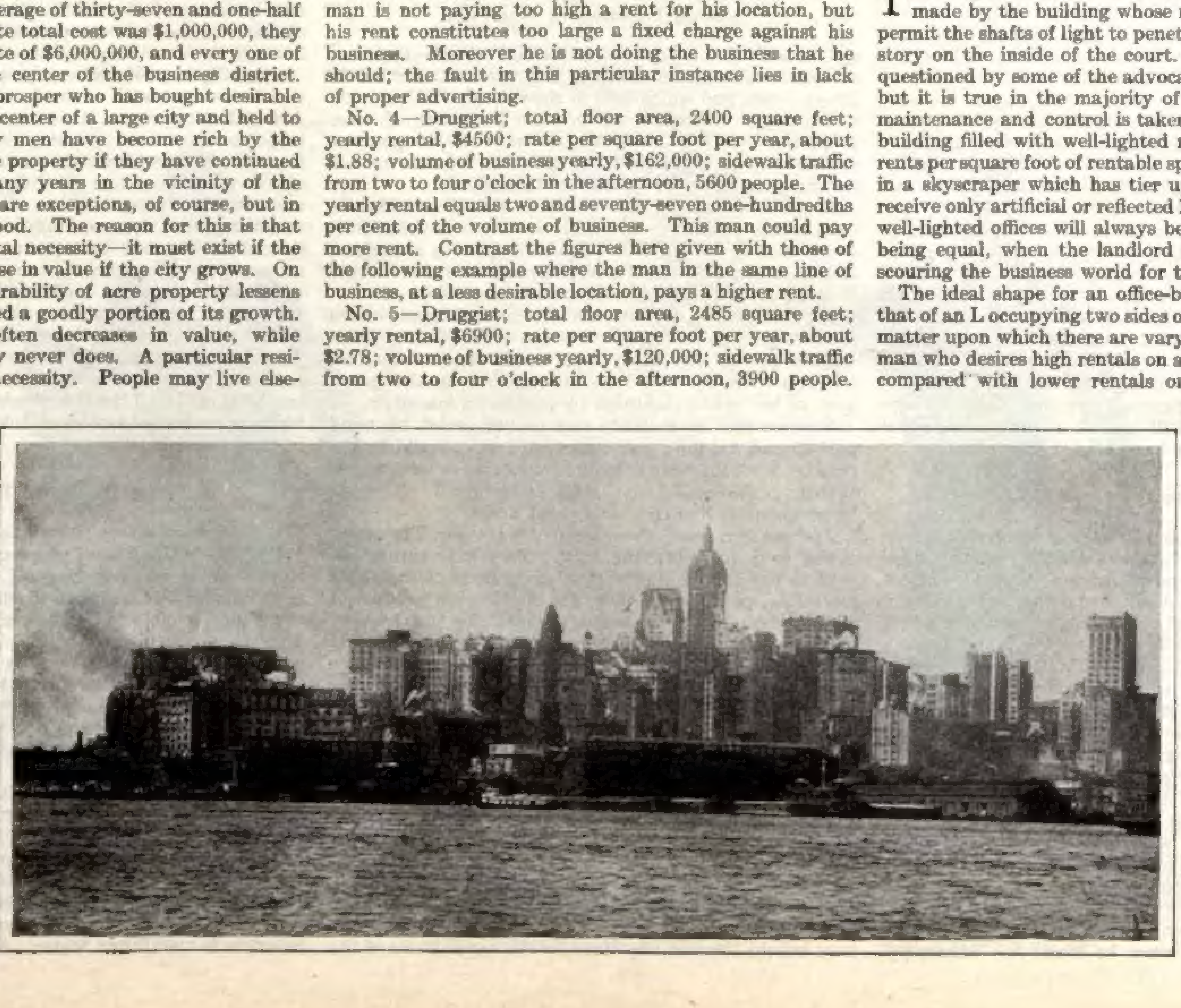
The Theory of Model Skyscrapers

THE largest return on the investment in construction is made by the building whose roof is sufficiently low to permit the shafts of light to penetrate as low as the second story on the inside of the court. This statement will be questioned by some of the advocates of the high building, but it is true in the majority of cases where the cost of maintenance and control is taken into close account. A building filled with well-lighted rooms will receive larger rents per square foot of rentable space than can be obtained in a skyscraper which has tier upon tier of offices which receive only artificial or reflected light. What is more, the well-lighted offices will always be rented, all other things being equal, when the landlord of the taller building is scouring the business world for tenants.

The ideal shape for an office-building in a large city is that of an L occupying two sides of a square. This is also a matter upon which there are varying opinions, but for the man who desires high rentals on a low construction cost as compared with lower rentals on an increased building outlay there can be but one answer.

When centrally-located office-buildings do not return a remunerative interest on the money expended in their construction, the fault can usually be traced to extravagance in building or to the fact that the owner is not sufficiently well versed in investment in business property to adjust his expenditure in construction to the amount of rental he may reasonably exact.

Within the last six months a syndicate



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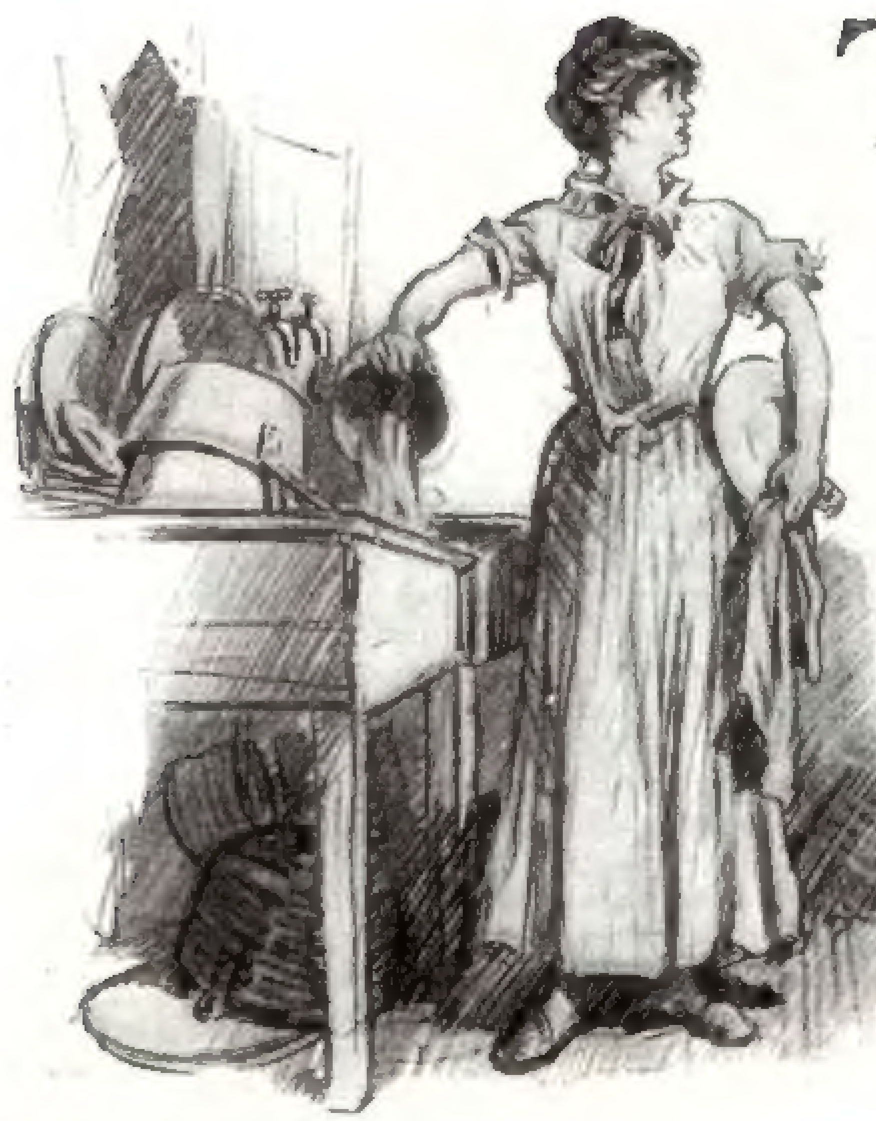
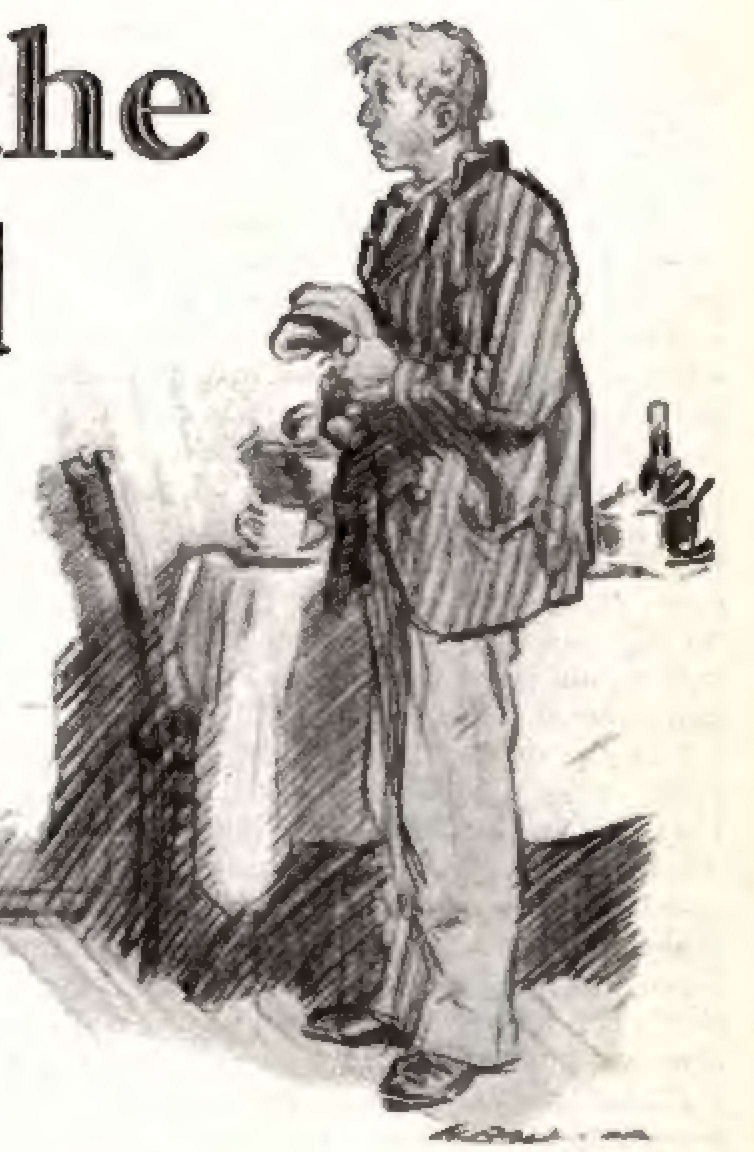


The Ghost of the Shifting Yard

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH



"She Went and Poured the Perfectly Good Can of Suds Down the Sink"

A RUSH of air screamed through the train-line valves, piping fretfully; and Engine 1920, with a cough and a grunt and a final clatter of the draft-gear, sagged back on her drivers and came slowly to a halt. Then arose a sound of discord by night; for just over the brim of Dunshee Quarry hill the lights of a stalled freight gleamed fitfully in the dark, shining like a pair of eyes; and here, close by, was another light that came bobbing down the right of way.

On the fireman's side of the cab Fishplate Haggerty threw up a window and leaned forth into the dark. "Hey, you!" he bawled sullenly to the approaching flagman from the freight ahead; "is that there freight of your'n laid out for good? . . . Hey, what? . . . Oh, it is, eh? Well, it's a pity that you and the rest of you smut-faced dubs can't die somewheres else than right on the cross-over switches. You go on back and give her a push!"

A mumbled retort followed, more eloquent in its tone than in its clearness; and Fishplate jerked back into the cab. "It's that guy Cassidy," he growled; "and hey! Pod—he says you and me c'n go take a running jump!"

But before Mr. Fergus, the engineer, could rise to the retort courteous the escape-valve let go with a screaming blast of steam that drowned all other sounds. Growling sourly, Pod leaned forward and yanked down the injector rod, disdain marked clearly on his usually placid face. "Aw!" said he, his lips forming the word graphically, though its sound was lost. "Aw!" But, presently, the splitting roar subsided; the valve popped; and then, as the water ran singing thickly through the boiler tubes, Mr. Fergus loudly declared himself. "Leave Cassidy to come on up," said he; "and if he has any more of that there line of talk I'll learn him manners with the monkey-wrench!"

So there entered Mr. Cassidy, the flagman from the freight ahead; and he, too, seemed to be peevish. "Could you lend me the loan of a folding bed?" he inquired. "There's wrecks and wrecks in the ditch up ahead, and here am I two days out of the hay. I c'd walk in me sleep now," he added.

Fishplate stared at him soberly. "You don't tell!" he murmured.

"I do," said Mr. Cassidy. "It was an Ormsby freight what done this up the line, when she went and tried to climb the back stairs of a Connellsville road crew. Gosh! and they've got coke-racks and coke-racks and the leavings of a red caboose spilled all over the scenery. Listen, now! You c'n hear 'em yourself a-hollering for mother and the wrecking crew."

Across the boiler head, Fergus leaned back with a sigh. "Oh, well," he drawled, and cocked up his feet resignedly; "then leave us to be comfortable. I'd rather rest than railroad, anyhow. Now, what was it you was saying?"

Evicting Fishplate's legs from the cab-cushion, Mr. Cassidy settled himself in a corner. "Speaking of ghosts," said he.

"We wasn't!" interrupted Fishplate testily. "We never made mention of none."

But the flagman, after a stare of disdain, as disdainfully crossed his knees. "Wasn't we?" he inquired, and gleamed sardonically for a moment. "I'm minded of them now, by a measly, flat-wheeled jake over on the X & Y. But he never fell so low as heaving coal . . . like you," added Mr. Cassidy.

Fishplate grinned urbanely. "I accept the apology," he answered; "and senst you mention it, was there any tie-jumping hoboes, the likes of you, a-flagging freights in his family?"

For a moment the brakeman paused in reflection. "His name," said he after a moment's thought—"His name was Jupy P. M. A. Braunschweigler; and he was the hind ender to a road crew—a-flagging, don't you know. Some hoodoo had put the bug on him all right; but now, as you speak of it, he wasn't nearly so low-down as you was. He never did fall to shoveling coal for a road hog. I'm reminded of the lad by this here wreck tonight. Did you ever hear tell of him?"

Both Fishplate and Fergus shook their heads. "Not any Braunschweigler by them there set of initials, anyhow," said Pod. "Had his Mar got them off a box car?"

Again Mr. Cassidy reflected. "He once told me his folks had done it to him—this name of his'n. But I mind now they got it out of a story book, and not from no foreign freight line. As I recall, they'd put it on him to get rid of the taste Braunschweigler give ye. Jupy was short for Jupiter Polluted Marcus Anthony; and once I see him clout a feller with a coupling-pin for calling him the all of it to his face."

"And what come to this here Jupy?" demanded Fishplate absorbedly.

Mr. Cassidy drew a Pittsburgh stogy from his hat-lining and, after biting it in twain, carefully replaced the residue. "He got next to a gal named Smith," he replied sorrowfully. "Her full and complete, entire name was Maggie; and she was a pippin from the top of the barrel. Only it was a turrible day for that pore Jupy when she got her hooks on him—and gosh! but the lad was stuck on her. Yes! He'd come swing his legs alongside mine on a car roof, telling me ain't it swell to be in love—and a-looking like the pip—and a-mushing about a happy fireside and a light in the window and all. Yes! and then he'd get down to the place where he'd dream of milk-bottles on the sill—and all the neighbors in—and them a-saying: 'Oh, ain't the pair the perfect image of their Par! Pity he drinks, but thank goodness! the missus is doing as well as c'd be expected!' Aw! it was enough to make ye want to slat him on the knuckle. But," observed Mr. Cassidy oracularly, "the course of true love never did run so smooth as a piece of fancy track out on the main line."

"Hey, what?" exclaimed Fishplate, as if starting from some dream; "now, don't you go tell she thrun him down! —that she wouldn't marry the mooch!"

Mr. Cassidy slowly shook his head. "No—she did marry him," he answered; "and that's where the true love kind of begun to bump the bumps. You see, friends, she was a regular lady—one of them that'd been trained to it up in one of them fashionable colleges where they teach you typewriting and how to swing the Injun clubs and fancy ways of frying the Boston beans. Yeah! and she'd had a job, besides, at writing letters in a hay and feed store over to McKeesport; and once there was her name in the papers, telling how she'd dished out the oyster stew up to a swell church sociable in Mon. City. A lady, eh? Well, I betcher she didn't have to hang out no sign."

At this compelling statement the engineer and fireman looked at one another momentarily. "A regular lady, you say?" inquired Fishplate skeptically. "And you telling us she hitched up to a slob like him?"

Mr. Cassidy repressed the fireman with a scowl. "Shut your face," he retorted unamiably; "I'm telling ye about a ghost over to the X & Y shifting yards, and I'll thank you to stow your gab."

So Fishplate, with an air of resigning himself to the worst, leaned back in his corner, and Mr. Cassidy went on with his narrative.

"He wasn't no slob at all," said he. "He c'd take his beer along with the best of you. Only this here Maggie she had notions—fancy notions and all. She had it in mind, friends, to make Jupy rise in the world—to make of him something after her own taste in dudes—to make a *man* of him, as she called it."

"Now, did she?" murmured Fishplate.

"She did!" snapped Mr. Cassidy, again refreshing himself with a bite of the stogy in his hat-lining. "Gents," said he, leaning forward impressively, "after she'd coupled up to Jupy, and backed him down to a siding and off again, that gal riz up and—well! what she done to him then was a regular holy terror. Say!—the first of all, she took that Braunschweigler—that name of his'n—routed it out to the dump and thrun away the half of it!"

Again the two others stirred themselves in amazement. "The half of it!" echoed Fergus. "Say, was it the Schweigler or the Braun she done away with?—the front or the hind end to that there string of labels?"

"She cut it in two," explained Mr. Cassidy, "like ye cut a freight for a crossing. 'Say,' she says, says she, when they'd come home from the honeymoon up to McKee's Rocks and back again, 'you're Jupy Brown now, and I'm Mrs. Jupy Brown. 'Coz,' says she, turning up her nose, 'I ain't going to have folks calling me no names like Braunschweigler to my face. Nussir!' she says; 'a name what sounds like a string of Pullmans that's been over the bank in a wreck.'"

"And then what?" inquired Fishplate, clucking his tongue.

Mr. Cassidy, in some annoyance, champed his jaws before replying.

"Jupy was a considerable shook up," he answered; "but she hadn't but just begun on him. You see, lads, she was going to make of him like I'm telling ye, just as polite and nice as one of them dudes you see through the window of a chair car when the Limited goes through the yard. Mebbe you won't believe me, but after that the next thing she done was to take away his *eating!*"

Again there was an interruption, but though Mr. Cassidy menaced them with a heavy scowl the engineer and the fireman together had their say.

"His eating!" cried Fergus.

"Hey, what!" bawled Fishplate; "you trying to tell us she done him out of his tobacco? Aw! go on."

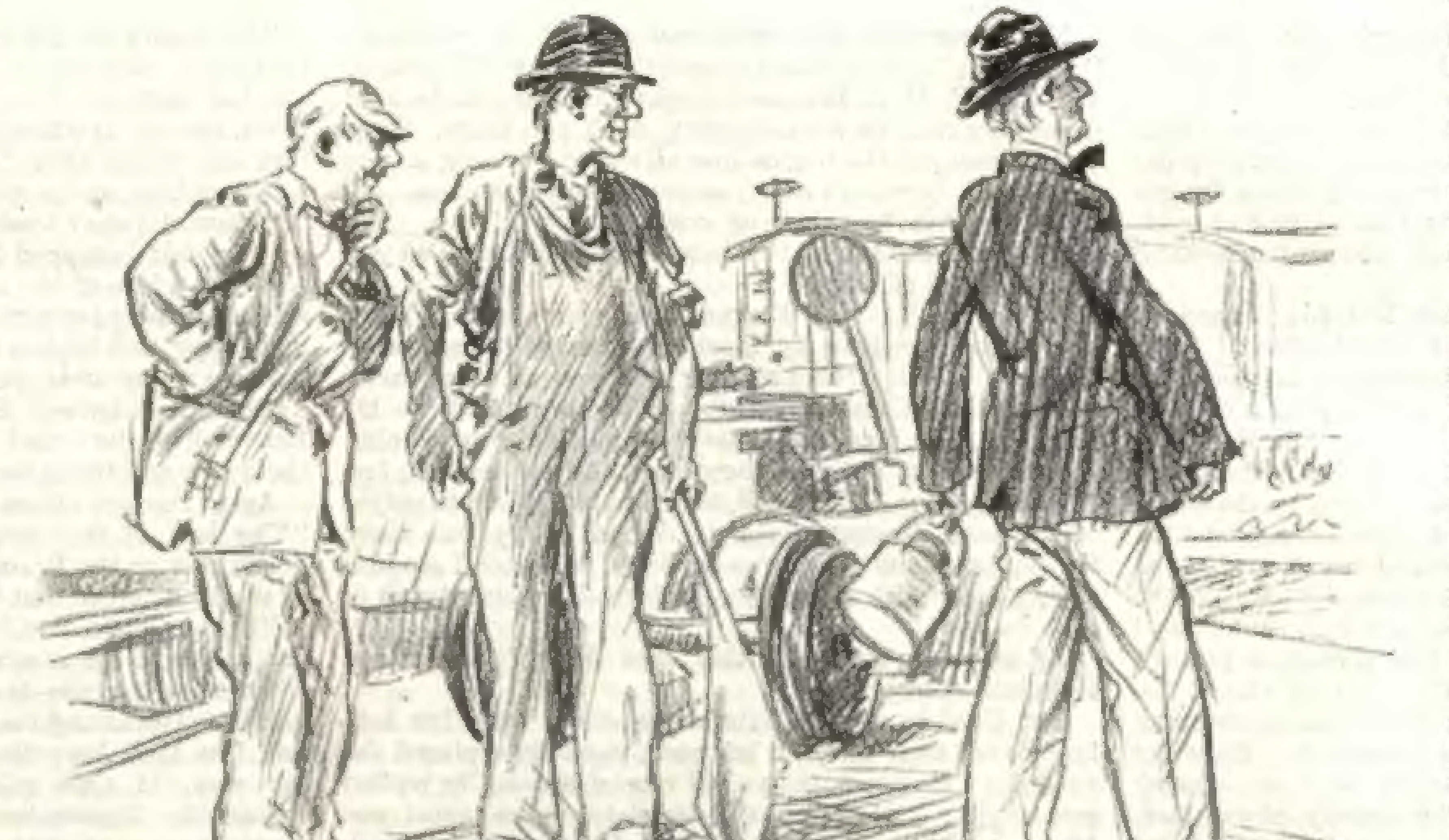
"As sure as I'm saying it," answered Mr. Cassidy with emphasis. "After the marryings, him and her'd set up to pay rent on a dinky little hutch down by the main-line yard; and the very first night Jupy come home from his job of work she lit out on his neck. 'Hey, you look at here!' she yips, the minute he stuck his face inside the door; 'I ain't going to have no railroader making my home look like the smoking-car ahead. Scat!' she says to Jupy, who had a nice bite stowed away in his cheek. 'You git!' says she; and well!—Jupy he just backed out of there like there was a runaway freight coming down the hill and him trying to beat it to a passing siding before haitch and all bust into him.

"But that wasn't the all to it, neither. Next on the bills, she took and washed his jumpers—yes, she did! Darned if she didn't run his hull outfit through the tubs; and after that you'd see Jupy coming up the yard looking as neat and fancy as one of them there summer boarders, or like some plush-dusting conductor out of a parlor car—and so afeard of sitting down on a car roof that he'd dust it off before he dared. Pretty soon, too, she wouldn't let him swear none, neither; and then he begun coming to work with his hair brushed and his hands washed and stove polish on his shoes. Holy cinders!" exclaimed Mr. Cassidy, and threw up his hands in remembrance. "Why, she fair had him poisoned in a month."

"And he stood for it?" asked Fergus resentfully.

"He did," groaned Mr. Cassidy. "Yes, he stood for it — for a while, anyhow — what though his wrongs was on him fierce. But I'd seen them things before, and I was looking for a bust — a first-rate, lively little smash-up, like when a passenger run goes into the ditch at sixty miles per hour, and all the doctors is called. Yeah! and Jupy he thrun an awful bluff. He'd come tell me wasn't marryings fine, and why didn't I go and get hitched, and that he wouldn't take ready money for what home was to him now. Him and me was braking on the same road crew, them days — him on the hind end and me in the middle — and I just kept on watching. Sure I knew the bust would come — as sure as I'll have a leg off some day — and come it did, like I'm telling you.

"It was down the river low grade — down by Wheeling yard — when I got the signs of it. It was of a Tuesday, and I was out in the middle, waving to gals in the farmhouses, when I see Jupy come cooning along over the car-tops; and by the way he was climbing coke-racks and glass GL coal-hoppers and underbody box cars I knowed something fierce was lying on his mind. 'Hello, Jupy,' says I; 'and how's the happy fireside and all?' Well, friends, he just give one gulp and turns away. 'Cassidy,' he says, and I c'd hear the real, genuine manly tears in his voice, 'I got to own up to it at last. I've went and took a serpent into my bosom, Cassidy,' says he; 'and I'm stung. Stung for fair,' he says, 'and feeling like you'd backed down a string of pig-iron cars on my chest and left 'em standing there. Such is the weight of trouble on my heart,' he says.



"Looking Like Some Plush-Dusting Conductor Out of a Parlor Car"

"And they wasn't any mistake about it, nuther. 'Cassidy,' says he when he'd got a holt on his feelings, ''twas but a night agone when it happened — but the night when I'd drawed my envelope from the pay-car. Yes,' he says, 'and on my way home I drops into the Dutchman's for a couple — just a couple of measly little schooners — and then I gets him to fill my dinner bucket with the suds. That's right,' says he; 'because I got it all figured out how me and Maggie is going to sit in the hammock and hold hands together and pass the beer,' he says; 'like me and her is a pair of tootsy-wootsys in the glad old summertime. Unh-huh!' says Jupy, and then I c'd see him shake.

"Well, that was a fine, natural wish, all right — him and her to sit out in the moonshine and with a can of the suds. It'd make any guy and his mop feel real romantic. Only when Jupy he walked in with the foamy bucket Maggie she give one look at the hops, and then she lit right out on him like she was a passenger ingyne a-screaming on the whistle for a tower block.

"'Beer!' says she — and just like that: '*Beer!* — and you a-bringing it to home? You gimme that there bucket,' she says, and takes it off him fierce; and: 'The idee!' says she, 'of you a-daring to bring beer and sech when we got the rent to pay, and I dunno needing how much,' she says, 'in the way of a new cookstove and floor carpet for the setting-room and two chairs for the upstairs, I guess, and all the other comforts of home! Beer! — well, I like the likes of that!'

"Say, Jupy he told me he just stood there, no more knowing what to say than if he was lying in the ditch. 'All the comforts of home,' he inquires humble; 'and ain't the beer one of them?'

"Friends, with that she went and poured the perfectly good can of suds down the sink. 'I'll learn ye!' says Maggie, and tells him then to move his dirty feet off the hearth rug besides, and to go and sit down to his meal of victuals and be sure he don't slop no coffee on the floor. 'Beer! — the idee!' she sniffs; and, lads, I allow Jupy sawn right there and then he didn't have no more rights in that there hutch he was paying the rent on than if he was only a passenger in a day coach trying to get gay with the conductor. Naw! and she wouldn't even let him put his feet on the table after she'd cleared away the chuck!"

Mr. Cassidy paused long enough to relieve his feelings again with the residue of the stogy in his hat. "Well," he mumbled complainingly, as he resumed the thread of his tale, "if she'd been my woman, about then and there I'd made a break to cure her of them there fancy notions with a good length of rubber air-hose. It's about the only way to talk sense to a regular lady when she's went and thrun the hooks into you. 'Huh! Jupy,' says I to him, 'and you went and let her take away the beer?' — and Jupy he begins to weep again.

"'Cassidy,' says he, he says, 'what could I do but that? Wasn't she talking to me like I was dancing on the carpet up at the trainmaster's office? My beer?' says he, and wailed it. ''Oh, Cassidy!' he complains, 'I got a taste in my mouth as dry as a carload of mill cinders. Beer? Oh, for the love of Mike!' he yips, 'will you but lend me the loan of a dime, Cassidy? — for my tongue is hanging out in front of me. You c'n see yourself,' he says, and shows me. 'I ain't had a handle of suds,' says he, 'senst George G. Washington was a little boy.'"

Together Fishplate and Fergus clucked their tongues in sympathy. "And did he bust? — did he? — right there and then?" asked Fishplate anxiously.

"On the dime I give him?" inquired Mr. Cassidy with phlegm. "On one lonely dime?" he echoed, and in a tone that made Fishplate blush confusedly. "Why, say!" said the flagman with ill-concealed admiration, "I bet that lad had a thirst you couldn't buy for eight dollars. No, gents; it was a whole month later afore he bust, and then he did it proper — a real one, too, like what would make one of them Pittsburgh millionaires feel real proud.

"It was a month later, like I'm telling you. Here was me, a-walking over on the Pittsburgh South Side, when I hears some one holler 'Whoop!' It come good and hard, too — 'Whoop!' — just like that; and then half a brick goes sailing by and plunks through a window near my hat. 'You cheese that!' says I, not seeing who it was, 'or I'll come on over there and tack a bad-order card on them there side stakes of your'n,' I says, 'and wreck you fit for the shops!'

"Lads, when I looked again I sawn it was Jupy. Yeah! he was getting ready to heave another brick, and looking so pleased and happy you w'd have enjoyed it. 'Yeow!' he says; and when the jake indoors come out to see who'd heaved the building material through his front, Jupy he chased him back again in three jumps and a scuffle. 'Yeow!' says he, coming back with the hat off the guy he'd run indoors. 'Yeow! hurroo!'

"'Yeah!' says I, hooking on to him, 'the "yeow's" all right, Jupy; but you'll *yeow* to the other side of your ugly likeness as soon as Maggie sees you.'

"Well, do you know, that knocked him all in a heap. Anyhow, he sat down on the sidewalk and began to bust into tears. 'Cassidy,' he says — 'Cassidy, is it you or a pair of you? — because everything looks double, the day. Anyhow,' says he, 'whether you're twins or not, come bring me your noble chest and leave me to lay my head on it. I'm ruint,' he says, 'and loaded to capacity. Oh, Cassidy!' he moans, and tries to catch the lamppost when it comes around again, 'you'd best heave me over the bank and set me on fire for the junk,' says he, 'because I can't go home no more.'

"He was in trouble, all right, all right; but I tells him it wasn't so bad as that. 'Cassidy,' he says, 'what shall I do? For when the pay-car come through, the day,' he tells me, 'I drawed down me envelope, and I've blowed all but a dime and two pennies to the birds. Oh, Cassidy, darling,' says he, 'I can't go home at all; for Maggie she'll have the hair off me when she hears. Ruined!' he calls, and then goes to sleep on the sidewalk, breathing heavy.

"Well, of course, they wasn't but one thing to do. Nussir! So I just picks up Jupy, like the innocent boy he was, and lugs him over the main-line yard to his hutch. Then I hangs him over the gate and goes up and rings the bell.

"'Evening, Mis' Braunschweigler,' says I, forgetful of what she'd done to the name. 'Evening!'

"Say! . . . before I c'd turn another wheel she up and had me flagged. 'Brown's the name!' she snaps. '*Brown!*' Then, darned if she didn't spell it for me. 'Yes'm,' I says to her, 'I guess so. But there's a party what used to be down on the car cards as Jupy P. M. A. Braunschweigler, and you'll find him hanging over the gate. Yes'm,' I goes on, before she c'd catch her breath, 'and if I was you I'd leave him lay over a run or two,' says I, 'and put him through the car shops, because he ain't fit to travel nohow — the way he's off center, with his draft-gear broke and the trucks all loose from under him.'

"Gee! that was a hot punch to hand the likes of a lady, I bet. Anyhow, she just give a yap and breaks for the fence in two jumps, only touching the high spots on the way. 'Where's your envelope?' she snaps, and hands Jupy a hunch in the side stakes. Jupy he groans and begs for her to please go away and leave him to sleep. 'Your envelope!' she yips again, and give him another poke. Then she begins digging in his kick, and before long she finds it, all empty but of the two pennies and the dime. So, while she stands looking at it fierce, I hands her another. 'Ma'm,' I says, 'take it from *me*, you'd better run that there Jupy into the roundhouse and set the hostlers to work on him. I shouldn't wonder but he'd drop his crown sheet next, and bust!'

"Say — the way she turned and nailed me was a caution. Yeah! I mean the way she hopped right off the iron and started in to tear up the ties and the ballast. 'I know *you!*' she says, real insulting; 'I know *you* — and you're Cassidy!' Darned if I didn't blush! ''Twas you,' says she, 'that led my Jupy astray — my pore, benighted Jupy!' Now, what do you think of that? 'Ma'm,' I says, looking hurt, 'led *him* astray? *Him?* . . . Say,' I asks her, 'and what do you think I'd have been doing all the while if I had? Why, if there was only the half in me of what he's got I'd be singing myself to sleep. You're 'way off your base; and shall I shack the lad indoors?'

"Boys, I guess I wasn't making no real hit with *her*, what if she was so darned good-looking and pretty. Not on your tintype.

"'*Indoors!*' she skreeks; and the way she skreeked it was like a special ingyne whistling peevish. 'Say!' she whoops, 'you c'n put him in the henhouse,' she says; 'and then you git!'

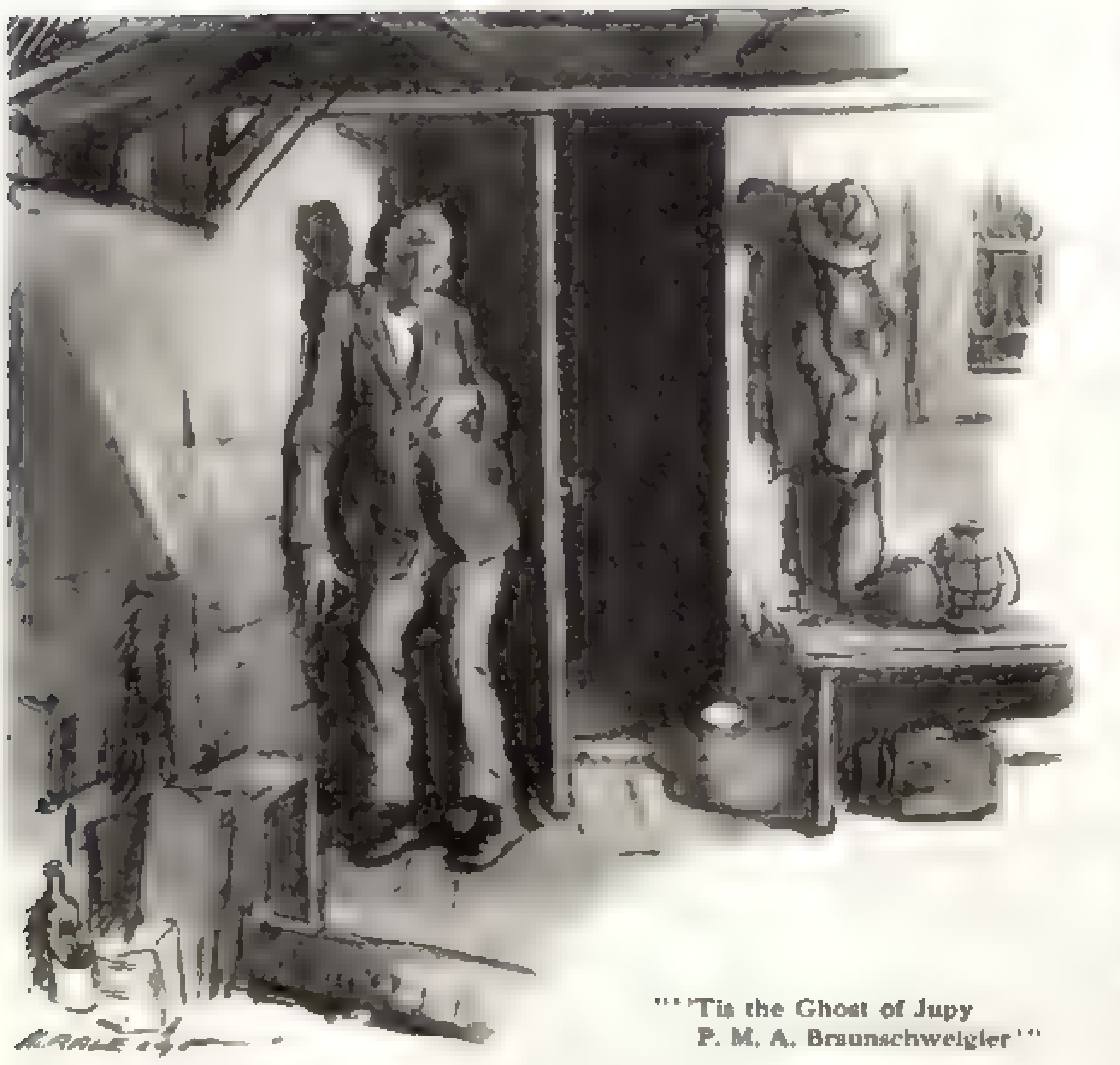
"So, gents, not knowing what else to do, I done it, and then I got.

"It was of a Thursday, four nights later, when I see Jupy again. They'd called our crew for nine o'clock; and when I hopped the cabin down on the yard spur-track, there he was, leaning up agin the door and dead asleep — yeah! — snoring away as dumb as if he was only drawing overtime. 'Jupy,' says I, and steps on his feet till he comes to. 'Come inside, Jupy,' I says, 'and tell me how's tricks and that happy fireside of your'n. I'd like to hear all over.'

"Lads, he turns pale like I was trying to josh him. 'Home!' says he, a-hanging his head and wheezing. 'I ain't got no home no more,' he says, and begins to breathe heavy like a Westinghouse side pump with the packing gone. 'Aw! what you giving us?' says I, not knowing what to make of him; and Jupy he come over into the light where I c'd see him. Gents, he was covered with feathers all over — yeah! — all a-feathered up and down like you'd side-swiped the old lady's bolsters and all. 'Cassidy,' he groans, 'she's went and locked me out — locked me out from my own home,' he says; 'and I ain't to get in again till the pay-car comes through and I've brung her home my envelope.'

"'Scat!' says I, surprised like; 'and where have you laid out senst?'

"Jupy he comes up close to me. 'Cassidy,' says he, and takes me by the hand, 'I've no place to lay my head but one. Cassidy, have you ever slept with the hens? Tell me if you have. I've tried it,' he says; 'and I can't.



"''Tis the Ghost of Jupy
P. M. A. Braunschweigler'"

They get restless if ye only let a snore out of ye, and they're that selfish besides. They wouldn't leave me to sleep at all, at all,' says he.

"Then his head begun to drop, and before I c'd come to out of my wonderings, there he was snoring away like a sound of sand under yer drivers. So I give him a hunch in the ribs. 'Jupy,' I says, 'do you mean you've laid out in the henhouse of nights?'

"'She says,' says he, and would have fallen off to sleep midways, but that I crocked him in the ribs again—'She says, Cassidy, she's going to cure me of my habits. And as you is my judge, Cassidy,' he says, 'I haven't a single regular habit; now, have I?—or not so's you'd notice, anyhow.' Then he leans back agin a bunk and goes to ripsawing again, with his eyes shut and his mouth wide open. So I leaved him to sleep, and come away. Because it wasn't up to me to interfere no more between man and his married woman—not when she'd threatened to sick the dog on me if she sawn me and Jupy together again.

"We was hauling a slum train that night—a string of mixed coal and coke—the coke on the hind end next to the cabin and about twenty racks in all. After we'd backed down into the yard and laid holt of this string of hakes I went and woked up Jupy. 'Now, don't you go to sleep again,' says I, kinder worried. 'You come out of that there trance of your'n, or there'll be a wreck. And,' says I, 'I ain't hankering to have no road hog walking into us and eating up the cabin and spilling us all into the ditch. Nussir!' says I, and Jupy he promises me.

"But that's the way of it. You can't never be sure of any jake what's been sitting up all night with the birds—and more especially if they is hens. Nussir! So, when they thrun a signal agin us up at the head of the yard cross-overs, I went back from my place in the middle to see what Jupy was doing Well, lads, he'd gone out his distance like the regulations call for, and he'd plumped hisself down on a rail with his lantern beside him—and there I found him. Yeah!—and he was letting the snorts and the snores out of him like he was an overloaded road freight trying to climb Brighton hill. Why, I was that pained I just hauled off and let him have one where it'd do him the most good. He come out of his trance then, I betcher; but I hadn't no sooner started in on him like a Dutch uncle when our ingyne blowed for us to come in, and we had to leg it for the cabin.

"The freight she didn't go far. I give 'em the highball signal to go ahead, and the road hog she picked up her slack, let a *woonch* out of her funnel that plum nigh seemed to tear her innards out, and then grunted again. I c'd hear her drivers whiz after that, but something seemed to be wrong Yep! she give one other grunt, and then she just naturally went and died. You see, they'd had a green fire under her, and that wrench she'd gave had gone and turned it over in her firebox. So there we was now, stalled sure enough on the running track at the head of the main-line yard; and not enough steam in our boiler to go and warm our feet by.

"All the rest of the jakes was up at the head end a-giving the ingyne crew haitch for breakfast, and, forgetting Jupy, I went up to see if I couldn't say something real particular. The last I seed of Jupe he was leaning up agin the cabin door, a-yawning like a coal-hopper. 'You go on back!' I yells to him, and then I piked up the ties to where them coroners was holding an inquest around our ingyne. Say—I got so plum interested in seeing the coal-heaver trying to coax the fire along that I clean went and forgot about Jupy.

"But not for long, gents—not for long. We was all hanging around that corpse of a compound, piston-valve, fancy freight-hauler when, all to once, something bust, and the haitch of a bust it was, too! Yessir! There was a crash and a bang, and the hull durned X & Y seemed to rise up on its tiptoes and go sailing away into the sky. I mind I made the hillside in two jumps and a grunt; and when I looked back the sky was all dark with coke-racks and coke, and I c'd see trucks and end sills and steel underbodies and Janney couplings and the remainders of a little old red road cabin just jostling against each other all up among the stars. It was a real, swell bust-up, I tell you, and the roar of it was like the hull blooming world was falling downstairs and hitting the banisters at every bump! Jupy had gone and done it all right. What'd happened was that a main-line road crew, running about nine hunnerd miles an hour through the yard, had gone and walked into us from behind. And what was left of that there road cabin of our'n, the coke-racks, coal-hoppers and all, wasn't worth mentioning in the newspapers! It was about the prettiest piece of work you'd ever saw on the X & Y—and I guess you'd have to go some to beat that road for records.

"Well, we all jined together on the hillside. The road crew behind they'd seen what was coming in time enough to unload; and when we'd digged our ingyneer and fireman out from under the coal in the tank and stopped 'em from cussing so much, we sot up and counted noses. ''Twas you what done it!' bawls the one of them out of the crew what had come and wrecked us; 'you didn't have out no flag. We didn't get no signal,' he yells, 'till we up and run into you.'

"Right then and there, lads, I sot down, sick to the heart. 'Twas Jupy, of course, what was in for it, because he'd gone to sleep on his job. Yeah! and when I looked for Jupy then I knowed what had come to *him!* For pore Jupy was in our midst no more; and back there on the line there was a stack of coke and car bodies about twenty feet high, with fierce flames a-creeping all over it.

Oh, it was a lovely bunch of junk, I tell you; and says I to myself, here's Jupy lying under it and his pore troubles all over for good—yeah!—and nothing to take home of him to Maggie but the insurance.

"In about an hour the wreck train come up the line and got to work. They put out the fire and heaved over the bank what was left of our hakes and straightened up the track and the roadbed. But they didn't find no sign of Jupy—pore Jupy, what I'd seen leaning up agin the road cabin, and now sent to his fate by the hens and Maggie. Yep!—and it was me, too, that had to go up and bust the news to her. Why, friends, she nearly thrun a fit!

"'Jupy laid out!' she wows; 'my pore, miserable Jupy gone and got laid out! Oh, suffering bells!' she yips, and let a screech out of her like the Limited blowing for the yard. It was late in the morning when I'd got around to tell her, but if I had to do it again I guess I'd ring her up on the 'phone. 'Oh, how was he took?' she weeps; and so I gives her the facts. 'Ma'm,' says I, as kind as I could and not wishing to jounce the hooks into no widow lady, 'he was dopy like, and he felled asleep on the hind end. Well,' I says, breaking it gentle, 'he must have been snoozing for want of sleep, and a main-line crew come along and stacked into us,' says I, 'like Bosco-eats-'em-alive. Anyhow,' I says, 'they gobbled us up like we was just a meal of victuals.'

"My! but she took on awful. 'Oy yoy!' she says, 'oy yoy! oy yoy!'—just like that. 'Oh, I knowed when Jupy went and did it he'd go and do it good. And, Cassidy,' says she, 'will you leave me to go and look at his remainders?' I felt real bad at that. 'Ma'm,' I says, saying it soft and gentle, 'they ain't any. Not hide nor hair of him.'

"Well, she just quit weeping into a perfectly good towel she'd took off the line behind the stove, and looks at me sorter queer. 'They ain't none?' she inquires; 'and how's that, I'd like to be told?'

"So I tells her. I says that the wrecking gang has gone over the wreck careful, looking everywheres for Jupy, only they hadn't had any luck. 'No, ma'm,' says I, real consoling; 'I guess you can't collect Jupy, not even was you to comb over the hull thirty tracklengths of ties and cinder ballast.'

"Again she looks at me queer. 'What time was this here wreck?' she asks, sudden, and I tells her. 'Last night, ma'm—at a quarter till ten.' Heck! she just chucked that there towel under a chair and then went out and looked in the henhouse. 'But they wasn't nothing in there but just hens, and she come back again. Gee! I never see a lady so touched with feelings. She looked at me that fierce I feared she was going to bite me. 'Ma'm,' I says, careful not to hurt her feelings no more, 'now they ain't nothing left to worry over no funeral about,' says I; 'and you've saved that expense, anyhow. But the boys, ma'm, they allow they'd like to hold some sort of obsequious over Jupy, anyhow. You haven't any kick coming on that, now, have you?' I asked.

"I c'd see her bite her lip. 'Go as far as you like,' says she, and then bursts out into hysterical laughter. My! but her sorrows had it on her good; and right there and then I seed how she really cared for this Jupy, and what she'd done to him, measly as it was, was only what she thought was for his good. But when I reached the gate and looked back, there she was, putting a padlock on the henhouse, and—gee! I didn't know what to make of it. Perhaps she was afeard of ghosts and didn't want no hant a-hanging around. Anyhow, I leaned over the gate,

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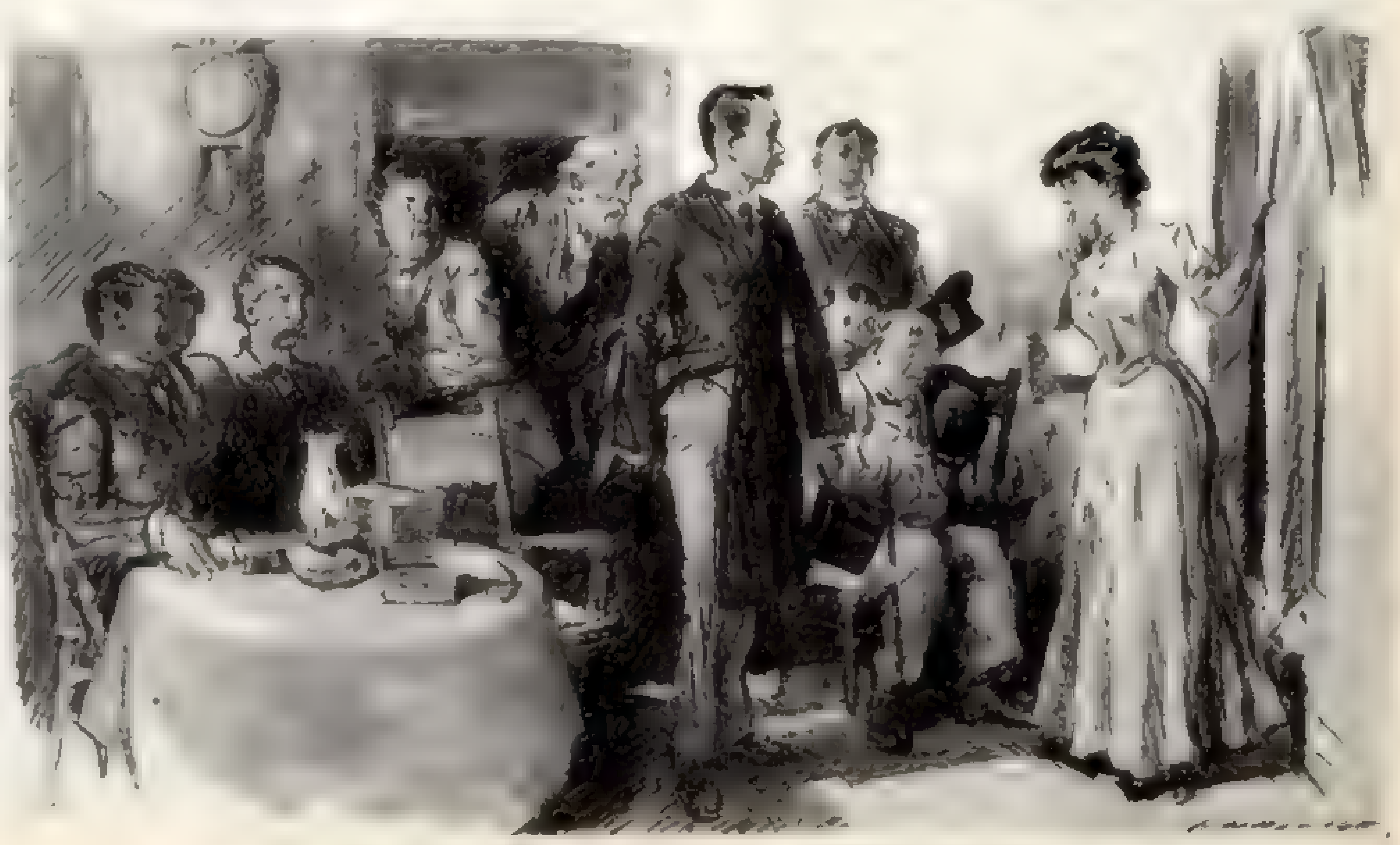


"'Huh! There's Some One at the Beer!'"

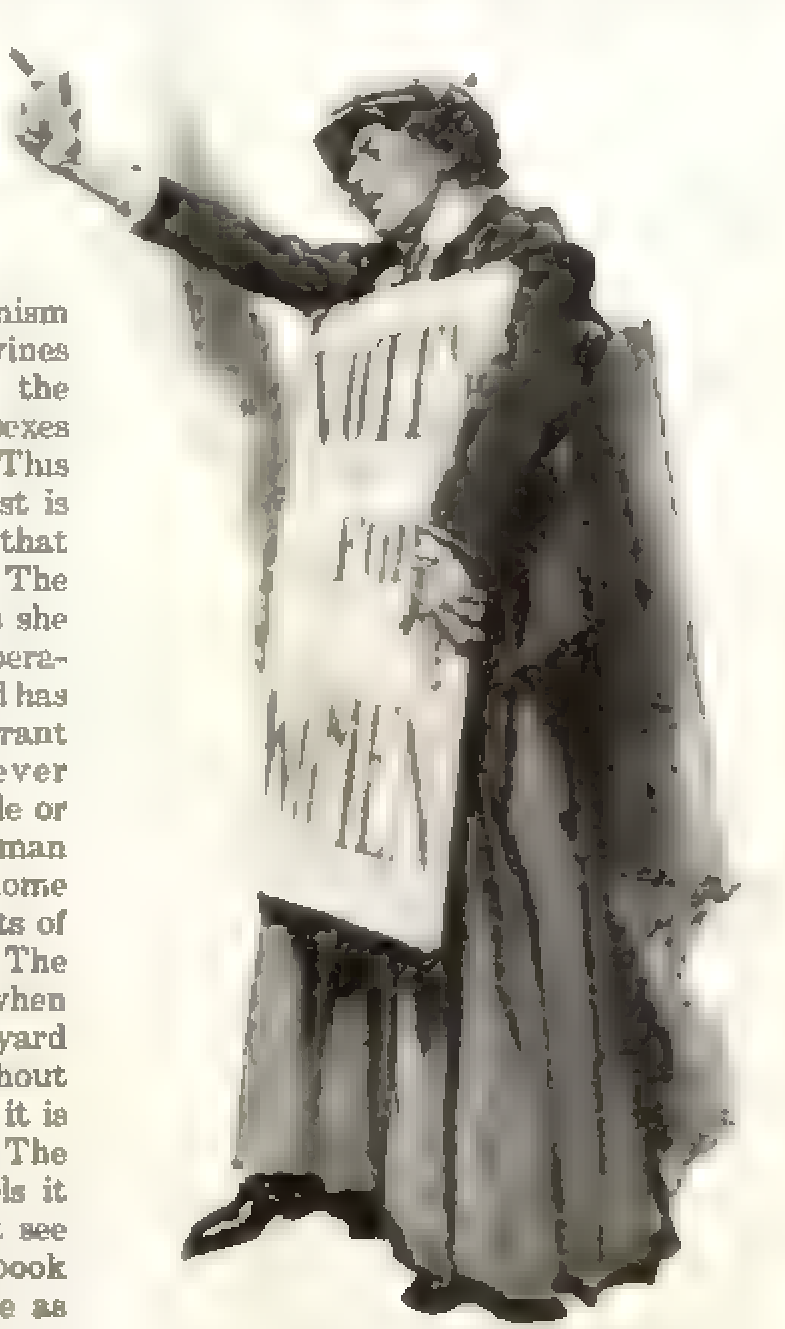
THE WOMAN'S REBELLION

By MAY K. WARWICK

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

IF AT the end of the first day in Paradise Adam and Eve had frankly confided in each other they would have agreed on one point: that each other's way of life was queer. Adam would have remembered that as they sat at their breakfast of manna and grapefruit Eve had corrected his manners; he would reflect that she was already trying to manage things and that she had begun the quarrel. She would reflect that he had selected the vine and fig tree of their domicile without asking her advice, had decided what members of the animal kingdom should be put in their park preserves, and was already running the world to suit himself.

Then, perhaps, was the beginning of that subtle sex antagonism which some clinging vines would deny because of the intense interest the sexes show in each other. This very keenness of interest is only a manifestation of that primal duel of sex. The farmer's wife feels it as she fumes in hopeless exasperation because her husband has dug up her favorite currant bush (for you can never trust a man with a spade or an axe). The business man feels it when he comes home aghast to the discomforts of spring housecleaning. The village women feel it when the trustees of the graveyard cut down the elms without consulting them—when it is they who own the land! The university professor feels it when his wife does not see why he cannot get his book published in a magazine as a popular article instead of himself paying to have the University Press bring it out. All of these are prepared by experience to feel to their marrow an interest in the spectacular struggle for woman suffrage going on now in London and New York.


"Can You Give Me One Convincing Argument Against Woman Suffrage?"

Scoffers say that suffrage is a fashion which comes from London, begun by the suffragettes, especially by the smart-set suffragettes. Others find the origin of militant methods in America. Carrie Nation, they say, was the forerunner of this blatant evangel. Yet it is preferable to think that we get all our fashions from abroad. All of us deplore the fact, whether we are political economists, fathers of families, or women; but we all know that it is impossible to escape the bondage, and, therefore, we all make a whole-hearted rush to be in the front rank. It was in London that women demanded votes with such thoroughness and éclat that they challenged the breathless attention of the world, so that Holloway Gaol is a household word from Alaska to Bengal, and the continued existence of the House of Lords is not a point of such thrilling interest as the question as to whether women will really break into the House of Commons. They have tried it by water, land and air, and in Cæsar's dilemma they can only regret that the Lord did not make them another element to give them another chance.

One Woman's Gospel Another's Fad

YES, we Americans are always impressed by London, even when it makes street demonstrations. But how much more so when a great lady born of us and graduated into England's smartest set returns to her native heath, democratic but not too democratic, liberal but not too liberal, and, nevertheless, a believer in women's suffrage. After we received this light from London Town many an American fashionable woman saw the light, felt the quickening of enthusiasm. At the same time it would be hard to find today a patriotic American woman, particularly a fashionable, who would admit that she was converted to suffrage by a scion of the English nobility. Even the members of our Four Hundred will not retract from our democratic dictum that every man is as good as his neighbors, and, having said this, they let the neighbors shift for themselves—at least, all those not in their own set. An English aristocrat frankly says that he is better than most of his neighbors, and he likes to have his inferiors crawl to him as much as they like it; but his servants know that, as a return for curving their backbones, they will be cared for when they are sick and will not be sent to workhouses in their old age. *Noblesse oblige*, the English *grande dame* brought this notion with her along with her interest in suffrage, and with true American ingenuity the American fashionables have applied the idea to our condition. We have no great estates where we can visit courtesying old women in cottages, but we have plenty of factories and mills. How can we help our poor sisters, since we may not call on them? Ha! the ballot; we'll vote side by side with them!

So now, behold our smart set, who are so joyously aware that the English love a lord, enrolled under the banner of suffrage. Yet, not all. Some are anti-suffragists, who say with beautifully intoned violence that So-and-So, if she keeps on with her mad notions, will lose her social leadership.

The Old Lady's Rebuke

HERE and there is, of course, a sardonic fashionable who will not take up suffrage sincerely, nor will she take it up as a fad like Pomeranian pups or Japanese art; she prefers to be a spectator of both sides. One of these gave vent to her amusement the other day. She has said what she pleased in New York for forty years, so it meant nothing to her that she was attacking her hostess in her own house. The hostess stood up before an audience in her magnificent drawing-room in a gown of gold embroidery.

"People say," she said, "that there is some relation between women's suffrage and socialism, but that is not true. Yet, even so, I, at least, would not be afraid to say that I am a socialist, for Christ was a socialist."

Then the old lady tapped on her chair and interrupted the speaker, emphasizing every syllable of her name.

"You stand here in a house that has cost a million to build," she said. "I glanced into your automobile as I got out of mine, and there was fifty dollars' worth of flowers, just for the evening. I passed six gorgeous flunkies as I came in, every one of them eating his head off. I sit in this room, the furnishings of which cost fifty thousand dollars, and I look at you in a five-thousand-dollar gown with two hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewels on, and I hear you say you are a socialist because Christ was. Fudge, my child!"

When the servants of the rich begin to take an interest in the question it is a sign that their mistresses must be pretty serious. Just before the great ones declared themselves for suffrage a social leader, the mother of the English *grande dame*, gave a luncheon to which she invited a good many suffragists—intellectual, but not in the smart set. Suffrage was discussed through many long courses and, little by little, the four butlers lost their impassivity, especially the head butler, a dark foreigner. Finally, as the discussion was growing rather intimate, the hostess dismissed the servants. They went with obvious reluctance, the head butler lingering most unprofessionally. The hostess smiled and said to the guests:

"I'm not going to reprove him, for you see it is a vital question to him. He's an Egyptian with three wives."

The fashionables have done well to invite to their discussions intellectual suffragists of inferior social position; they have done well for themselves. But as for the middle-class suffragists—well, let it not be forgotten that the women of the middle classes stand for democracy, too. No, there are not any social distinctions; all men are born free and equal, but we have our reservations, our predilections; one man may be as good as another, but some women are better than others.

More than one Godfearing woman who twenty years ago belonged to the W. C. T. U. and is trying to forget that she also once belonged to various other things almost overturned the coffee-pot when she opened at the breakfast-table the elaborately-engraved invitation which invited her to come to Mrs. Mackay's house to discuss suffrage. They had always believed in suffrage, and it was not the thought of Mrs. Mackay's millions and her exclusive calling-list that made thereafter their faith in suffrage to be mortised and tenoned in granite. It was pure interest in the cause which made them first call up their dressmakers and then their relatives in the Bronx.

It was, perhaps, a little hard after a strenuous day to have a husband look up from his evening paper and question why Madame Forever Arrived should concern herself with the foundations of democracy. Was bridge played out? It was proper to squelch the unprofitable suppositions of a husband who, being only a reasoning animal, was not given to intuitions or suspicions.

Yet, what is the matter with democracy? At the meeting in Mrs. Mackay's house one of the cleverest suffrage speakers sat dumb throughout the meeting, and later on was reproached by a friend for not taking part in a phase of the discussion which concerned an important policy.

"Oh, I know I was plain feckless," said the little woman, "but I couldn't help it. I started for Mrs. Mackay's house with a bold heart. Why not? I have a pleasant apartment; a maid; a popular, college-bred husband with a good life-insurance; my father was a judge, and my great-grandfather one of the signers of the Declaration. But, somehow, when we got to the door and had to stand and deliver the invitations—why, I simply couldn't feel invited after that. And then to be passed along by the flunkies in livery—I thought the procession of them would never end. I just wanted to go home. I lost my nerve."

And again, why should democracy falter? For when at another meeting of Mrs. Mackay's society the question of advocating full suffrage or municipal suffrage was under discussion a member of the "heavy" suffragists, rather a boss and always a great talker for full suffrage, sat silent; when it came to putting the question she voted for full suffrage, but she did not speak for it—and she is a convincing speaker. One of her associates who did speak for it demanded of her bluntly:

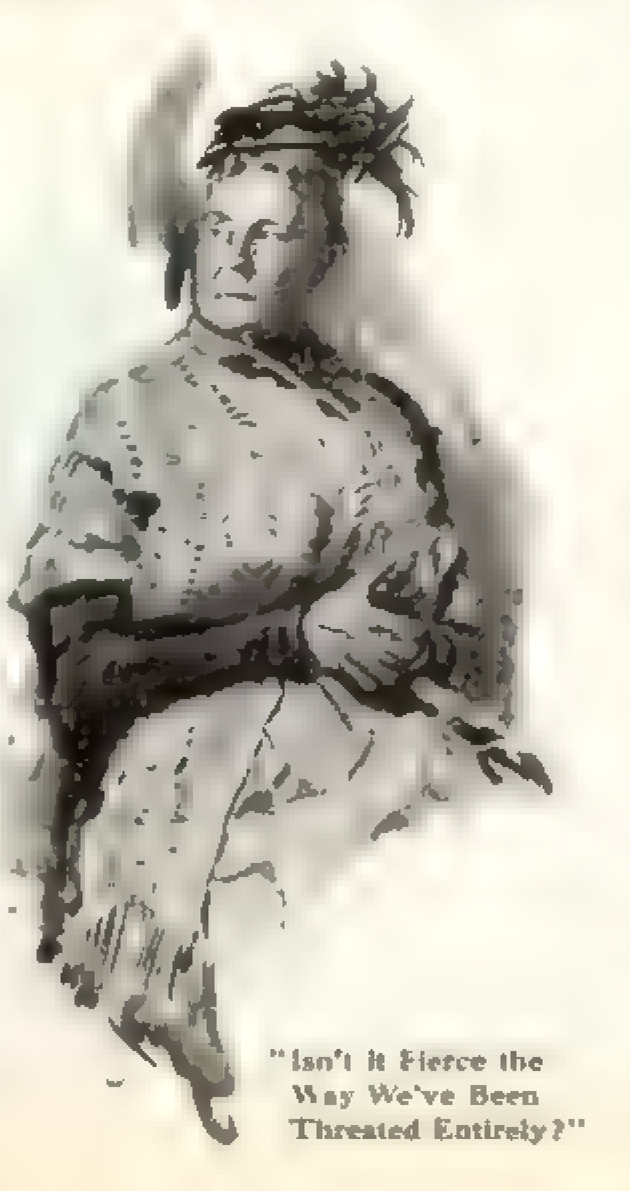
"Why didn't you get up and make a talk for full suffrage?"

"Well, you see," said the other lamely, "Mrs. B was there ——" (Mrs. B is a municipal suffragist, but not just of the Mackay set.) "Mrs. B was there, and considering all she has done for suffrage I didn't like to oppose her."

"Humph!" said the blunt lady. "I came up from the common people like yourself, but I can preserve my sense of values even among the seats of the mighty."

Chaff That Comes to the Grist-Mill

THE middle-class suffragists with strong souls smile and count the suffrage gains. It is nothing to them that one great fashionable demands to be in the limelight and must engineer things her way precisely; that another's assumptions of intellectual superiority are simply laughable; that a third is longing for the day when she won't have to meet socially so many people whom she never heard of till she became a suffragist. The strong souls know that even the chaff that comes into their mills must emerge as grist.


"Isn't it Fierce the Way We've Been Threated Entirely?"

And lest these women seem just a little below the angels let it be added that they have their weaknesses which endear. They always read or talk their speeches to their husbands at home before they present them to the public, and they still say, "My husband took me to the meeting," and not, "I had him come along."

The democrats, temporarily dazed because their fashionable sisters are clasping hands with them, may comfort themselves with the reflection that human nature is the same in all ranks. Not long ago Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes made a speech for suffrage to an East-Side audience. She was dressed in black without a single jewel, and she spoke with a sob in her throat. On the front seat was an old Irishwoman who swayed with the speaker's periods and nodded her head at the telling points

"Are you a suffragette, Mrs. Horrigan?" she was asked.

"Ah, now, wasn't that the grand speech?" she said. "And isn't it fierce the way we've been threated entirely? Did ye know the man that married her has a million? And her dressed so quiet, for fear of hurrting our feelings! But I'd like to seen what she's got, annyway."

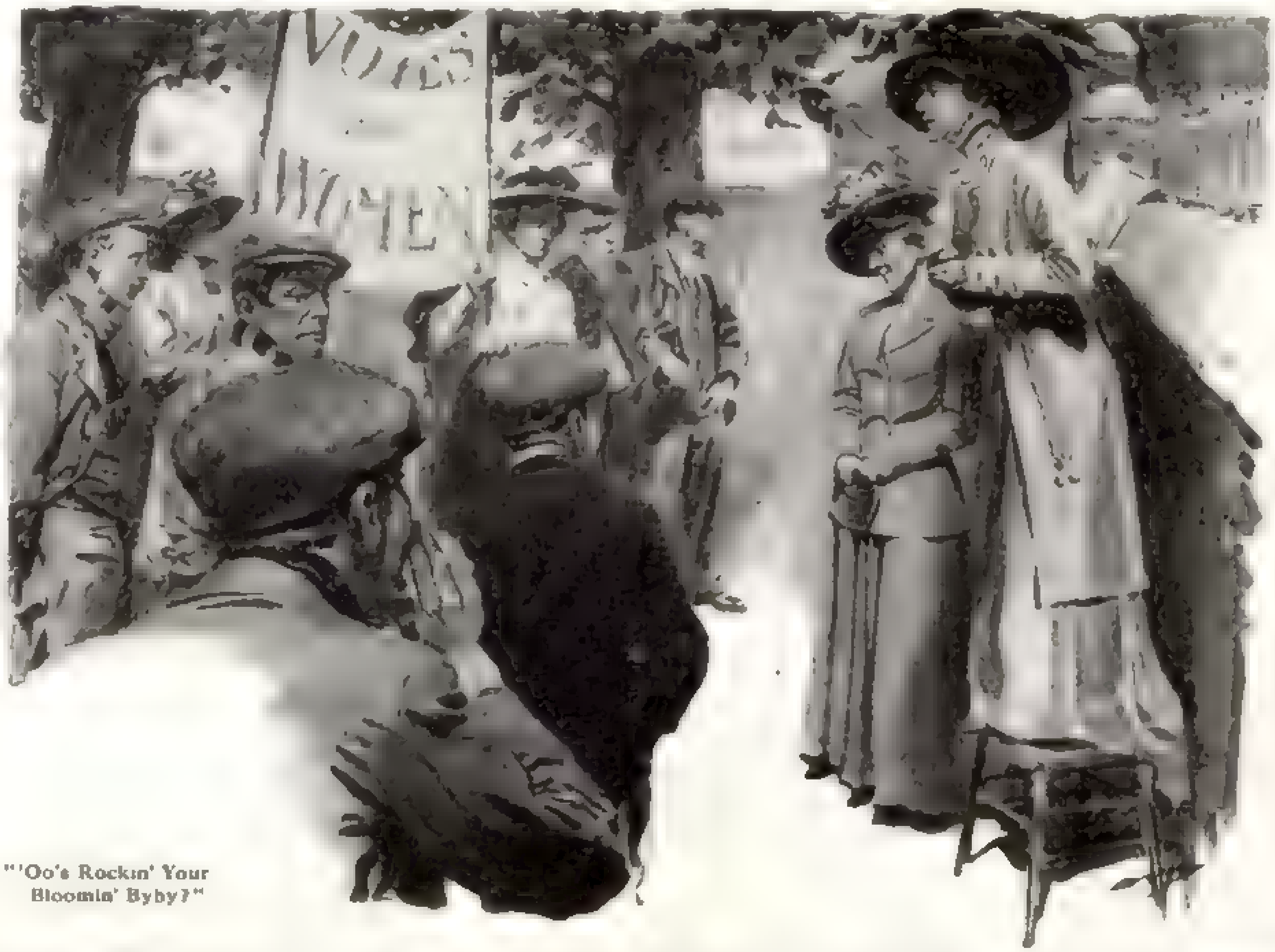
"But are you a suffragette?"

"Well, I wasn't till I came, for wid Tim precinct captain and Terence on the foorce we can get whatever we want, and I'd like to hear anny wan say a word again' it. But, sure, when a rich lady like that comes down and pleads for us to get ourselves a vote, just to have annyway, isn't there something in it? We've been terribly threated. Did you hear that story of the Chinaman married to an Irishwoman, though how she came to do it wasn't explained, and he died and left the baby by will to his brother, and that haythan up and away wid it to China, and her not a leg to stand on in the law! Do you know, I passed the place where she rolled tobacco, and look at her now wid all that money! And down here wanting us to vote! Well, it just shows."

"What does it show, Mrs. Horrigan?"

"Sure," she said with an Irish twinkle, "it shows what power money do have."

The middle and lower class suffragists greatly desire that nothing shall hurt their movement, so they tolerate the two or three bosses that have sprung up among them; smooth over disputes; forget about the Brooklyn group of people who wouldn't play because they couldn't have ice cream and cake at their evening meetings; don't know anything about the one of their number who pulled wires to prevent another suffragist from being made president of the New York Federation of Women's Clubs. Their movement, they say, is the only Simon-pure democratic movement in America, and both in principle and in the minutest detail of operation it is disinterested and guileless. But their right hand does not know that the left hand can occasionally turn a trick. For example, in a little town near Manhattan, the anti-suffragists made an attempt to get hold of the working-girls by inviting them to a reception. The suffragists heard of it and invited the girls to a dinner to be held before the reception. They sent carriages for them and treated them like sisters during the meal, meanwhile plying them with suffragist doctrines. The dinner was good, and the girls went to the anti-suffragist reception pretty well pledged to the other cause.



"'Oo's Rockin' Your Bloomin' Byby?"

The suffragists say that they rely on openness, patience and humor. They are usually obliged to temper their patience with humor. Once, when Anna Shaw was worn to the bone of her soul with the old, obvious, masculine objection which each man propounds as if it had never been replied to, "What will become of the home? The mother cannot take the baby to the polls with her when she votes. What will become of it?" she replied: "Why is it that a man never doubts a woman's common-sense as to the disposal of the baby till it comes to a question of what she will do with it when she votes? When the two of them go to a play together what does she do with the baby? When they go to church what does she do with it? But if you really want to know some one who will be glad to take care of it while she goes to the polls I'll tell you—the candidate for whom she'll vote."

They can see the fun, those suffragists, except when the men say: "I'd be in favor of women's suffrage if I thought the majority of women cared to vote."

"That," said one suffragist, "makes me see red. It takes all my self-control at that point to offer a personal example of the fact that women are not emotional, but very, very sane."

If the democratic, middle-class suffragist has undergone change of heart toward the fashionables, equally has she changed toward the suffragette. When an English militant suffragette first set foot in New York and, without troubling to locate the Tombs, took her stand on a soap-box on a street corner and addressed a rapidly-assembling multitude, the dignified women covered their eyes in horror. What was merely picturesque or startling in Trafalgar Square was shocking in Union Square or Harlem. What would happen? Nothing outrageous has, and the suffragists have come to tolerate outdoor speeches. And yet, even after the dazzling example of the British metropolis, New York is giving a fairly lively exhibition. Of course, being democratic, we cannot have social distinctions advertising themselves on the corner. We cannot have the Countess of Blankminster addressing a crowd of adoring costers and interrupted by them with such questions as, "Oo's rockin' your bloomin' byby?"

The extremes of the social scales are not labeled in New York. We are, on one side, citizens; on the other side, outlaws frequently classified as minors, imbeciles, criminals and women

Nor can we offer picturesque mob and police action. The American is blessed with a sense of humor never to be attained by an Englishman. The latter cannot be moved from his apathy without a violent shock. His meek wife is always more of a silent partner than the American wife; when he dies she retires to the background and lets her son become the despot of the home—very properly. The only way the English women can show that they want rights of their own is to wake up their men with blows—a typically English device. And, of course, all that the Englishman thinks of doing for rejoinder is to bash the women on the head. This method is primitive, but anthropologists say it is virile, and, according to all reports, every one is satisfied. English travelers come here, dine on our best tablecloths, and go home and complain about our crudities; it would certainly never occur to us that the best way of dealing with a woman who wanted something was to put her in jail and feed her on bread and water. But we are a young nation, and, doubtless, in time we shall learn diplomacy.

The militant suffragettes, however, have given New York the best show they could. They said that the suffragists were seeking suffrage by alternate cunning and a prayerful, submissive attitude toward the man, having been trained in the long servitude of woman to secure what they wanted by indirection; so, there! But the suffragettes wanted their rights; they wanted no backstairs influence; they did not want to appeal to a man's chivalry, but to his sense of justice. Moreover, they subscribed to Kier Hardie's defense of the English suffragettes. He says that tactics which would be wrong for a citizen would not necessarily be wrong for those who are not citizens, and are, therefore, practically outlaws. The citizens have the ballot and can fight by constitutional means, but the suffragettes have no constitutional weapons.

So, forth went the suffragettes with their soap-boxes and yellow ladders, and forth they still go, making converts at every meeting. On Mondays, at the corner of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and Fourth Avenue, at something after eight o'clock a Salvation Army group assembles on one corner; and at something close to nine o'clock, on an opposite corner, a suffragette in a two-hundred-dollar tailor-made gown is helped to her stand by admiring lady friends. Presently, an irregular square of people surrounds her. There is a young clerk with a smile on his face, a kind of postscript memorial to that neat thing he said this evening to the girl at the glove counter. There is another young man with a girl on his arm who would rather have gone to a vaudeville, but he did not suggest it; he is wondering whether he cannot manage a box of candy for her Sunday night. There is a burly policeman who hopes that, when he gets home, his Mary Jane will have decided to drop the subject of that two dollars held back from his Saturday night's pay. There is a small boy whose teacher kept him in after school and who is still filled with a sense of animosity toward all her sex. All of the disgruntled ones are ready to take out their grudge on this small woman in the two-hundred-dollar gown. She talks chiefly about what good the ballot will bring to mothers and children and working-women. Sometimes they ask her intelligent questions, sometimes they are rude or worse. Once, when Mrs. Borrman Wells was speaking in Harlem to a contemptuous audience, a man shouted:

"You're a liar!"

"You're a coward!" she retorted; "for if I were a man you wouldn't dare say that."

The crowd's contempt was turned upon him and he slunk away, leaving the others much more in sympathy with her than before the interruption.

Often there is sharp repartee. Once a man called out that a woman's place was the home, to which Miss Mary Coleman, the speaker, retorted that the man who said that generally had two or three typewriting daughters out in the world helping to support him in the home. Sometimes the speaker is not tactful. She will let her power of neat speech run away with her, relying too much on man's "justice of mind." The suffragettes won't admit that men still have the harem point of view. They say that if you show a man that he is wrong or prejudiced he is glad to know it. But it is an exceptional man who enjoys being put in the wrong, still less before a crowd and by a woman, and least of all in a smart epigram.

Usually the crowds are fair, and only once or twice have they needed police control. Once the speakers were rushed by a mob and pushed from their soap-boxes. Again they bravely withstood a fusillade of dead mice. The day they went to Wall Street in big red automobiles they were drenched with water from various offices. They really did not mind it. They say you have to use spectacular methods to succeed. Moses did when he struck the rock, but he got what he wanted. So they have gone on advertising themselves, and the newspapers have helped them. Once Trixie Friganza and a party of suffragettes in a red taxicab swooped down on the City Hall to see the mayor. He refused to see them, but that did not depress them so much as the fact that they were hooted in Astor Place because their vehicles were driven by non-union men. They explained warmly that they had ordered union men.

Another event meant to be spectacular did not come off. Mrs. Borrman Wells wrote to the secretary of the ex-President, saying that a party of suffragettes would come up to Oyster Bay the next week to call. They did not set the day, but Mr. Roosevelt's secretary replied that the President would be absent that day. Four of them went, nevertheless, and they say that secret-service men were called out, but quietly, and that their vehicles were turned back, but quietly, and it rained, anything but quietly; so they all went home.

On another occasion Dr. Julia Sears, who has voted in a Western state, and therefore considers herself a citizen of the United States, Mrs. Loebinger and Lady Cook (*née* Tennessee Claflin) went to a polling-place and tried to register. They only succeeded in making a speech which a listener said was worth a quarter. Mrs. Loebinger took the quarter from him and pressed on him a yellow button with the motto, "Votes for Women."

Some of the members of Mrs. Blatch's League of Self-Supporting Women, who happened to be Republicans, at

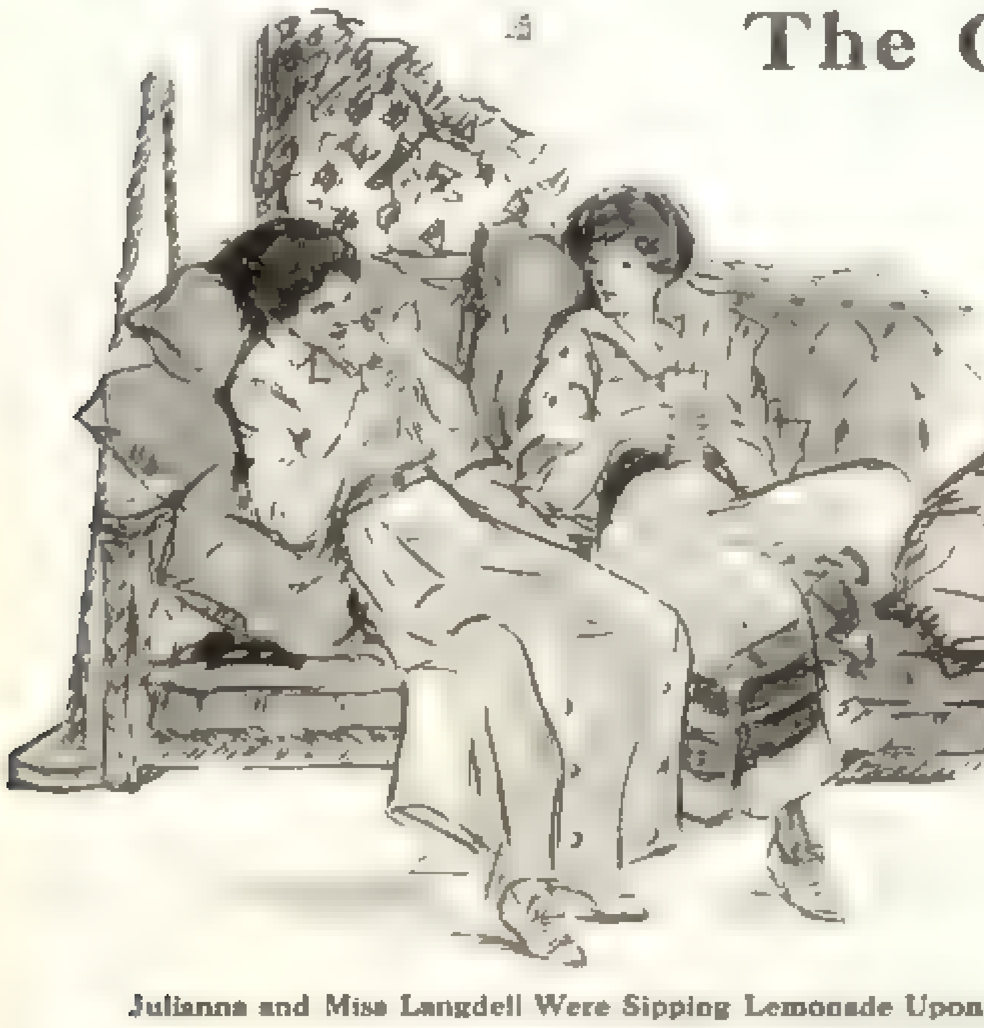
(Concluded on Page 27)

JENKS AND JULIANNA

The Objections to a Certain Marriage

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



Julianna and Miss Langdell Were Sipping Lemonade Upon the Piazza

EVEN persons from Boston do not become real Boston persons until they have gone far beyond the ordinary formative period. Should any of the young by chance be far away from the city for a time, then just so long do they delay becoming typical of Boston. John Sexton was one of these.

On leaving college he had gone westward into the lumber camps of Oregon to indulge his tastes for doing something real. Occasionally he wrote letters to his family, but only three of them were remembered. The first, addressed to his father, stated that he had cut his foot open with a splitting axe. A second, addressed to his mother, told her that he had gone into a partnership in the manufacture of log-jam machinery. The last, addressed to his sister, informed her that he was coming home, that he would bring his partner, and that the partner's name was James Jenks. He had always had an extraordinary instinct in domestic diplomacy and, granting that these letters had to be written, there is no question but that each was written to the right person. His sister would not have enjoyed reading about the wounded foot, his father would have taken the announcement of the partnership as a request for an investment, and the common sound of the name of Jenks would have caused some little anxiety to his mother.

The actual appearance of this Jenks revealed little regarding the safety of harboring him for a considerable period in a country home where he would be rather constantly in the companionship of a daughter twenty-two years old, who must soon have a husband. He was a fine-looking, healthy sort of animal, brown and silent. He let the first careful joy of welcome to John, in which the family for a moment indulged itself, spend its force; then, forestalling the groom, he threw his traveling things out of the trap on to the steps and let himself be greeted without uttering a word. He smiled with extraordinary admiration at John's mother; he shook the hand of the father, the Colonel, who, he knew, had been the hero of many a brave board of trustees and many a gallant directors' meeting; and he gazed unduly long into Miss Julianna Sexton's brown eyes, as if her existence was an astounding and almost unbelievable fact.

"And who is this young man, John?" asked Mrs. Sexton of her boy after dinner. She was thinking of the frank attempt that the stranger had made to become acquainted with her daughter's eyes. "I think his manners are nice, but he does not Fletcherize and he has such a curious drawl when he does talk, and do you realize how seldom he says anything?"

"Jim's all right," returned the son carelessly, tossing a critical monthly magazine on the wicker piazza-table. "A perfectly good young man."

His mother was frowningly thoughtful. She was watching Jenks himself, who, untamed by a hearty meal, seemed to be preaching a doctrine of ceaseless activity by chasing white, wire-haired terriers over the velvet green of the tennis-courts, while Julianna stood with one hand upon the net-post, smiling with the infection of vitality.

"Who are his people?"

"Great guns! I don't know," said John. "His father raises cantaloups in Kansas, I think. His sister's picture isn't much to look at. That's all I know about them."

His mother sighed, imitating peace of mind. She reflected, too, that her daughter had never in her whole life shown a disposition to go walking with the same man two days in succession. She settled her great and respectable weight into an easy chair with the suggestion of a personality whose assurance of the correctness of one's own philosophy is more Chinese than American.

"He's a dandy," said her son, gazing down into the bowl of his pipe. "He's the straightest, cleanest lad imaginable."

"Yes, dear," answered the mother, "your friends would be *that*, of course. Undoubtedly those qualities are the first consideration." She patted down a fold in her dress, glancing out toward the glimmer of the sun, which was setting beyond the far-away battalion of maples already taking on the colors of autumn. "Don't you think it is too damp for Julianna to be sitting out under the trees?"

"Isn't she a wonder?" replied John Sexton, disregarding his mother and looking toward his father.

"You would think so if you could see the congestion of young men who pour out here at the week-end." The Colonel laughed heartily, as if he had said something excruciatingly funny.

John turned up his nose. "Especially in a town where there aren't enough young men—I mean young men who have been registered and judged for points—to go round," he said.

"Judged?" exclaimed Mrs. Sexton, who was far more intellectual than her mind would allow her to be and who suffered occasionally from slow thinking.

"Of course—by the Patroness Trust of Boston."

"What can you be talking about?" his mother said. "You have gone so far away from the traditions of the East! There they come, now. Julianna is *such* a child. Come here, Julianna, dear. Didn't you say you were planning to visit Mary Hudson before they came back from Manchester?"

The girl nodded and tossed a mushroom, found on the lawn, into John's lap. "I've given it up," said she.

"Why, when?"

"When?" said the daughter, fingering the magazines. "I don't know. I don't want to go because—the water is so cold on the North Shore!"

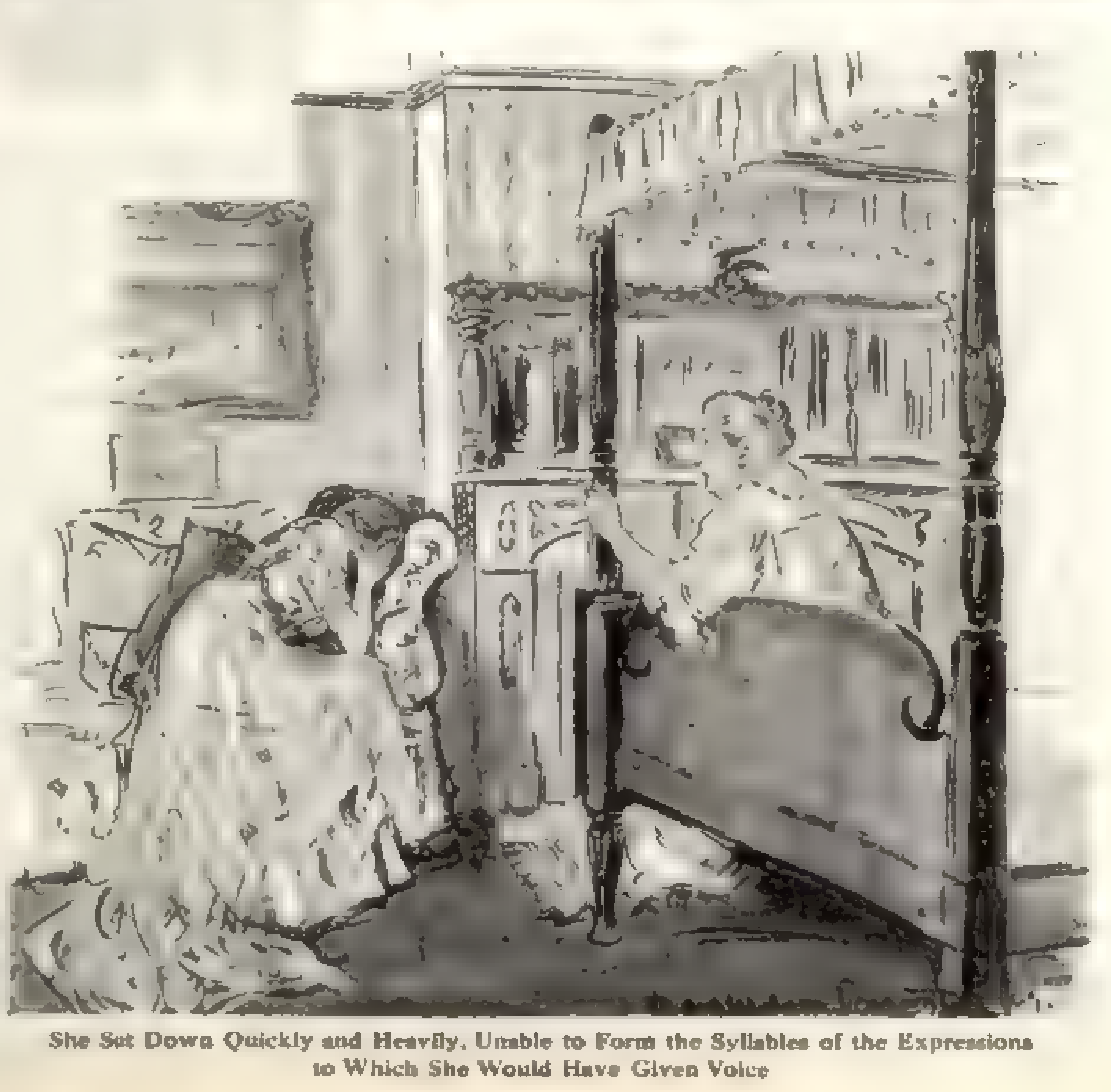
Mrs. Sexton immediately turned toward Jenks, who was still paying marked attention to the terrier puppies. That gentleman was as silent and as brown as ever. But his hostess experienced a second little thrill of anxiety.

Seldom did her intuition deceive her. For giving her a daughter who, through her débutante season and since, had never been touched at the heart she now thanked Fate. For the possession of a daughter who had been brought up to see life in its proper proportions she thanked herself. How well the girl knew that family, portion and tradition were bronze Buddhas not to be touched by the heretic hands of those not belonging to the strange priestcraft that began with the Plymouth Colony! All this was fortunate. Mrs. Sexton was not so old that she had forgotten the days when she rode horses over fences. She had a very keen memory of the kind of man which then attracted her. To be sure, she had not married such a man. But she knew that the personality of the Westerner, Jenks, whose father—Heaven help us!—raised cantaloups, was of the sort that might have made her forget herself at one time. Cantaloups and the name of James Jenks! That would be a nice thing to have to tell one's friends about a son-in-law.

Again, her woman's intuition was awakened by the departure of John and his father to the Berkshire Hills. Four years before, the head of the family, who, in this generation, could not write pamphlets on anti-slavery doctrines and was truly tired of the Philippine question, had turned the Reform Instinct toward the northern Appalachian forests and had started a hardy catalpa grove on three hundred acres of western Massachusetts. It gave the Colonel a measure of satisfaction to visit his grove occasionally and thereby recall to his mind that there were land and people on the other side of the Connecticut River. Now that John, the lumber expert, was home he was insistent upon procuring his opinion. Their absence left a smaller household—left, indeed, fewer persons to stand between the growing intimacy of the silent Jenks and the voluble Julianna. Mrs. Sexton made frantic attempts to fill her house with young persons. But other mothers who happened to be within commuting distance had learned of Jenks from the indiscreet Mrs. Sexton herself, and they would have no more willingly exposed their daughters to him than to a case of diphtheria. On the other hand, and as if by the design of the Evil One, every registered young man in Boston seemed to be in Europe or in camp with the troop or battery, or cruising up the Maine coast.

It was almost impossible to keep the two apart. Even a mother could not make a porch invalid out of a girl who had forearms as muscularly pretty as those of Julianna. There was nothing to do but let them play tennis and ride together. Mrs. Sexton had no objection that would have seemed sensible except the objection that Jenks did neither of these things passably well. She could only be thankful that Jenks was a silent man, and her daughter, undoubtedly, a very cool-brained girl. She would not have called Julianna calculating, but she would have called her, at least, thoughtful. She had been thoughtful enough to reject seven young gentlemen already, some of whom were, without question, "possible"—a display of judgment which in a community where the eligible young men who were something more than automatic were not inexhaustible, denoted a fine appreciation of one's own feminine powers.

The extraordinary event, then, of the Thursday after the Colonel and his son had left for the Berkshires came

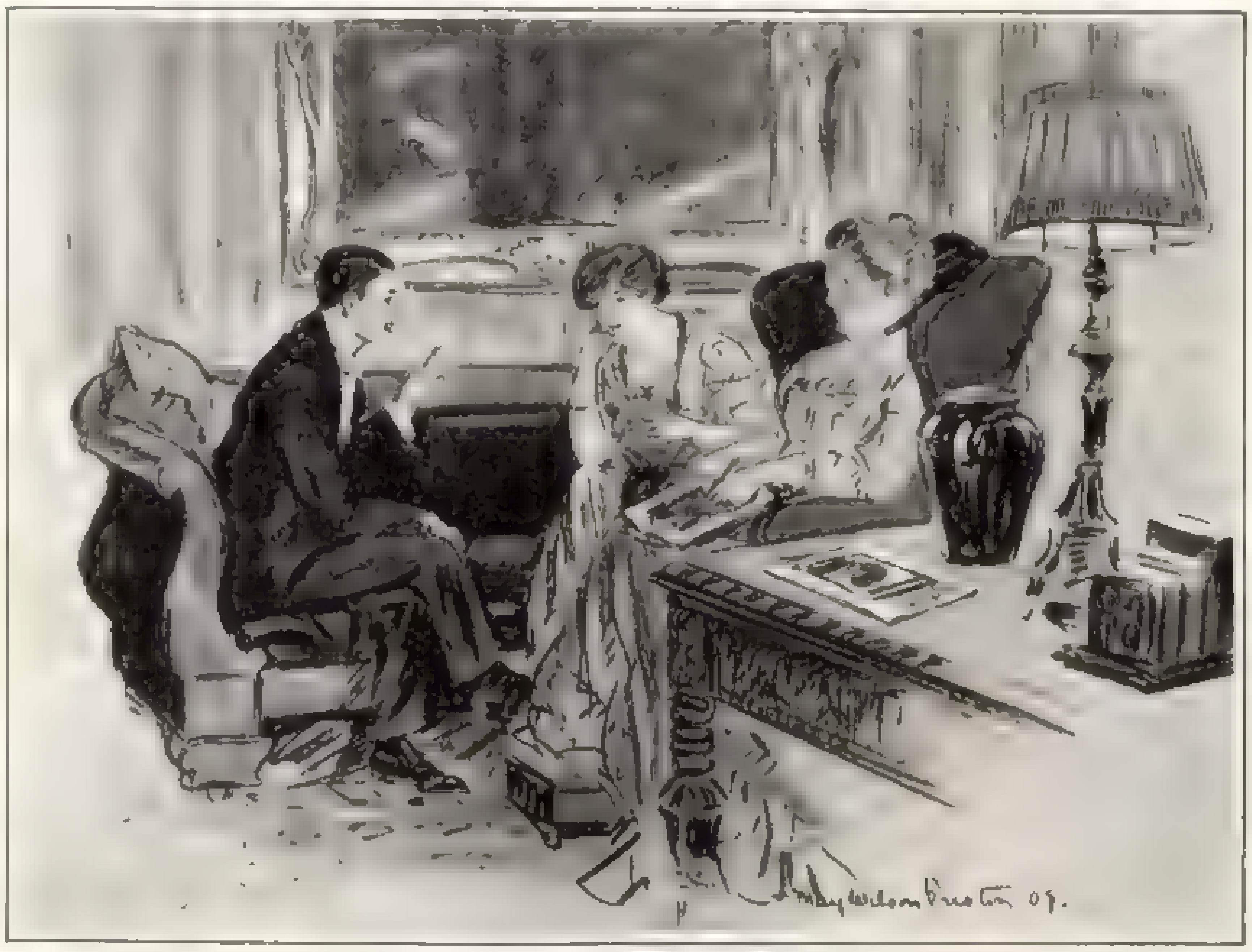


She Set Down Quickly and Heavily, Unable to Form the Syllables of the Expressions to Which She Would Have Given Voice as a dreadful shock to the careful Mrs. Sexton. She had, of course, talked confidentially and with great subtlety of phrase to Julianna about the embarrassment which would be caused every one should Julianna, in an unguarded moment, allow Jenks, should he so desire, to interpose even the first sharp edge of courtship's own wedge. Oh, Julianna understood her mother perfectly. She said so in words as shrewdly chosen as those of the Delphian oracle —meaning nothing and yet everything.

On the terrible Thursday afternoon Jenks returned from the city, where he had gone in the morning to attend to some business affair. Julianna and Miss Langdell, a young neighbor, had been canoeing on the river, and now, in the self-conscious joy of appearing disreputable with wet skirts and straying strands of hair, were sipping lemonade upon the piazza, while Mrs. Sexton read La Revue des Deux Mondes, wishing that her New Englandness had not said, "None for me, thank you." It was a late fall day of July heat.

"Mr. Jenks!" said Miss Langdell, suddenly peering out through the vines at the crunch of the gravel. She almost whispered it and, furthermore, she plainly enough addressed herself to Julianna, and to Julianna alone. This fact was important only because it served in a mysterious way to awaken more than the ordinary feline watchfulness of the older woman.

"How dy' do," said Jenks, addressing them all through the medium of one of the wire-haired puppies spread out on the Navajo rug. "That looks cool." It was Miss Langdell who had offered him the glass. She was a girl with many freckles who had an ambition to be a very manly good fellow.


May Wilson Preston 09.

"Do You Know a City Where All the Clan Say to Each Other, 'I'll Pat Your Head if You'll Pat Mine'?"

And now, over the top of her periodical, Mrs. Sexton suddenly caught her daughter exactly as she had caught Jenks the first moment that she had seen him. On that occasion of his arrival his gaze into the daughter's eyes had been long and surprised. Now it was the daughter who did this strange gazing. Such was the awfulness of this Thursday! Mrs. Sexton retired to her apartments and exhausted two hours in weighing the significance of her observation. And, in spite of the fact that she remembered distinctly the peculiar light which shines out of the orbs of healthy and infatuated young persons, she threw discretion to the winds and reached the conclusion that, perhaps, she had been mistaken.

Nevertheless, the possibilities were discomforting. When a letter came from her husband the following day she even considered telegraphing a reply. For this letter informed her that the Colonel and John were planning to take a motor-car trip from the Berkshires to the French-Canadian settlements below Quebec. It was full of references to the delights of renewing a wholesome comradeship with one's own son. "I feel younger and happier with John," wrote the Colonel in his fine hand, "than I have felt for years. I know, of course, that you may think me selfish and that you will want the boy with you. But I am almost inclined to have my lark and suffer with my conscience afterward. John has promised to write to Jenks and explain that we do not mean to be rude in leaving him for a short period. Of Jenks he speaks very highly. But I still feel about that matter as I did when you and I agreed upon it before I left. However, I know the house is full of young persons and that you are capable of managing all."

Mrs. Sexton would have liked to telegraph her husband to come home on the next train and to bring John. She would, she felt, in this one of the five hysterical moments which she had had since her marriage, like to telegraph for the militia. She had fears—apparently groundless fears—that Julianna would mutiny. Yet, to disclose her fears to Colonel Sexton would be to disclose a fear of herself. It would be almost as humiliating as consulting with Mrs. Langdell, who was a great-granddaughter of John Hancock. She sent no telegram. Instead, she wrote an indulgent letter to the Colonel, telling him to have a good time. "He will never know that I have suffered," she said to herself as she shut her writing-desk and looked thoughtfully at a picture of Cotton Mather which hung above it.

Fortunately, however, Jenks was obliged to spend many of his days in the city; it was only in the evening that he had his opportunity to be silent in Julianna's presence, and, without words, toss his personality to her across the room

Often, when he spoke at all, he asked a question—some strange, odd, unnatural query worrying to Mrs. Sexton and suggestive of a complete internal ease of his own.

"Do you know a city, Mrs. Sexton," he might say, "where all the clan say to each other, 'I'll pat your head if you'll pat mine, but my conscience will not permit me to tell you that I'll do it with any pleasure'?"

"Certainly," Mrs. Sexton would say with real sincerity "New York. A very new and clever characterization, too''

Whereupon the good woman would smile with proper appreciation, innocent of being his victim.

Some persons would have thought Jenks a mean man to play such tricks, but Julianna seemed to be able to forgive him with great ease, and Mrs. Sexton, remaining innocent, was, of course, unharmed. Jenks would lapse back into silence, resting his large hands, with the veins standing up under the brown skin, on the chair-arms, and stare off through the clear air of the fall evening, lazily content that the girl should tell him of the little things that interested her. Now and then he turned his head slowly toward her to indicate how pleased he was to be near her. At such moments Julianna, in her wild, girlish and unwonted fancy, might have thought he looked like some splendid monarch of the jungle; Mrs. Sexton secretly compared him to a snake.

Sometimes this evil conception became a cause of real renewed anxiety to the mother. It occurred to her when, after the two had come back from a stroll through the dusk to the river, the beautiful Julianna would hold her graceful head a little higher than usual as she entered the doorway and, in a burst of gay spirits, would go to the piano under the yellow light and play allegro movements from a symphony or two. Something in the girl's manner suggested to Mrs. Sexton the personality of a feminine conqueror—the Queen Boadicea driving a chariot to victory. She made up her mind that she would say something more about Jenks to her daughter.

And, indeed, upon the following evening, having retired to her chamber to consider the matter, she determined to let no time go by before she interposed her new dissertation on ineligible young men.

The two were on the piazza below, the murmuring of their distant voices disclosing that Miss Langdell and her brother had driven off homeward over the hill. Mrs. Sexton wondered that Julianna and Jenks should choose to sit out in the sharp air of early October. But it was not till they had strolled off under the big oak, dragging their long shadows across the moonlit green of the lawn, that with a start she realized that the silent Jenks had been doing more than half of the conversation. She waited impatiently for Julianna to come up to her room.

Mrs. Sexton knew well enough that parents should not approach their children with weighty matters, attired in nightgowns; but on this occasion she was too anxious to repeat her cautions to her daughter to worry through a delay. The name, James Jenks, the thought of her daughter leaving Boston, and her conception of a family whose only estate was a cantaloup farm in the Arkansas River irrigation district, had all returned to her, and the horror and dread of a careful mother now refilled her heart. She only waited for the sound of Julianna's door before she ventured forth along the hall and entered her daughter's room

Naturally, it was most disconcerting to her to find the girl, still dressed, lying across the bed and, to all appearances, crying bitterly. Here was an old local family in bad order indeed. And one of the girl's slippers had fallen from her arched foot to the floor.

"Julianna!" cried the mother, hurrying to seat herself beside the prostrate form of the girl. And, with an awkward thrusting forward of her arms, she embraced the slender, graceful figure.

The daughter continued her grief as if it had received no interruption by reason of her parent's bulky onslaught.

"Julia!" the other one whispered desperately. "Tell me! I insist! But, for mercy's sake, don't tell me that you are crying from joy!"

"No," sobbed the girl, raising herself to a sitting posture.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Sexton with evident relief "Then what has happened, dear? Your mother will comfort you."

"I do not want to be comforted," said Julia. "I'm glad I love him." She faced her mother with open, defiant eyes. "I'm glad of that, anyway."

"Love him!" gasped Mrs. Sexton. "You are in love with Mr. Jenks?"

"Yes, mamma—so very much!"

"It is a calamity!" affirmed the older woman coldly. "You have not accepted him, Julia, dear? Do not tell your mother that you have accepted him! I ——"

"No," said Julianna, examining her fingers. "He said I had marvelous hands, too. But he wouldn't ask for either of them. I hate him!"

"And so he has made love to you. That in itself is enough to show his breeding."

"I know, mamma," Julianna answered, "but he makes such nice love. It is so different from the others."

"Different?" cried Mrs. Sexton, plucking at her nightdress. "What can you mean?"

"Oh," the girl said, "it's so *real!*"

Her mother suppressed a smile of sympathy; Julianna went to the window and gazed out at the harvest moon peeping over the oaks. "It is terrible!" she whispered. "Too awful for words!"

"Tell me!" commanded Mrs. Sexton. "Tell me!"

There was no answer; the daughter's wholesomely broad shoulders shook as if she were sobbing. "They love each other," thought the mother. "She has said so. But still there is time to prevent the worst. James Jenks—cantaloups!"

"He loves you?" she said aloud.

"A great deal, mamma. He has loved lots of girls. But he loves me ever so much more, mamma."

"He seems to be an honest young man," Mrs. Sexton commented dryly. "And has he—has he kissed you?"

"Oh, mamma, please, please don't ask me that!" cried Julianna. "You know I never kissed anybody else."

A feverish debate went on in Mrs. Sexton's mind. "Come here, Julia, dear," she said finally. "Your mother can sympathize with you. It is not so terrible, after all Come here, Julia." She moved her bulky body along the bed to give room for her daughter.

And Julianna turned once more toward her as if she were about to accept the offer of comfort. But she only stepped as far as the dressing-table, where she rested one hand upon the edge and gazed pathetically into the reflection of her own eyes that stared back from the mirror above the glinting display of silver boxes and brushes.

"You poor, mussed-up child!" exclaimed Mrs. Sexton humanly. "Your hair is so disordered."

"He likes it best that way," said Julia savagely, and covered her eyes with her hands as if to press back the tears. "There is no use, mamma," she said, looking up with a weak little smile. "I shall never be happy again. I haven't told you all."

"Not all?" cried the poor mother in horror. She clutched at the air, seeking assistance to rise to her slippered feet.

"No," Julianna answered in a trembling voice. "You see, he was so fond of me, but he never said so for such a

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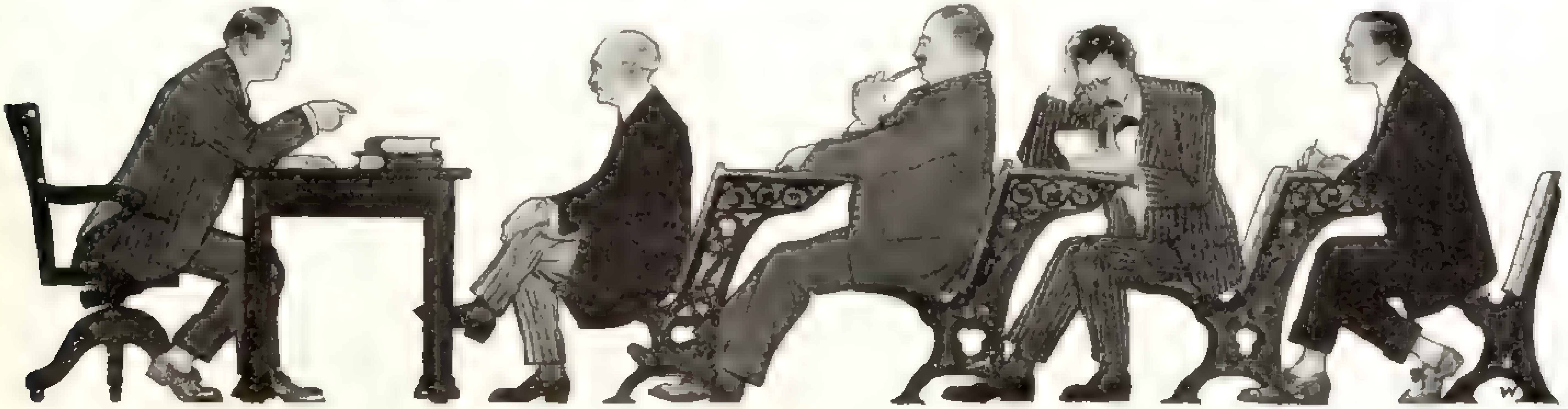
EDUCATING THE EMPLOYER

The New Business Schoolmaster and His Pupils



By George Frederic Stratton

ILLUSTRATION BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

IN THESE days there is much solicitude, a fair percentage of head wagging, both horizontal and vertical, and some expenditure of money upon the industrial education of the employee, prospective or actual. Upon the education of the employer, beyond an occasional reminder that we are a law-endowed, if not always a law-abiding, community, but little thought is given.

At a recent meeting of a manufacturers' association a member, who is an employer of six thousand hands, said:

"Outside of a few highly-standardized industries, I am convinced from statements by expert accountants and systematizers, and by my own observation, that the productive capacity of mechanics and laborers is fully one-third below what it could be under the leadership of efficient employers and managers."

If this is true, in any degree, it is not merely the personal affair of the manufacturer. It is a public calamity; not only for the waste involved in misdirected energy, but in the poor training received by young men who start on their careers in such establishments.

In one of the large shoe-manufacturing towns a manufacturing firm recently failed. Twelve years ago the senior member was a foreman in a cutting-room, had saved fifteen hundred dollars and, joining with the foreman of another department, equipped a small factory and commenced business. From that day to the day they failed their methods were a source of misfortune to other manufacturers and of acute ill-feeling among their workmen. They were trained at the bench and, when they developed into employers, their only ideas of doing business were the narrow ones of forcing sales and cutting wages.

For the first few years they ran, practically, a sweatshop. No union man would work for them, and they secured customers solely by cutting prices. They worked very hard themselves, spending no money except for necessities. And this, coupled with the facts that they had saved money while earning wages and that their personal habits were blameless, gave them a reputation which secured credit. These were but negative qualities, however; the positive qualities required for the development of an efficient organization and of broad business ideals, both in making and selling, were lacking. As they enlarged their operations their methods were not changed, except that they were compelled, in order to increase their output, to hire union help and pay current wages.

When Hard Work Counts for Nothing

THESE men played sharp tricks on their hands continually. At least three department strikes were started in their shop, spreading sympathetically to other shops. Two years ago a petty injustice in their lasting-room caused a strike which involved all the shoe-workers in the city—eighteen thousand operatives—and which required the combined persuasions of the mayor, the Board of Trade and the ministry before the cause, stubbornly adhered to, was removed. On the road, travelers for other manufacturers following the drummers for this firm sent in a continual wail at the price-cutting. Efforts to induce them to join the Manufacturers' Association failed. They said defiantly: "We run our business to suit ourselves, and we're not going to chip in with competitors or knuckle down to employees!"

Even after they had failed the evil influences of their methods did not instantly disappear. The assignees operated the factory long enough to complete the unfinished goods, and then sold the entire stock to a big department store, which advertised and sold it at fifty cents on the dollar, demoralizing the retail trade of the city for a month.

These circumstances are stated somewhat fully because one of the foremost business systematizers, who has in the past twenty years pulled scores of small manufacturing and commercial men out of ruts and started them upon the new road of efficient development, emphatically asserted when shown the above narration that it is but one of thousands which could be presented.

"The fact that a mechanic," he says, "or a store clerk, has saved a little money and started a business for himself is no indication whatever of his ability to do business. Very often he knows nothing but his own particular specialty. The important matters of efficient equipment, effective control of men, detailed accounting, and advanced methods of advertising and selling being entirely beyond his knowledge and often beyond his comprehension. Many such men meet with what may be called success because it is not absolute failure. They hold their own because of tremendously hard work and grinding economy; but they are by no means getting the best results out of themselves or their capital or the men who work for them, because they don't know how."

Successes That are Failures by Comparison

WHAT is often estimated as success is, in reality, rank failure when the opportunities are taken into consideration. A storekeeper in a small town had sold about the same line of goods over the same counters and by the same methods for nearly thirty years. His total accumulation was the store and a residence; a son trained in his father's ways must be included. Twenty miles away was a larger town to which many shoppers went when they required a greater choice of goods than they could find at home. Then a department store was opened by two bright young graduates of a great city store. In two years they controlled the trade, kept the shoppers at home, and cleaned up a larger net profit than the old storekeeper had made in his entire business career.

A manufacturer of picture-frame moldings, employing about one hundred hands, always lost his temper when his drummer called his attention to any new designs or new material which he found on the road. "I'm not paying you to tell me what to make!" he would exclaim petulantly; "I'm paying you to sell what I make."

Of course this independence extended to his factory. He was using old-fashioned heavy shafting and pulleys, and wasting power, and much of his machinery was out of date. Production there was easily thirty to forty per cent below its possibility.

It is in manufacturing, rather than in distribution, that wasteful, inefficient methods cause a loss to the whole country, as well as to the owner of the factory. The man who is burning five tons of coal where four tons would do the work is wasting a natural resource. The employer who secures only seventy or eighty per cent of the possible productivity of his employees is causing as great a loss to the nation as the farmer who raises only fifteen bushels of wheat to the acre on land which could yield twenty-five bushels. Intensive farming is attracting the widest attention and the most urgent encouragement; but intensive manufacturing is a term which the writer has never yet seen in print, nor heard, except from professional business systematizers.

Still, it is being practiced in many of the larger plants, and the directors of others are being constantly aroused to the possibilities of far greater output from expensive equipment than they are now obtaining. To secure this an expert mechanical engineer is sometimes called in. He will probably rearrange the entire plant, so as to facilitate the handling of material. He may also regulate the speed of machines, and thus effect large savings in the amount of power used. Sometimes, again, an expert accountant is engaged, who devises a system of detailed shop-accounting which will indicate, infallibly, leakages as well as profits. And again, a factory systematizer may be secured who will introduce methods of paying hands by piecework, or bonus systems which will encourage stronger, steadier and more intelligent effort. In fact, it is on labor that by far the greatest gain has been made in large plants, a twenty to forty per cent increase in output, without any increase of labor cost, being no uncommon result of the introduction of scientific and broad-minded wage systems.

The introduction of these specialists or educators into a manufacturing organization means nothing more nor less than the education of the executives in new and advanced methods—in intensive manufacturing. But very often the efforts in this direction are nullified by the antagonistic attitudes of the pupils. An engineer of high reputation, but whose practice for some years has consisted almost entirely of developing higher efficiency in equipment and men, makes a statement regarding his experience which is here presented in his own words:

"The modern shop or industrial organization is an evolution from the primitive shop of one hundred years ago, in which the master was supreme. Similar organization existed in the armies and navies, all of these being line organizations.

"Pilotage first, and later steam, forced the staff as an adjunct to the line upon seagoing vessels. It was Von Moltke's greatest claim to fame that he forced staff skill on the Prussian line and demonstrated that it would work."

Line and Staff in Modern Business

"AMERICAN and other industrial enterprises are, as yet, deficient in staff. While real staff does not displace line it knows, momentarily, more than the line; the pilot being an example. No pilot can force a captain to enter any given port, but when the captain decides to enter that port he must, for the time, defer to the staff skill of the pilot as to what channel he shall follow.

"Most managers in shops and other industrial undertakings have not grasped this idea of staff limitations, staff scope and staff authority. They resent the assumption that any staff member can know more than they do about their own business. They object to his exercising any authority, and even when this authority is exercised, as it often can be through the line officials, the latter reserve to themselves the right to pass on the value and practicability of staff requests.

"Line managers, as a rule, owing to their misunderstanding of staff methods and staff conventions, cannot get over the idea that there is personal disgrace to themselves in admitting that any one else can produce better results; personal disgrace in accepting any man's plans; particularly personal disgrace in allowing better results to follow the application of these plans.

"Some of my personal experiences are as follows, each one referring to a different plant:

"1. I was appointed president's assistant in a plant manufacturing a specialty which was new to me. The local manager remarked to his men that it would not take him long to 'make a monkey of this butter-in.'

"2. After an interview with the board of directors and officials at which the possibility of a twenty-five per cent reduction in cost was outlined, the superintendent remarked: 'It will be a great disgrace to us if we allow any such result to be attained by this man.'

"3. I was appointed on the president's staff. The manager under him watched for any hints and instantly put into effect changes before details could be considered.

"4. I was on the vice-president's staff. The superintendent under him—with an office five hundred miles away—objected to any suggestion of mine to any worker as to the angle at which a tool ought to be ground or set, unless my recommendation had first been submitted to him in writing and approved officially. That this would have taken several months, and in most cases have been refused, and that the thousand wrong methods could never have been corrected in this manner was a small matter to him, compared to the apparent affront to his supremacy.

"5. A superintendent whose shop methods we were expected to reorganize stated, in conference, that his idea of the proper way to effect betterment was to give him a general idea of what was wanted and let him select assistants and determine what method should be adopted, and how they should be installed.

"6. Some cases are almost pathetic. A manager had been at the head of a plant for twenty years. For the same output I recommended a reduction in force of twenty per cent. He said that he would take this recommendation under advisement; that he did not think we understood the conditions; that he was responsible; that he would have to be shown first. Nothing was done for several weeks. We were then given authority by the president of the company to act, and the force was rapidly reduced forty per cent, the promised economies were effected, the manager was discredited, and now his superior officers are wondering how many hundred thousand dollars the firm lost during the twenty years of the superintendent's control. The superintendent did not play his own game wisely. He should have said, 'Here are new methods only recently come into existence, and I welcome the chance to apply them.' When we said twenty per cent reduction he should have urged at once trying thirty per cent, or have accepted twenty per cent and forced along to forty per cent, thus proving himself the man of greater courage, better judgment and superior executive ability."

Although similar instances are related by every expert engineer, accountant or adjuster with whom I have had the opportunity to talk—and they are many—it is not intended to convey the impression that all or even a large proportion of executives assume this attitude. In fact, in the great establishments these men are usually very receptive to every suggestion of betterment processes. They are the men who read closely and understandingly the trade and scientific literature, and they keep instantly alert to the slightest changes of management or policy.

One of the great companies manufacturing electrical machinery, which employs twenty-five thousand hands, has a ledger account designated Education. It aggregates many thousands of dollars yearly expended in sending its superintendents and assistants, its engineers and department chiefs, to conventions and to inspections of other plants, often in entirely different lines of manufacture. A library is maintained with a salaried librarian whose duty it is to tabulate and index every magazine article, and even paragraphs, which have any bearing upon factory operations. This index and the magazines are open to the executives, even down to the sub-foremen. Every summer a small party of the high officials and engineers is sent to England and Germany on a tour of investigation.

Such methods pay. The president of that company has never been heard to lament the lack of good men; and, incidentally, during twenty-five years of its existence no serious labor disturbance has occurred in its plants.

That is the broad gauge of manufacturing. The narrow gauge is crowded with small men to whom the fine developments of production, distribution, equipment and by-products are unknown. To them, detailed shop-accounting is but red tape; cost-reduction begins and ends with wage-cutting. Selling by judicious advertising, attractive literature and effective follow-up systems is sneered at as being theoretical and cumbersome. Offering an extra five per cent discount is the way they land customers. These men resent, sometimes wrathfully, the suggestion that any outsider can give them points! They assert that they know their business and pay their bills, and the slightest hint at improvement is denounced as impertinence

A manufacturer of furniture had at some time during his career run across a phrase which stuck by him. Adding a negative with the same disregard of adaptability which characterized his management he would turn down any suggestion for improvement—even from his foreman—with the bland assertion: "The conditions of no two factories are rarely alike!"

He died, and a stock company was organized to continue the business. The new manager, a bright young man trained in one of the great Grand Rapids factories, found to his dismay absolutely nothing in the shape of shop-accounting. The bookkeeper—an old young man and a deep student of conservation of energy, which he personally applied—could enter figures and foot them up correctly. All that the previous manager had required was that the cashbook should balance. The monthly totals were entered in the ledger under the general head of Disbursements, the items of expense, material and wages being lumped together. There were absolutely no cost statistics. The new manager had to make an entirely new start, but in two years he had doubled the output without any increase in power or equipment.

In a Maine village is a modest woolen mill which has been operated by steam for twenty-eight years. The proprietor owns a farm within a mile of the mill. Across this farm runs a rapid stream, the outlet of two lakes having a total area of over twenty thousand acres. And although he knew there was water-power there he did not know until recently that he could turn that power into electric current and wire it across to his mill. The knowledge did not come from any technical reading, nor did it come from investigation of other plants. He never left his village except for an annual visit to his selling agents at Boston and a little joy trip among the theaters.

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THE VOICE IN THE RICE

By Gouverneur Morris

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. LEYENDECKER

XII

I WAS no sooner dressed and about than I was desired to wait upon Lord Nairn. He wished to see me alone, and neither Sir Peter nor his wife could give a reason for it.

"We shall not know what he wants with you," Sir Peter said, "until you come back and tell us. And at that he may bind you not to tell."

"He will bind me to nothing to which I do not wish to be bound," I said. "I will make you that promise."

Lord Nairn was in his garden in the hottest corner. He was in mauve linen from head to foot.

"I have sent for you, Mr. Bourne," he said, "to say that I am strongly against detaining persons among us against their will. You will by now in all probability be impatient of restraint and wish to go back to your own country."

"I am not conscious of any restraint," I said.

"That is not sense," said Lord Nairn. "To a man of character and vigor the fact that he does not even know his own way home must seem an impugnment of his personal liberty. If no one guides you out of Santee—then in Santee you live and die."

"And what is Santee," said I, bearing my mother's epistle in mind, "but an integral part of my own country—more lawless than other parts, according to the Constitution and its amendments, but an integral part none the less, no matter what itself may have to say on the subject?"

Lord Nairn rolled his eyes into the sun and looked bored.

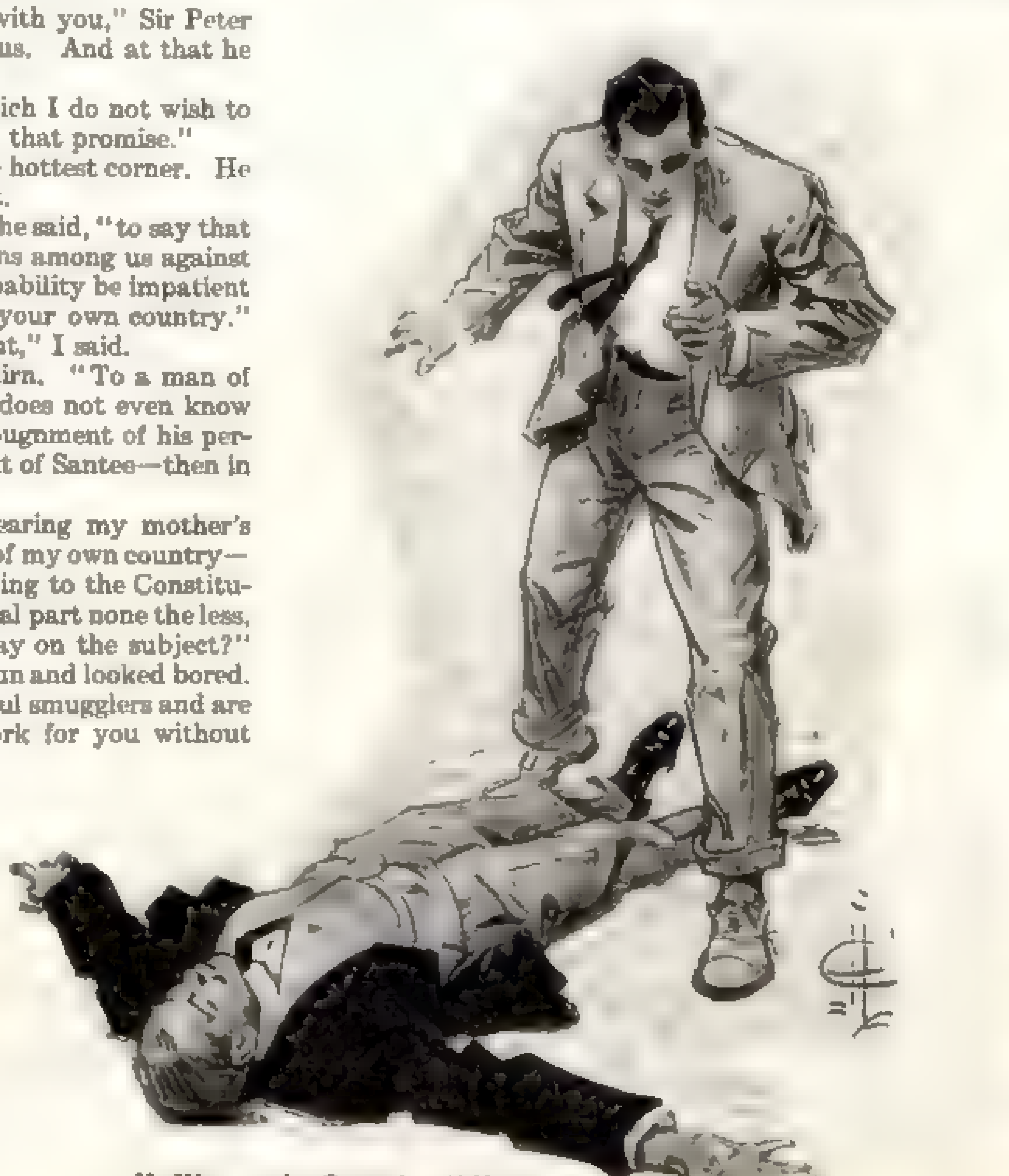
"Just because you are very successful smugglers and are able for a time to make negroes work for you without paying them wages doesn't constitute you an independent people," I said. "You have broken the law longer with impunity, that is all."

"Is this the tone," piped Lord Nairn, "that you adopt in your conversations with Sir Peter?"

"No," said I. "If Sir Peter sent for me I should go to him as I have come to you, and he would offer me a chair."

"Pirate that he is," said he.

"He is the kindliest and best-mannered lawbreaker that I know," said I, "with the possible exception of one or two magnates in New York."



He Went to the Ground as if He Had Fallen All the Way From the Clouds

"I am sorry," said Lord Nairn, without taking his eyes from the sun, "that I have no chair here to offer you." His tone was of a sudden exceedingly courteous. "Let us go to the house."

He set his chair in motion and wheeled himself rapidly along the path out of the garden and on to a long, brick-floored porch, all in full sunlight, that extended the length of the southeast front. He gave me a chair and offered refreshments, which I declined.

"And so, sir," said he, "you feel at home among us."

"Absolutely," said I.

"And yet," said he, "your place is not here. You are not so quixotic, I suppose, as to imagine that by staying you could one day redress our lawlessness, free the negroes like another Lincoln, put an end to our habit of free trade, and bring us of our own acknowledgment under the Stars and Stripes? No, sir. The moccasin flag will fly from Government House for many a generation yet."

"I have noted," I said, "that it flies within a circle of very tall trees, so that it is a matter of real difficulty to get a sight of it."

Leviathan broke into a peal of shrill, boyish laughter.

"I am liking you better, Bourne," he said presently. "How is your bite?"

"Entirely healed, thank you." And I showed him my scars

"The lucky thing," said Lord Nairn, "is that in nine hundred and ninety-nine million cases out of the ten a man is bitten on the arm or leg. It is then possible, as it was in your case, to stop the spread of the poison by a tight ligature. But if a man were punctured in the face he would die inevitably and very horridly—very." He laughed again. "No," he said, "I am wrong, and for the first time in—I cannot remember how long. You could stop the spread of the poison with the utmost ease. I will patent the method."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Why," said Lord Nairn, "you take the man who has been bitten in the face and hang him to the nearest tree."

"Well," I said, smiling, "if you ever happen to be so bitten, Lord Nairn, I hope that I may be on hand to do the needful for you."

"I," said he, "am immune. I have experimented upon myself with snake-venom since my teens, beginning with the merest filtration—a shadow of the stuff—and increasing the dose as I was able to bear it. I had the idea of what's-his-name the old heathen."

He rolled up his sleeve and showed me upon his enormous, hairless, white forearm countless scars of snake-bites. But in no case had one been cut across to let out the poison. I was, naturally, immensely interested.

"Are you satisfied?" he asked.

"It seems to me altogether marvelous," I said. "Beyond belief."

He showed me his other arm, and there, livid and deep among hosts of old scars, were two fresh punctures.

"I got out of my chair this morning," said he, "to get those."

Between interest and horror I had nothing to say.

"Did you suppose that my immense length was merely a freak of Nature?" he asked. "The men of my family were all small. That has been one effect of the poison. Another is my passion for the sun, my ability to look it in the face, the fact that I never visibly perspire. The pleasure I take, growing more and more with the years, of remaining motionless for hours. And that, I fancy, more than the venom, has to do with my enormous girth."

"Well," said I, "to be frank, I think yours the most horrid habit I ever heard of."

"You are right to call it a habit," said he. "Like all habits it will one day get the better of its victim." He was silent for some moments. And then the shrill, boyish voice—startling after any period of silence:

"What are your sensations on seeing a snake?"

"Nausea," I said promptly.

"Mine," said he, "are the opposite—hunger. That is what I fear, Bourne. I will confess to you, not for publication, that once or twice I have had the thought: 'What would be the sensation of swallowing a living snake by the tail?'"

I pushed my chair back from him so that its feet squeaked sharply on the bricks.

"For God's sake, Lord Nairn," I said, "change the subject."

His eyes darted here and there in the shrubbery, and the muscles of his cheeks twitched and rippled under the fat in a curious manner. He gave himself a shake and resumed his usual pose of indolent immobility.

"So," said he, "you don't want to leave us yet?"

"Not yet," I said.

"That is most agreeable of you," said he. "When you are ready to go, tell me. I sent for you to say that the road is open."

"And what of the tales that I would feel in duty bound to tell of the Santee?" I asked.

"Tell them," he said.

"Do you mean it?"

"I have thought much upon that head," said he, "and I have concluded that your Government, far from arising in its wrath and descending upon us, would not believe a single word you said, and, if you protested, would most likely appoint a commission in lunacy to sit upon your case."

And I went away with an absolute conviction of the truth of Lord Nairn's conclusions. My Government surely, my friends unquestionably, and my mother probably, would put me down for an incorrigible liar. I told Sir Peter the whole of the conversation. He said it was true about the snakes. But why Lord Nairn so evidently wished me to leave the Santee was no plainer to him than it was to me. But to Lady Moore, when we told her, it was plain as day.

"He is very subtle in many ways," she said, "and he has had an intuition!"

"And what is this one this time?" mocked Sir Peter.

"It is this," she said. "He has concluded that not any of us, but Richard here alone, may perhaps stand between him and Mary Moore. Tell me this, Richard," she said, "doesn't she attract you immensely already?"

"You forget," my lips said, "that I have never seen her."

But my expression must have uttered something more committal. For Lady Moore looked at me, and reached up her hands and laid them on my shoulders, and looked, and said.

"Why—Richard!"

Sir Peter left us hastily, whistling.

XIII

WHAT more to me was she whom I loved than a voice? Have you ever been offered shares in a gold mine by an able talker, your imagination working and building upon the promoter's glittering statements until you have fancied yourself into a house upon the Avenue at the very least, roses in all the rooms and an Italian car at the curb, purring? Had they talked me into this love of mine? Was I so simple, so impressionable? Or was the voice alone to blame? If I met her face to face and she did not speak, should I know her? Yes. I should know her here in the Santee. There could be no doubt about that. Yes, I should know her anywhere; were the meeting deferred to another country where I thought she could not be, still if we met I should know her. Who would not know at a glance the most beautiful, the most ravishing, the most rare?

But if you doubt that a man could fall in love before so slight an impetus, know that I, to whom the writing of a letter was as the pulling of a tooth, now took to myself pens and paper and burned candles into the night. I have that mass of writing still, but I will spare you those verses, sonnets and love-songs which of itself is no mean sparing. Here are excerpts:

When they speak of Leviathan or Shirley I feel as if I were entering a cold, damp cellar. When they speak of Mary Moore then I am coming out into the sun. When they couple her name with either of theirs the green and blue world turns red. I have met Shirley and played tennis with him. He is a long, big creature, very handsome. He was pinkly courteous to me, but I beat him. Janie McMoultrie says that he has been in love with Mary Moore all his lazy life, and that she is so kind to him because he has been so faithful. Faithful, pooh! say I; for the young men have other stories anent his faithfulness. Like many here—for these people trust each other wondrously to keep secrets—he has made the Grand Tour. They still use that old expression. All the capitals of Europe have smiled upon Shirley and his handsome face and his long purse. Alas, he has a long purse. What have I to offer? But *she* doesn't care about purses, full or flabby.

. . . .

Lord Nairn has again suggested in the most courteous way that I leave the country. He fears that, unaccustomed to the climate, I shall take the malaria. What do I care? I will stay till this semi-tropic freezes over, if she stays. If she tells me to go I will not go unless she will go with me. I have just told the mirror over my dressing-table that I love her. I selected the mirror because it is in the shape of a heart. I love the mirrors in this house. They have all reflected her loveliness. She was here so much when she was little. This room of mine was hers. Here she had the measles, and here she had the diphtheria that time she nearly died. In yonder basin she has scrubbed her dolls, I dare say, till the paint came off. By yonder great bed she has knelt to say her charming prayers.

. . . .

Why have I not seen her? I think there is a wicked power at work to prevent! I scent plots. I smell conspiracies! Truth will out. She has had a cold. Trojan Helen had one every spring. Yes, she did. You believe me? I thank you. And if the most beautiful of antiquity, why not the most beautiful of all time? Bless her, oh God, during and between sneezes. She had a little fever with the cold, but that is over. She will be about in a day or so.

. . . .

We serenaded her last night. Nellie and Janie McMoultrie, Joan Stevens, Harry McMoultrie, Shirley and I—met by appointment in the garden under her window. The window was wide open, but there was no light in the room. Janie tiptoed to Mr. Santee Moore's study and asked him if Mary was awake. Yes, she was awake. Lord, how dark it was! Shirley fell over a box bush and almost gave us away. We did not want her to know that we were there until we burst suddenly into song. We had practiced in the afternoon. Janie returning from the study ran plunk into me—and giggled. Almost another give-away. We gathered close together. Joan Stevens, who is calmer than most in moments of supreme excitement, gave us the key in a whispered hum. And, a little raggedly in getting started, but pretty well together and with a fine, brisk rhythm (though I say it who am one of those that shouldn't), we burst clamorously upon the night with:

Gayly the troubadour
Touched his guitar,
As he was hastening
Home from the war.

And more slowly, and in my case with very genuine yearning:

Singing from Palestine
Hither I come;
Lady-love, lady-love,
We-elcome me home.

And so on. Would she come to the window, I wondered. Could the eye be made to pierce the darkness between? Almost I hoped she would not come. I wanted to see her with all my heart and soul, but not, oh, not to have my very first sight merely as among those present.

But she didn't come to the window. She spoke to us from deep within the room. She said she was lying down—too comfortable and happy to move. Happy? What had she then to be so happy about? I didn't want her to be so happy all by herself. Oh, she said, our voices sounded heavenly. The night was young, ever so young. Sing on, nightingales. So we sang on and on and ran out of practiced channels into deeps and shallows among which was much floundering and oh-ohing and laughter. Then, for it was growing late, they pushed Shirley and me forward—well under the window. And we sang, side by side, detesting each other very cordially:

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low
And the moon is shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me, who knows how,
To thy chamber window, sweet.

And when that was over, once more all together we sang that stately old chanty:

Farewell and adieu to you all, Spanish ladies;
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain.

And then we were for departing—when the voice came from above:

"Troubadours all," she called gayly, "I am about to fling you a rose, having no moneys by me."

Shirley and I edged forward a little, jealously. Silence. Then a sound as of a soft thing hitting a pane of glass and a note of golden laughter and the voice: "I'll try another."

We heard it fall at our feet. We scrambled for it. Shirley threw himself roughly against me. I lost my temper and flung him away as I might an old glove. He came rushing back, mad as a hatter. But I had the rose. He whispered in my ear: "You'll hear from this."

. . . .

Gentlemen and ladies, I have been challenged. I am to fight a duel. You understand? I thank you. That is how I feel about it. Very flippant.

. . . .

We parted at the landing, each in his or her canoe—a shadow on the waters—a rippling—a rustling this way—a rasping that—vanishment—voices growing fainter and fainter.

XIV

IT SURPRISED me to learn that the custom of the duello survived among a people in many ways enlightened. For, having received a formal challenge from Mr. Shirley, who named Lord Nairn as his second (though the challenge was brought by a proxy), I carried it at once to Sir Peter with the request to act for me. He said that Shirley and I must inevitably have fallen out, and he treated the matter with his usual banter and levity. And though I was pleased enough, I am afraid, to fight Shirley, I thought, nevertheless, that Sir Peter showed mighty little concern where a life, perhaps, was at stake. But when I said something about the choice of weapons he laughed out loud.

"My dear Richard," he said, "we don't fight with weapons in the Santee. Our population couldn't stand it."

"Fists?" I suggested hopefully.

"Nonsense," said Sir Peter. "The object of the duello is not to show which of two hot-headed men is the stronger or the more fatal, but to furnish each with an honest chance to obtain satisfaction from the other. If Shirley fights you with his fists what honest or earthly chance has he of obtaining satisfaction? None."

"What is the custom then, Sir Peter?"

"It's very simple," he said. "The two adversaries face each other. A third party, chosen by the seconds, is provided with a stop-watch. At the word 'Now' he starts his watch going, while the contestants try to guess when a minute has passed. The one whose guess is nearest is then permitted to strike his adversary an open-handed blow upon the face—the recipient of the blow to stand motionless during its delivery, and afterward if he can. The guessing is then resumed until seven slaps have been exchanged."

I was mightily tickled with this notion for settling disputes.

"But," I said, "it's too easy, Sir Peter. My pulse is as regular as a clock. I have only to keep tab of its beats to ——"

"We bar that," said Sir Peter. "Now suppose we send word to Lord Nairn that we will be at his house this evening at sharp five. He will have his principal there. And you two youngsters may each hope to box the other's ear all the seven times. Have you ever guessed minutes? No? I advise you to practice. It's not easy. Lucky you're not fighting Lord Nairn. He can tell them to the second."

Sir Peter pulled out his watch and gave it to me.

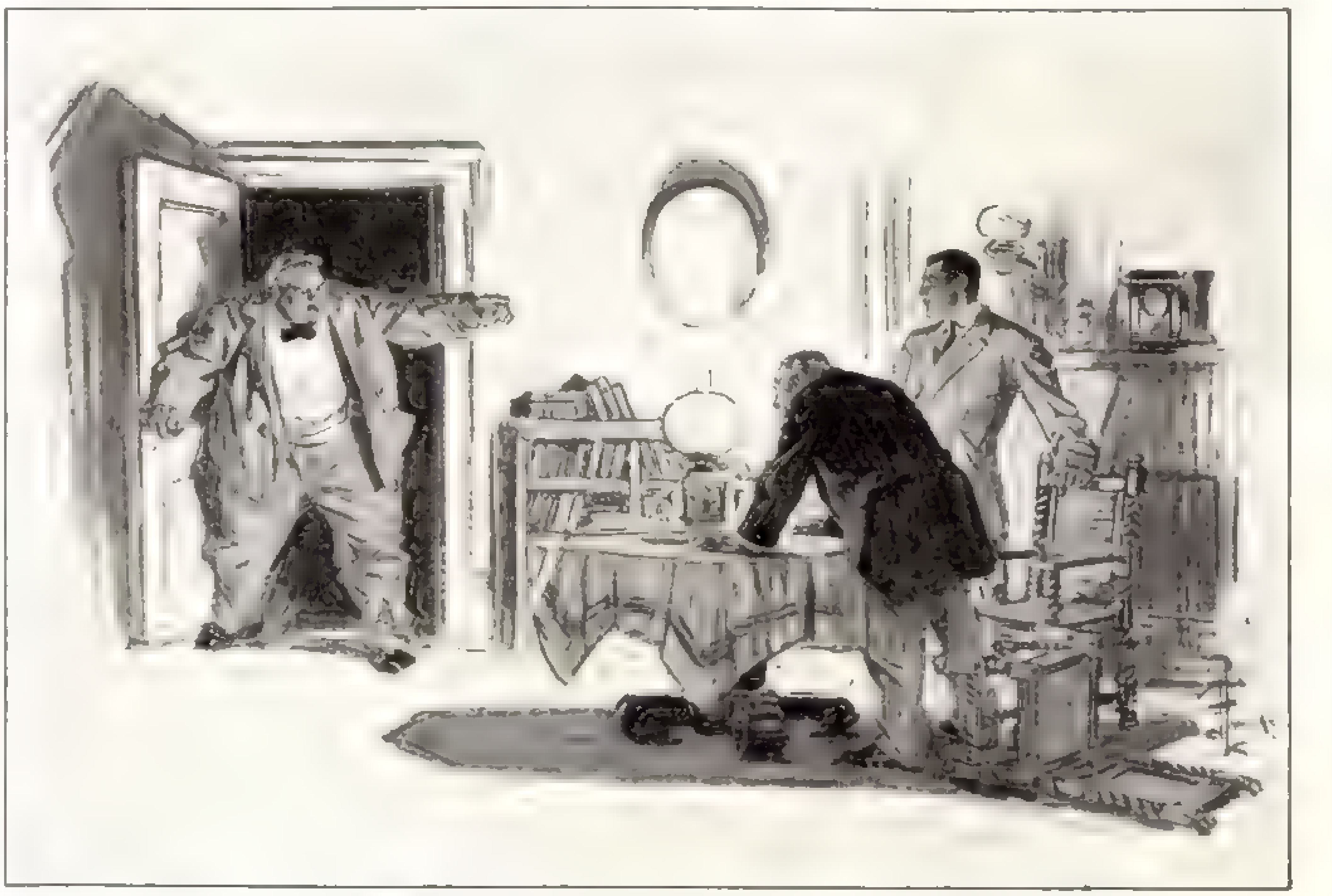
"Carry that into the garden," he said, "and coach yourself."

. . . .

In the midst of Lord Nairn's garden is an open rectangle made by a closely-cropped hedge of Amor River privet. And here the belligerents met and saluted one another very coolly. Lord Nairn was in that corner of the place which the sinking sun still warmed, and I noted with some surprise that his choice for timekeeper—for we had left that detail wholly to him—was Mr. Santee Moore. Considering that at the root our quarrel was about the latter's daughter the arrangement struck me as in bad taste. Having conferred a moment with Lord Nairn, Sir Peter directed Mr. Shirley and myself to our places near the center of the open space, not without a show of dignity and ceremony. Mr. Santee Moore then requested us to remove our hats

I think Shirley must have made a mistake in removing his hat with his right hand. He must have intended to use his left. Anyway, he lifted his right to his hat and I saw in the palm of it a small square of surgeon's plaster. My first thought was that he had had a hurt, and (for I knew him to be right-handed) that he was showing good sportsmanship in fighting (if you may call it that) before it was well. But my next thought or intuition (it was more that) was a better one, as events proved. I had no reason to suspect treachery, but I did. Suppose, however, I asked to see the plaster and it should prove to be nothing but plaster; I should look all kinds of a suspicious fool. I knew that I must keep silence at whatever cost. False pride, man's natural love of dignity, made that demand. I must be wrong. And yet I could have sworn that something in the center of that square of plaster, some minute particle of bright matter, as a crumb of glass, had for one instant refracted the light.

Furthermore, considering that here was a mere matter of a slap or so in the face, my adversary looked monstrous nervous. Under his clear, brown tan he was the color of cigar ash. But when he found that my eyes were steadily upon his right hand, which hung half closed with its back to me, the ash color was wiped out by a rush of crimson.



"You are Surprised," He Said in His Shrill, Boyish Voice, "to See Me on My Feet"

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" asked Mr. Santee Moore. We bowed.

"Now!" said he, and clicked his watch.

Now a minute is a very long period of time, as I had learned of Sir Peter's timepiece. And I was determined not to speak until after Shirley, even if my judgment claimed that an hour had passed. I knew Shirley to be impetuous, hot-headed and rash. If either of us was to guess short it would be he. But he waited—and I waited. And I began to think that he knew what he was about. Surely, I thought, it is a minute now—surely. Suddenly:

"Time!" said Shirley.

Mr. Santee Moore looked at his watch, but did not change expression. A moment later:

"Time!" said I.

Mr. Moore smiled.

"Sharp work, gentlemen," he said. "Mr. Shirley's guess is short of the minute by forty-five seconds; Mr. Bourne's by forty-four—call it."

So it was my first turn. Shirley stood motionless, but by no means happy. And I struck him open-handed over his lower left cheek and jaw with all my might and main. He went to the ground as if he had fallen all the way from the clouds—his hands open, his fingers wide apart like starfish.

Lord Nairn smothered an oath and wheeled toward him. But I had already knelt and taken his right hand.

"Look, gentlemen," I said, "and for the honor of your Santee be glad that the first turn was mine." In full sight of all I ripped the plaster from Shirley's hand and gave it to Sir Peter.

"Be careful," I said.

Through the plaster, so that the point must have pierced my cheek, was thrust a brass-headed thumb-tack such as draftsmen use to pin a sheet of paper to a drawing-board. But the point and shank of this tack were smeared with a semi-transparent, amber-colored gum.

"Unless I am wrong, gentlemen," said Sir Peter—his words came in a kind of tapping staccato—"this has been smeared with a poisonous resin, the secret of which, handed down from the Carolina Indians, is still known among certain of the old negroes who affect to practice voodoo. It is, you may say, a triple extract of moccasin or rattlesnake venom. That, however, is a matter soon proved."

Kneeling suddenly by the side of Shirley he thrust the tack into the latter's cheek to the head.

I caught at his arm, but was not in time. Even Lord Nairn, I think, was struck with horror at the deed. And as for Sir Peter, he rose from his horrid work shaking from head to foot.

"I have sworn," he cried in a high voice, "to be just. I have been just. What I did was right ——"

Lord Nairn's voice broke in upon him like a wave of something glittering and cold.

"Right or wrong," he shrilled, "you have proved nothing. He was a dead man before he touched the ground. We have to thank Mr. Bourne for breaking a very worthless young man's neck."

It was true. I lifted poor misguided Shirley by the shoulders, and his head hung down over his back.

"I heard it crack," said Lord Nairn.

Here Mr. Santee Moore put in a word.

"For the sake of Shirley's family," said he, "let us agree to forget his treacherous attempt upon Mr. Bourne. But it is in your hands, Mr. Bourne—are we asking too much of you?"

"By all means," I said. "I will forget, or at least I will not speak. Nevertheless, I am heartily glad that I have killed him."

XV

SIR PETER and I started home at once, but Mr. Santee Moore remained with Lord Nairn to send out messages to Mr. Shirley's friends and relatives and to make a first disposition of the body. We had not gone far when I found that my mind had changed materially on two points. I was upset almost to the point of nausea to think that I had killed a man, and I no longer thought of Sir Peter as the fiend incarnate. I pitied him, rather, he was so terribly agitated and horrorstruck. And it was not until I had got him home that he was able to think and speak lucidly. Here, however, he pulled himself together, drank a brandy-and-water, talked privately with Lady Moore for a quarter of an hour, and at last called me into his study.

"What has happened, Richard," he said, "has more beneath it than appears. In the first place, we must exonerate Shirley in our own minds. Not entirely, but in this way: we must remember that he was weak, a lover, and, I have often thought, more under Lord Nairn's influence than is human. What he attempted may or may not have been the act of a free agent. To my mind, however, it was based upon suggestion, hypnotic, let us say, or, at least, induced by a mental power that he was not fit to resist. I myself make a practice of not meeting Lord Nairn's eyes when in conference with him."

"And I," said I, "believe Lord Nairn responsible—at least for the invention. But we shall never know now if the tack was or was not poisoned."

"Not *positively*," said Sir Peter. "Does it matter?"

"No," I said. "Tell me, Sir Peter, why was your brother referee? It seemed to me in questionable taste."

"Matters look so serious, my boy," said Sir Peter, "that I will be frank even at my brother's expense. The luxury of his house and way of living is a farce, sir. He is over ears in debt. Lord Nairn holds his paper to a shocking amount. Santee is not a bad man. He is in trouble. A man in trouble is never quite himself. Why do we take Lord Nairn's passion for my niece so seriously? Because her father is vastly indebted to Lord Nairn. Because she loves her father to distraction. And because she will save him if she can. And now," said he, "I have exposed this damnable ulcer to you, and you can see for yourself that it is drawing to a head. Now, sir," he said, "I have no desire to see you turned into a burnt offering. So, tales or no tales, I ask for no promises—I will make what effort I can to get you out of the country."

"Hum," I said thoughtfully.

"Shirley's death will be laid at your door by his friends and blood relations. The matter of the thumb-tack will receive no especial promulgation, you may be sure. We ourselves have rashly agreed to say nothing about it."

"And Mary Moore?" I asked.

"The chase is closing about her, poor girl," said Sir Peter. He sighed deeply.

"She will be forced into marrying Lord Nairn?" I asked.

"Oh, it looks so," said Sir Peter. "It looks damnably so. But what is a world without tragedy? We shall all be dust a hundred years hence."

"Surely," I said, "you and Lady Wrenn can do something."

"If it came to war (Sir Peter smiled grimly) we could raise up but one fighter to Lord Nairn's two. You forget, sir, or you do not know, that to the negroes Lord Nairn is the greatest of all the voodoos, past, present or to come. He would go among them with a moccasin hanging to his neck by the teeth—or some such fireworks—and the blacks, if only through thundering fear, would follow him through fire and water."

"And for all that," said I, "Mary Moore shall not be thrown to that poisonous hulk!"

There was no knocking. The door opened and Lord Nairn *walked* into the room.

"You are surprised," he said in his shrill, boyish voice, "to see me on my feet. Sir Peter will tell you that it is no common business that takes me out of my chair. Come, Mr. Bourne, are you ready? Every moment is precious."

"Ready?" said I in some surprise.

"*We* know," said Lord Nairn, "that Shirley's death was the purest accident. It will not be so regarded by certain hotheads of his family. Rumor spreads very rapidly in this corner of the world. Come, sir. I have had the launch put in commission. We will whisk you out of the Santee before a man can pull a trigger."

"I have," said I, "accidentally killed a very murderous fellow. The law will not punish me for that. Nor do I think that I have any occasion to fear the vengeance of his *blood* relations. As to that of his closer relations—his partners in crime, let us say—that is another matter. I fear that as I fear hell, Lord Nairn. But I do not propose to run away."

"Deliver me," said he, "from pig-headed youth."

"And me," said I, "from snake-minded age."

I hoped he would fly into a passion. Instead, he laughed shrilly. . But now Sir Peter put in an oar.

"What have you done with the tack, Lord Nairn?"

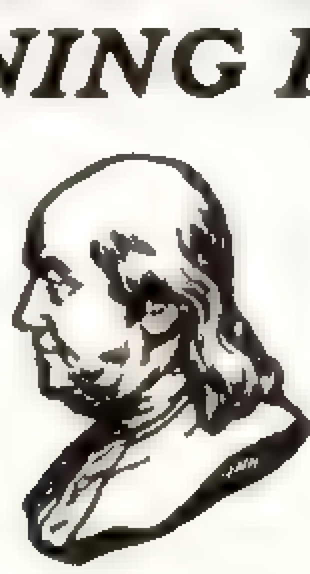
"Flung it overboard," said Lord Nairn. "It was obviously poisoned. We had agreed to say nothing about it. Why keep a dangerous instrument?"

"Generous impulses are as dangerous as poison," commented Sir Peter. "Mr. Bourne, suspecting a treachery which was soon proved, struck with all his might. But we have agreed," he continued bitterly, "to let people think that that thunderbolt was hurled by mere malice. Ought we not to reconsider, Lord Nairn, and tell the whole truth?"

"If Bourne were one of us," said Lord Nairn, "yes. But he is not long for here. So let the Shirleys believe

(Continued on Page 30)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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Is Flying Worth While?

MONTGOLFIER sent up the first balloon a quarter of a century before Fulton took out a patent on propelling boats by steam, and nearly half a century before Stephenson drove the first railroad engine. The younger inventions in locomotion have considerably outstripped the elder. A great part of the world's transportation is now performed by the devices of Fulton and Stephenson. A hundred and twenty-six years after the Montgolfiers, Count Zeppelin is able to steer a balloon over a prescribed course of nine hundred miles, at a rate of about twenty-five miles an hour. In spite of the unlucky collision with a pear tree which brought the voyage to an end, this is regarded as by far the greatest feat in aërial navigation yet performed. As such, naturally, it arouses the enthusiasm of the world.

We now know that in fairly propitious weather a balloon can be controlled in the air—subject, however, to a very high accident-liability. Measured by the difficulties to be overcome, the distance between that point and really dependable aërial navigation is probably about as great as the distance between our farthest north and the Pole, while the practical value of aërial navigation as yet is nearly as dubious as that of the Pole. Nevertheless, every step toward the one goal or the other will create a world-wide situation—for a good deal the same reason that the mature, successful physician greatly yearns to be a tragic dramatist, and several thousand rather timorous undergraduates are indulging day-dreams of playing a Napoleonic rôle.

Nobody can get much imaginative excitement out of doing things that are easily within the field of his natural powers. Flying may never be worth much commercially, or even for military purposes, but its poetic value is immense.

The Speculative Pot and Kettle

THE New York Stock Exchange has forbidden its members to have any dealings with members of the Consolidated Exchange, and the latter institution protests that this action is not only unkind but unwise from a purely selfish point of view. As to the first clause of the protest, the opinion of the Consolidated is conclusive. When one gentleman kicks another the word of the kickee as to whether or not the action was kindly should always be taken.

The second clause, we think, has much merit.

The chief function of both concerns is to facilitate speculation in stocks, and it is, generally speaking, a sound business principle that the more facilities there are the more trade there will be. The Stock Exchange, being by far the richer and sweller shop, will always get the patronage of those who are able to meet its terms by trading in a hundred shares or more on a ten-point margin. The Consolidated secures humbler patrons on correspondingly easier terms, and it argues that the big shop ought to encourage the small one in the general interests of the game.

Each exchange might feed the other. The Consolidated might arouse a speculative hankering in some person of Stock Exchange caliber who would go to the larger institution. On the other hand, a patron who had gone through the big mill and found himself, in consequence, whittled down to Consolidated size, might readily pass on to the small one. The members of each busily disseminate tips, market letters, quotations, gossip and like speculative lures. The seed of one may fall into the field of the other. The more seed, generally speaking, the better the chances for a crop. Thus there should be between the two concerns mutual respect and assistance.

This view seems to us to be based on good business principles. In forbidding its members to deal with Consolidated, the big exchange, we fear, tends to raise an injurious suspicion regarding speculation in general.

A Self-Elected Official

A CELEBRATED foreigner confesses that he was much surprised when he found Mr. Morgan dining in a very plain manner, with a lot of painters, writers, scientists and other comparatively poverty-stricken persons. He accounts for this phenomenon on the ground that very rich men in the United States have a sort of public character.

Multi-millionaires and captains of industry regard it as a kind of ex-officio duty to dine occasionally with people who have won distinction but are barely able to pay the rent, just as the Cabinet Minister in Europe feels obliged to flatter the Fresh Air Society or the Microbe Club by appearing at its annual meeting.

Some support for this opinion is easily discoverable. Before sailing for Europe Mr. Harriman gave a reception to representatives of the press, and explained at large his views of the country's condition and prospects. A day or two later the Alaska-Yukon Exposition at Seattle was opened by a speech from Mr. Hill, as the person most representative of the Northwest, and it got far more space in the newspapers than a speech by any strictly official representative of that region would have been likely to get. Simultaneously, in a widely-published statement, Mr. Mellen, of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, complained that the public proposed in a pending bill to interfere with the financial management of his road. Under this bill the road could issue no new securities except with the approval of a commission; stock-watering and so on would be impossible.

Thus while a very rich man does become a public character, and may be willing to discharge all the ex-officio duties of his position, in the way of eating plain dinners and making speeches, he doesn't want any intervention by the public while he is electing himself to the office. This seems illogical, but it really isn't, because if the public took as lively an interest in what he was doing before his election as afterward he might not be able to elect himself to such a post at all.

The Lemon-Pie Pirates

IT IS extortion practiced by California lemon growers that moves Senator Root to righteous indignation. What he views with alarm is the prospect that consumers of lemonade and lemon pie may be plundered of untold pennies if the duty on lemons is not reduced. And Senator Hale insists that it is the jobber and the retailer who "put on the price"—the tariff having nothing to do with it. "Consumers," says he, "are paying no tribute to the Republican policy of protection, but are at the mercy of the prices that are charged them by middlemen."

The distinguished Senators do not exactly agree, for Mr. Root evidently believes that consumers may be robbed by means of a high tariff—when it comes to lemons. Yet both are discharging the true senatorial function of looking for wrong anywhere except among the big tariff-nourished trusts. From the whole senatorial debate, indeed, we have gathered the highly important knowledge that these trusts are the only absolutely innocent beings in the country. Accordingly to Senator Hale's doctrine—as we understand it—jobbers and retailers possess the peculiar and very objectionable power to fix the prices at which they sell, irrespective of the prices at which they buy.

Consequently, if all protection were removed, hardware sellers would ruthlessly compel the Steel Trust to furnish them barbed wire at a lower price, but would charge consumers as much as ever, the only result being the impoverishment of the trust.

Thus the true purpose of the tariff is to preserve our otherwise helpless trusts from ruin at the hands of our predatory country storekeepers—in which guise the tariff looks even more picturesque than when it was an instrument for wringing taxes from foreign manufacturers.

Those Artless Americans

THE nations of Europe—at least the most cultivated ones—appreciate and value art far more than we do. Everybody says so. Probably that is exactly why it makes them so indignant to see many of their choicest works of art purchased by Americans and brought over here. They wouldn't mind it so much if we really cared profoundly for the pictures as they do.

The exasperating thing is that we care for them only enough to pay a much higher price than the European is willing to pay.

For example, the perfect affection of an Italian nobleman for a great masterpiece of painting may be represented by the figure 100, while the affection of an opulent American for it is 25. But the Italian's affection for half a million dollars is represented by 110; that of the American by 18. So the American gets the painting. He cares only a little for it, but he cares for the money still less; while the Italian cares greatly for the picture, but for the money he cares still more.

The vexatious condition that, while caring less for art than anybody else, we will pay more for it than anybody else is brought up afresh by the report—unconfirmed as yet—that some rich American has bought one of the greatest paintings in England, a portrait which has long been the property of a noble British house, and which is intimately associated with English history. That a very rare work of art, especially one so much charged with English interest, should be removed from that country to the United States is felt to be a sort of desecration and affront. The price mentioned in the report is three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Among several thousand British millionaire patrons of art, no one, it seems, was moved to the crucial point of parting with that much cash in order to retain the canvas. That point was reached only by a comparatively unappreciative American collector

Caring just enough for great works of art to pay the price is commonly regarded abroad as a peculiarly American fault.

Chicago's Country Bosses

APPARENTLY there is to be no extension of the home-rule principle in Chicago for some time to come. The most important of the new-charter bills, designed to let the city manage her own local affairs, has been very firmly and decisively rejected by the legislature. Every citizen of Chicago pays allegiance and taxes—directly or indirectly—to a city government, and a county government, and a sanitary district government, and a park-board government, and a few other varieties that escape our memory.

From this complicated arrangement arises much unnecessary expense and trouble. The remainder of the state, of course, derives no particular profit or pleasure from the city's governmental difficulties, yet only five down-state members of the House would vote in favor of the remedial bill, while twenty-three city members voted against it. The country districts have a just pride in the metropolis which adds so considerably to the importance of the commonwealth, but when it comes to surrendering the joy of helping the metropolis manage its own local affairs they display an ominous lack of enthusiasm. The pleasure of bossing somebody else is one of the last that any normal human being will voluntarily relinquish.

Probably, if the country districts, or the city districts, had a constitutional right to vote on the German budget neither could be made to give it up except with a club. On the other hand, while everybody in Chicago wants a new charter, the number who wouldn't have one unless it exactly suited them has always been sufficient to keep the city in its ancient and expensive rut.

The charter agitation began in force some fifteen years ago and has produced, so far, little but agitation. With whatever mental reservations, we must still take off our hats to the Fathers, for they did accomplish the amazing feat of getting several million people to accept a plan of government without using firearms. Of course, they couldn't have done it except under very peculiar and compelling circumstances.

What Cities Borrow For

HOW very small an affair "municipal ownership" really is in the United States may be discovered by consulting a recent statement that shows the borrowings by municipalities in the last five years. While the total exceeds a billion dollars it is but a fraction of the total borrowings in the same period by private or "quasi-public" corporations. New York alone borrowed pretty well toward half as much as all other cities and towns put together.

The great bulk of these bonds was issued for schools, city buildings, waterworks, sewers, bridges and streets—that is, for objects which conservatism has long recognized as being properly within the field of the government. For light, including gas, hardly one per cent of the total amount was issued. There is, in short, no sign of any general inclination on the part of the cities to extend into what may be called debatable ground—such as municipal light or transportation.

We still let government do as little as possible and private enterprise as much as possible, and the prevailing opinion of the country evidently is that the system works pretty well.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Billy Lorimer's Ideal Senator

Hopping the Hopkins

THESE little, intimate, personal facts about great men are always interesting, and at this point it seems meet to state that the Honorable William Lorimer, of Illinois, lately projected into the United States Senate in lieu of the Honorable Albert J. Hopkins, does not drink, does not smoke, does not use naughty words, has eight children, and leads what is technically known as a blameless private life. Passing rapidly over any reference to the kind of a public life he leads the further information is cheerfully furnished that his favorite song is All Votes Look Alike to Me.

He is no hidebound partisan, scorning aid from any but those within the party to which he has given his allegiance and which has given him several things in return—in ample return, it may be said. No, he garners votes where he finds them, garners them carefully and with skill, as means to an end and as ends for his means. His is a broad, catholic, tolerant spirit. Belike, he has his personal ideas about Democrats, but he holds those opinions closely to himself; and whenever a Democrat desires to vote for him that Democrat is told to go as far as he likes, is even urged, if necessary, and the outcome is held to be a justification of the theory that everything one does not get caught at is fair in politics, provided the results are satisfactory.

Now, you could not get the Honorable Albert J. Hopkins to subscribe to that theory. He would scorn an election to the United States Senate by any but members of his own party, and he does scorn it, for he didn't get it. Not so with the Honorable William Lorimer. He got it; thus he is not scorning anything or anybody. What he is doing at the moment of writing is trying on the toga of the erstwhile Mr. Hopkins and thanking those perspiring patriots of the Democracy, as would be said in Chicago, who came across at the proper moment and made Mr. Hopkins and his primary nomination look like a cottage-cheese on a humid day.

Numerous states claim the medals for devious politics; but, when all is said and done, Illinois is at least the runner-up. This adventure that started with the high incentive of returning Mr. Hopkins to his seat, and closed by sending him to the dustheap, wound in and out through many weary, deadlocked days, beginning, to be exact, on January 20 and ending on May 26. It was a titanic struggle, only the real Titan did not appear until some twenty-four hours before the end, when he flashed on the scene, playing not only Titan, but also a male conception of Nemesis, with an impersonation, between the acts, of Adrasteia, the same classy and versatile actor being William Lorimer.

Let us go back a bit, for this is a story of a double and a triple cross. William Lorimer and Richard Yates picked Albert J. Hopkins out of the House of Representatives six years agone and made him Senator—picked him up by what remains of his ruddy hair and hoisted him across that space that seems so short, but that many an aspiring statesman has found is longer than from here to Mars—that space between the Upper and the Lower House. Time wore on and Richard Yates aspired to be Governor again. He entered the contest and William Lorimer stood behind. Then they went to A. J. Hopkins and said to him: "Get in now and go to work, for we must get this nomination for Yates."

Fixing That Person From Aurora

THE fight was under a new primary law, and in the same primary Albert J. Hopkins was compelled to contest for his endorsement for reëlection as Senator. The story goes that Hopkins, instead of being whole-heartedly for Yates, was for Yates where Yates was strongest and for Deneen, the other candidate for Governor, where Deneen was strongest. He was looking out for Hopkins, in other words, and not paying any particular attention to any other person. Deneen won in the primary, and Hopkins got a plurality of the votes over his opponents. Back there in August it looked all right for Deneen and Hopkins. It was all right for Deneen, but it was farther from being all right for Hopkins than anything you ever heard of, for William Lorimer, after he had picked himself out of the dust, used a near-naughty word and remarked: "We'll fix that person from Aurora or know the reason why"—meaning Hopkins.

Saying he will fix and doing the fixing are synchronous with William Lorimer. So, he did so. When the legislature came to take a ballot for Senator it was discovered that A. J. Hopkins, although technically the nominee of the Republican party, as declared in the primaries, did not have the votes to get his majority of both houses of the legislature. There were divers and sundry Republicans who would not vote for him—enough, in fact, to keep him out. They voted for various people, but not one of them ever thought of voting for Hopkins. Lorimer's problem had but two sides. One was to prevent the election of Hopkins, which was easy; the other was to elect some person suitable to himself, which took time, for, although not an egoist, the person conforming most closely to William Lorimer's ideals as a Senator was none other than William Lorimer.

The deadlock held for months. Meantime, William Lorimer was not idle. He was playing the game 'way down deep. He sent names of many other Illinois statesmen into the caucus to be voted on, knowing they would get only the votes of those who were standing out against Hopkins, but, being a real politician, he never once let his own name go in. So far as outside appearances went Lorimer was not even considered. He had a plan, however, and that was to get enough Democrats to combine with the Republican votes he had locked up against Hopkins to elect himself. He had done things by the aid of Democratic votes before. Why not now? Why not?

It took weeks of fixing, of wire-pulling, of manipulating, of promising, and all the time the name of William Lorimer never did get a mention. Finally, one afternoon when the bored deadlockers were yawning their way through another ballot, one patriot rose in his place and voted in a loud and insistent manner—voted for Lorimer. That night the recapitulation of the vote carried this:

"William Lorimer, one."

That was the first one. The wise insiders knew what was coming. William Lorimer had completed his plans. He had the rollers under Albert J. Hopkins, and after a day or so, when that same patriot voted his solitary vote for Lorimer, the psychological moment arrived. "Go ahead," said Lorimer, and enough Democrats went ahead, in conjunction with the Lorimer Republicans, to give Lorimer the seat. Inasmuch as A. J. Hopkins had double-crossed W. Lorimer in the matter of the fight for Governor, so, verily, had W. Lorimer triple-crossed A. J. Hopkins as regards the Senatorship. A fine job of Nemesising—Republicans, fifty-five; Democrats, fifty-three.

It was twenty-three years ago—ominous number for Hopkins—that William Lorimer, then driving a street car in Chicago, was elected a town constable. Before that he had been a newsboy, a bootblack, and a truckman in the stockyards. He was always a politician. He organized a Street-Railway Employees' Benevolent Association, and showed such a talent for handling men that it was not long before he was actively in politics in his district. Straightway he branched out. After some successes and some defeats he got to Congress when he was thirty-five. By this time he was a big man in Cook County Republican politics. He was ambitious, crafty, a great general, rallying quickly after a beating, and in time became known as the Republican boss of Cook County and very strong in the State.

He nominated man after man for big offices, even dictating the candidate for Governor in several instances, but always with his eye on the United States Senate. He was popular in Congress, a good organization man, except when he led the insurgents against Speaker Reed just before the Spanish War. He always had many Democratic supporters and his enemies called him Bipartisan Billy.

He is a big, fair man. His followers call him the "blond boss." He likes political power, and plays the game with that in view. He has cut a wide swath in Illinois politics. Many times he has seemed to be supreme in the state. Many times he has been so badly defeated that the opponents to his methods have celebrated his final downfall. Always he has climbed up again. He has been praised, abused, complimented and execrated, but he has always been bland, benign, calm, dispassionate, suave, and on the job. He has always been all these things on the outside, but on the inside he has been a boss who has used anything that came his way, with a keen and intelligent eye toward his own exaltation at proper periods.

He is as mild a man as ever hopped a Hopkins. You'd think, to watch him, that butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. Mayhap, it wouldn't, but would butterine?

That, as they say in the stockyards, is but another but.

The Fighting Nay

"A MILD-MANNERED and genial Tennesseean, named Galloway, was elected to the State Senate from Shelby County," said Secretary Dickinson, of the War Department, himself from Tennessee, "but there was a protest over it because, it was claimed, Galloway had been concerned in a duel in his younger days. The time came for swearing in the Senators and the clerk called the roll by counties. When Shelby County was reached, Galloway, wearing a long black frock coat, stepped into the aisle.

"'Mistuh President and Senatuhs,' he said, 'I have heard of this yere protest against my sitting in this body as a Senatuh because I once engaged in an affair of honah. Now, suh, I want to say that I did engage in an affair of honah, in my younger days, in the State of Mississippi and, latuh, in another affair of honah in the State of Arkansaw. Once again, I engaged in an affair of honah as a second, not as a principal, in the State of Mississippi.

"'I contend, suh, that the State of Tennessee has no jurisdiction ovuh what is done in other states, and I am here to say, suh, that if any Senatuh thinks otherwise and does not vote for me at this time I shall call him out, by gad, suh! call him out and hold him personally responsible to me, suh. That's all.'

"And they all voted for him."

The Man Without a Home

AT A RECENT dinner in New York Joseph H. Choate, former Ambassador from the United States to Great Britain, was speaking of the necessity for proper ambassadorial residences in foreign countries.

"When I first went to England," said Mr. Choate, "I spent weeks and weeks looking for a house. It was most arduous service in my country's interest. I trailed all over the available sections of London, and while I was at it a London bobby arrested a man who was pursuing a most erratic and forlorn course out Hyde Park way.

"'Here, my man,' said the bobby. 'What are you doing? Why don't you go home?'

"'Home?' replied the man bitterly. 'I have no home. I am the American Ambassador.'"

The Hall of Fame

ℭ Governor Stuart, of Pennsylvania, owns a big secondhand bookstore in Philadelphia.

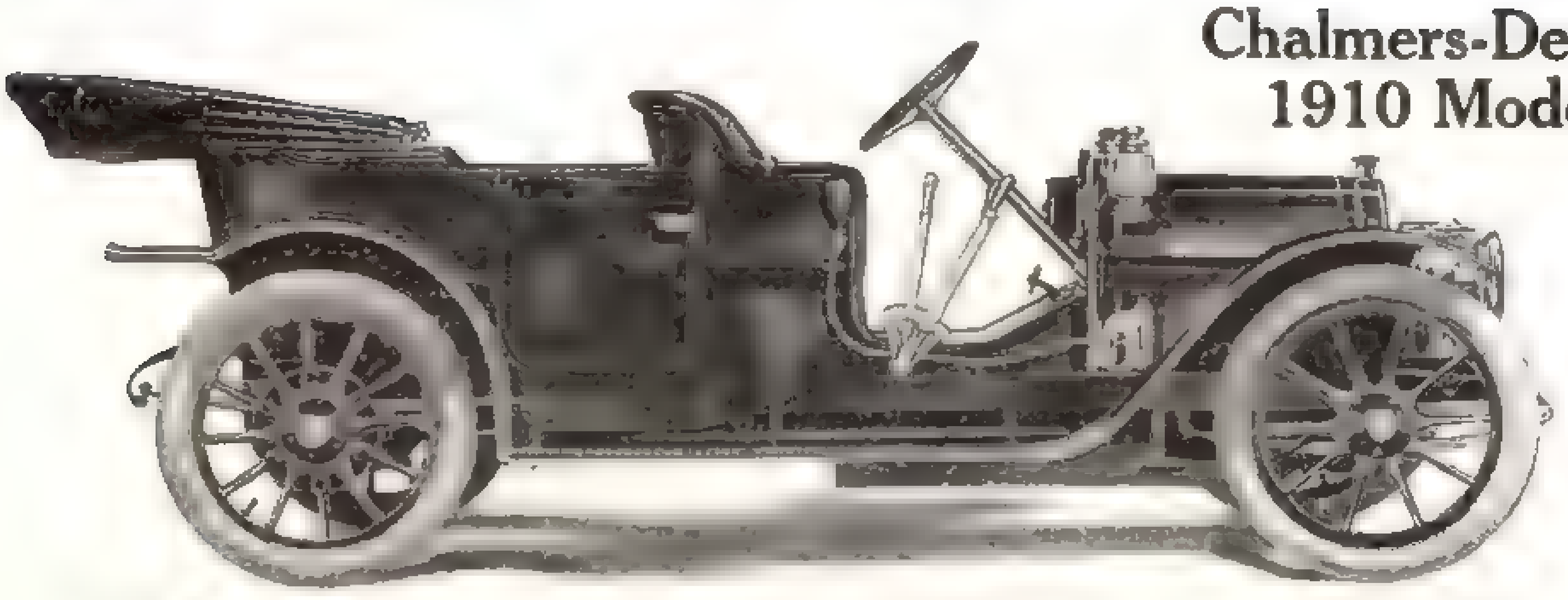
ℭ Vice-President Sherman has one of the biggest automobiles in Washington, but he doesn't bother to run it himself.

ℭ The elimination of A. J. Hopkins, of Illinois, from the Senate deprives that august body of its only red-haired statesman.

ℭ Alexander McDowell, clerk of the House of Representatives, runs a bank up in Pennsylvania when he isn't busy running the House.

ℭ T. St. John (pronounced Sinjin) Gaffney, consul-general at Dresden, is so ardent an Irishman that he wears green clothes, green shirts, green ties, a green hat and green socks. He is having some green spats built.

Chalmers-Detroit "30"
1910 Model, $1500



The Chalmers-Detroit "30," 1910 Model, has a 115-inch wheel base. That's three inches longer than our "Forty" of last season. It has 34 inch wheels, against 32-inch last season. Tonneau is more roomy and stylish, the hood accordingly longer and higher.

To the 800

Our 1910 Models Will

Note the picture above. This amazing car, with all the lines of the costliest cars—Showy, roomy, long and luxurious—sells again this season for $1500.

On May 12—right at the height of the season—the last Chalmers-Detroit "30," of the 1909 model, was sold.

Since then, we have turned away orders for more than 800 cars.

Think of a shortage of 800 cars of this model the first season—unfilled orders for $1,200,000. Yet we told you this would happen. When people awoke to this amazing car we had never a hope of supplying them.

Now we announce our 1910 models. Our dealers will have their new show cars about July 15. They'll begin their deliveries about August 1st.

So, you who were disappointed in not getting the 1909 models can get the new models within a few weeks. Get your orders in now with your dealer.

Larger Cars—Same Price

For 1910, we are going to give you even more than before for the money.

Our new Chalmers-Detroit "30"—our $1500 car—will have a 115-inch wheel base. That's three inches longer than our 1909 "Forty."

It will have 34-inch wheels—two inches larger than last season.

The hood will be three inches longer and two inches higher—in keeping with the larger body. The tonneau will be large and roomy. And not a car on the market, regardless of price, will have a more stylish body. Note the picture above.

Our 1910 "Forty" will have a 122-inch wheel base—ten inches longer than last season. It will have 36-inch wheels, and room for seven passengers. Our 1909 "Forty" was a five-passenger car.

Our new "Forty" will be upholstered in hand-buffed leather, and a Bosch Magneto will be furnished free.

Yet, with all these costly improvements, not a penny is added to the price of either car.

How We Have Done It

The cost of materials has immensely advanced—from $75 to $100 per car. But we have more than offset this extra cost, and this is how we have done it:

This year we have doubled our factory and increased our capacity by 1,000 cars. These 1,000 additional cars will be produced without a dollar's extra cost for management, for advertising or supervision.

Last year our fixed expense on the "30" was divided by 2,500 cars. This year the same expense is divided by 3,500 cars. That makes a considerable difference per car.

Then, our cars are not altered in mechanical ways. Last year's experience developed no weakness whatever. This year increasing the bore of our cylinders to four inches and making slight changes in the exhaust valves gives us considerably more power, but we still rate the motor at 30 h. p. In the other vital features, there's no possible room for improvement.

So the same tools and machinery will serve for another year. That expense of last season doesn't need to be repeated.

Thus we have saved a great deal. And every penny we save has been given to you in the shape of more beautiful cars.

Nine Per Cent Profit Still

Our profit for 1909 was approximately 9 per cent. Our profit for 1910 we figure will be about the same. We are going to build 1,000 more cars than we did in 1909, and every cent that we save by increasing our output will go into size, finish and style.

In other words, we offset the increased cost by an increased output. The Chalmers-Detroit cars will always give the most for the money.

They will always give you every penny's worth of value it is possible to give and retain what would be considered fair profit in any business.

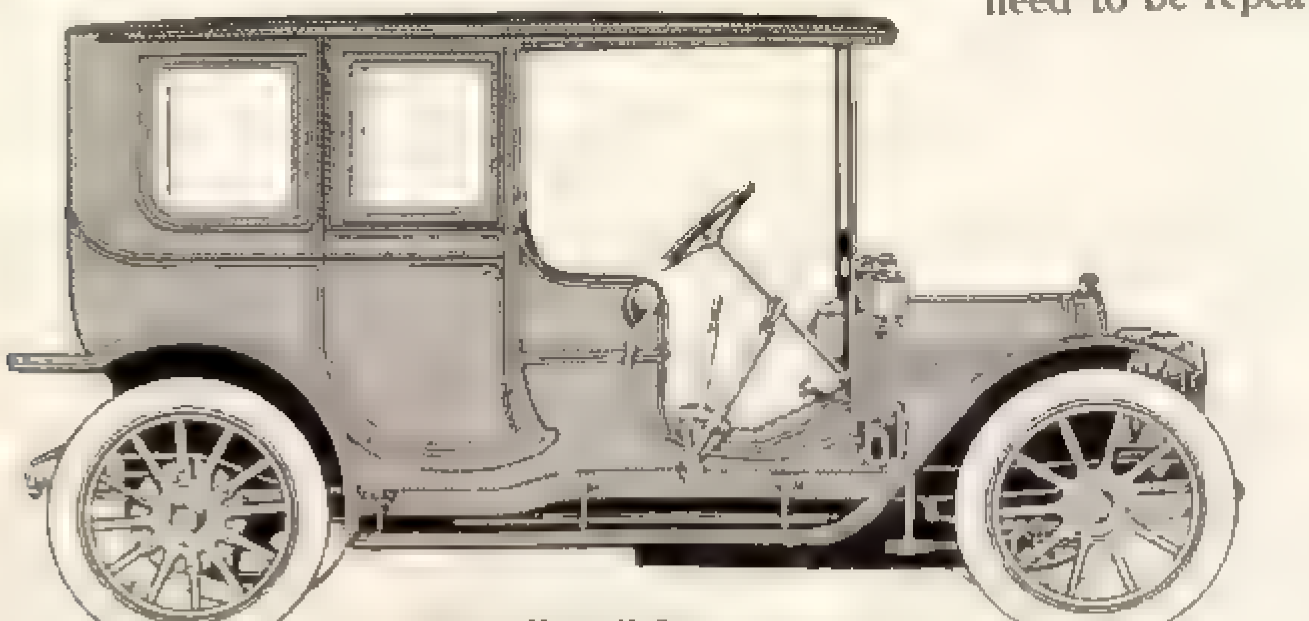
But our cars of last season were mechanically perfect. So all the saving has gone into size and beauty.

Extras at Low Cost

Here is an additional policy adopted for 1910; that is, to furnish the following extras at the lowest possible cost—much cheaper than you could possibly buy them unless you bought them from us:

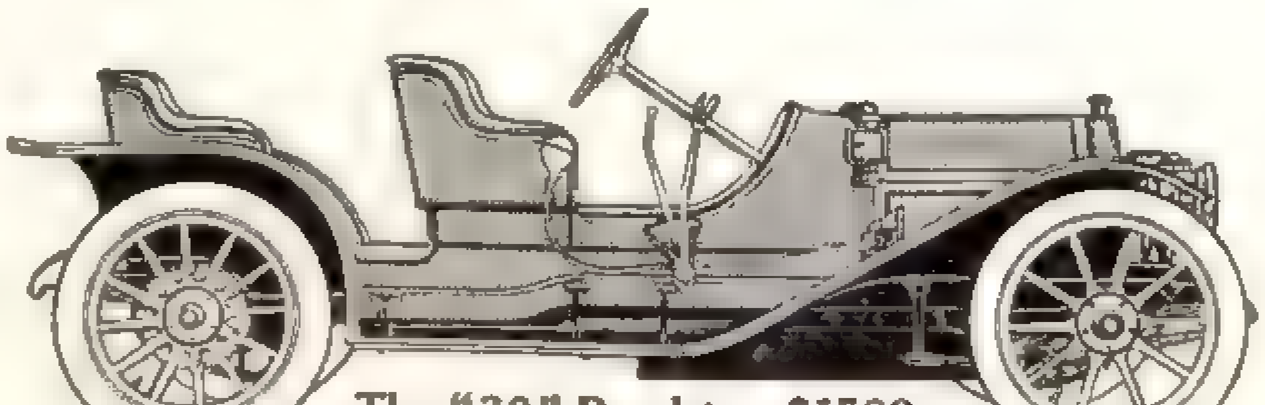
We will fit our $1500 car with a Bosch Magneto, a Prest-O-Lite gas tank and two of the Atwood-Castle new style gas lamps, all for $100 extra. The cost of these extras at regular prices would be $175.

We will furnish our "30" with a Lenox mohair top for $75 extra. This is the very best top we can buy. Don't be satisfied with the ordinary top when you can get a mohair top from us for $75. The regular price of this top is $125.



The "30" Limousine

Finished in superfine Waterloo broadcloth. Price $2,750, including Magneto, Gas Lamps, Tank, Vases, Toilet Case with hand mirror, French plate glass and every other possible refinement.

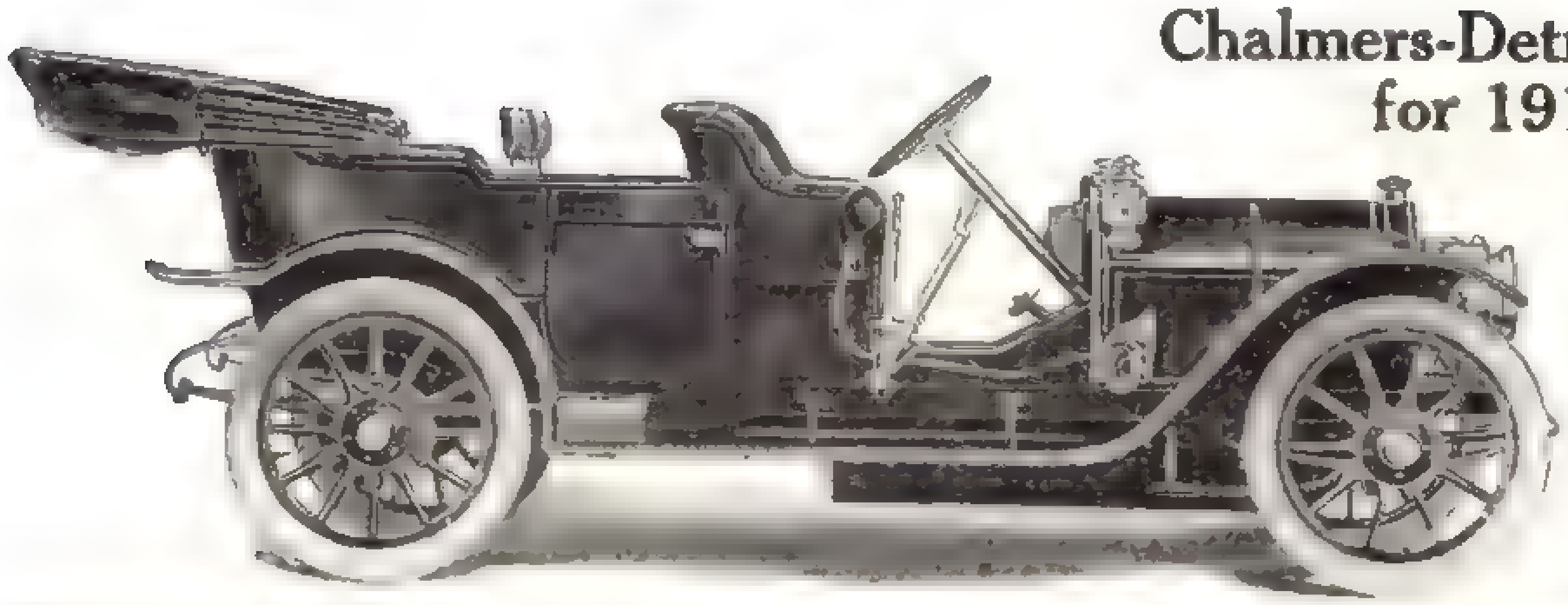


The "30" Roadster, $1500

The "Forty" is made in this style, too, at $2,750.

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co.,

Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" for 1910, $2,750



The Chalmers-Detroit "Forty," 1910 Model, has a 122-inch wheel base — ten inches longer than last season. It has 36-inch wheels — two inches larger than last season. It has seats for seven passengers at $75 extra. Upholstered in hand-buffed leather. Magneto free.

Disappointed

Be on Show in July

Note our "Forty" for 1910—a seven-passenger car. It is ten inches longer than last season—has two inches larger wheels. Yet the price remains $2,750.

On our "Forty" the Bosch magneto, the gas lamps and gas tank are all included in the price of $2,750. But we will supply with our "Forty" a $150 Newport mohair top for $125 extra, and we will supply two extra seats for $75 extra.

These extras are all figured at a very small margin of profit over cost. We give to you all the enormous advantage we get through quantity buying.

The Records of 1909

The Chalmers-Detroit "30" was a new car only a year ago. One could judge it only by the splendid records of the Chalmers-Detroit "Forty."

Its main prestige lay in the fact that Mr. Coffin designed it—the man who designed our "Forty." But $1,500 was a new price—an amazing price. And all the world wondered what sort of car it would buy. Now the records are in.

One of our "30's" has been run 32,000 miles, and has just completed a path-finding trip from Denver to Mexico City. Never has any car, at any price, made an equal endurance record.

Owners have paid us for repair parts on all cars shipped during the year just passed, exactly $2.44 per car. We believe this is another world record.

In the Economy Test, made in New York by the New York Auto Dealers' Association, our "30" made 25.7 miles on a gallon of gasoline.

On a long distance road race its average speed was 50.2 miles per hour.

Never did a car prove more satisfactory. Never did a car cost so little for upkeep. Mr. Coffin has devoted another year to its study. Yet he has found no mechanical way to improve it.

The Buyers of 1909

A considerable number of the best engineers in America bought the Chalmers-Detroit for 1909. These names are among them:

Mr. Geo. H. Helvey, designer of the Corliss engine.

Mr. John B. Herreshoff, designer of the yachts which have successfully defended the America Cup.

Mr. Joseph Boyer, president of the Burroughs Adding Machine Co.

Mr. J. G. Vincent, head of the Burroughs invention department.

Mr. L. H. Perlman, president Welch Motor Car Company of New York.

Mr. N. Platt, president Baker Electric Vehicle Co. of New York.

Mr. John F. O'Rourke, builder of the New York Subway and Hudson River Tunnel.

Dr. Lee DeForest, of Wireless Telegraphy fame.

Our buyers also include the names of many men with the widest automobile experience. Of men who are known to demand the utmost without much regard for the price. We find these names among them:

Geo. W. Vanderbilt, for his Biltmore estate.

Percy Rockefeller. John S. Huyler. O. J. Gude.

A. R. Shattuck, ex-president of the Automobile Club of America.

Ezra A. Fitch of the firm which furnished most of Mr. Roosevelt's African outfit.

Charles Hathaway. A. R. Pardington.
Douglas Robinson. Arthur Brisbane.

Such buyers show how the Chalmers-Detroits are regarded by men who know.

Send for New Catalog

The tide of automobile demand is turning to these medium-priced cars. Not alone because of their moderate cost, but mainly because of their low cost of upkeep.

Most men find in the Chalmers-Detroit "30" all that they want in a car. And no price can buy more than we give in our "Forty," save unneeded power.

Last season these cars had no real competition. This season, we have doubled their sightliness without adding a penny of cost. We have even reduced the price by reducing the extras.

There can be no question of choice. There is nothing on the market which begins to compare with the value one gets in these cars.

Send today for a catalog. Make your comparisons. Get your order in early to insure prompt delivery. If you buy early you have four or five months use of the car at a time when the weather is best for motoring, before the car's calendar year really begins. Cut out this coupon now.

A Memo to

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

Please send catalog to

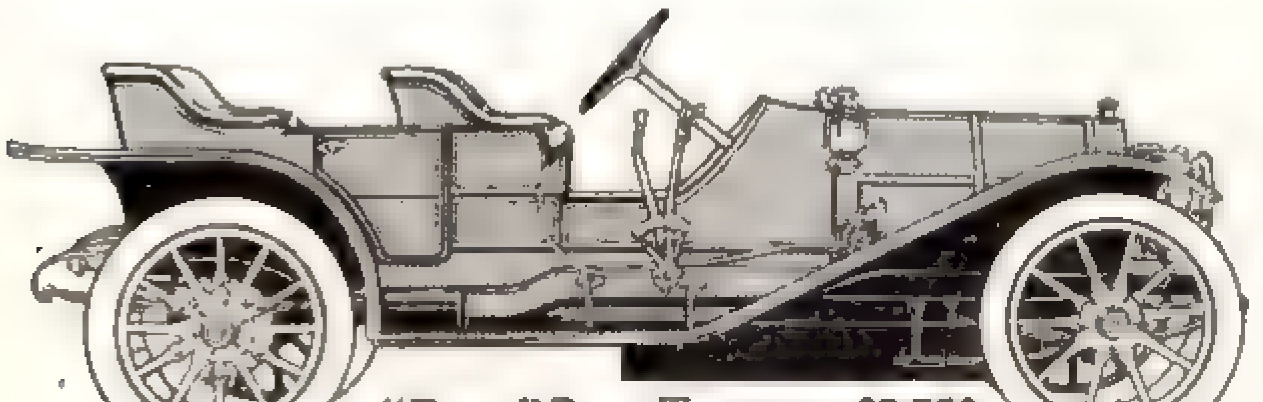
Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________

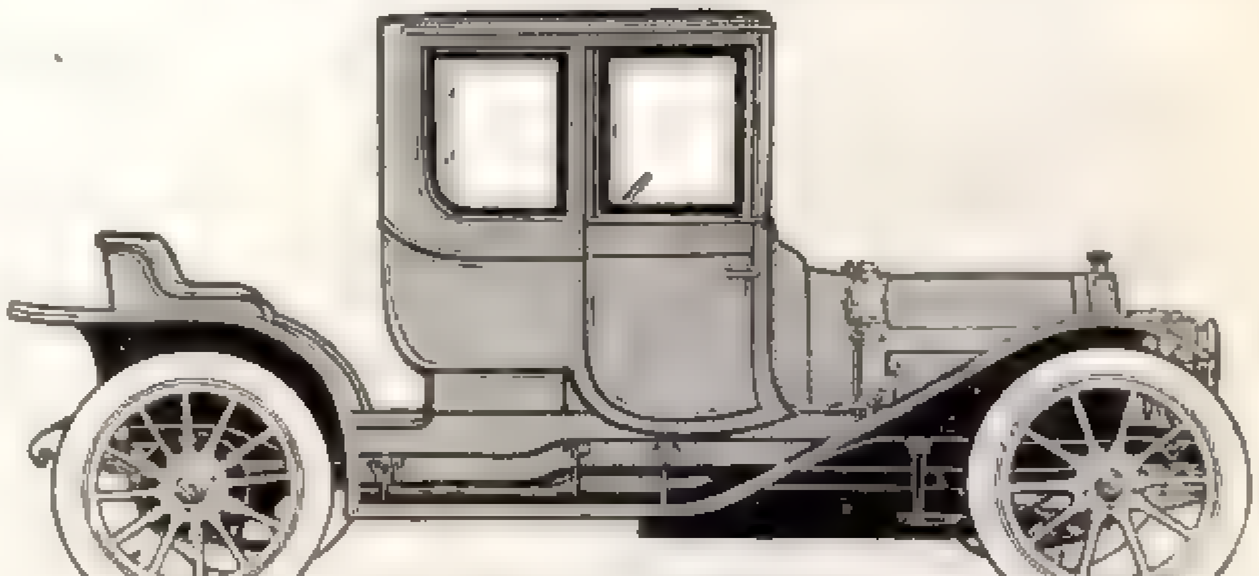
County ____________ *State* ________

SAT. EVE. POST, June 26



"Forty" Pony Tonneau, $2,750

Same style in the "30" also, at $1500.



The "30" Inside Drive Coupe

Detachable body — Roadster in summer, if desired. Ideal for physicians and others wanting all-year-'round business use of car. $2100 including Magneto, Gas Lamps and Tank.

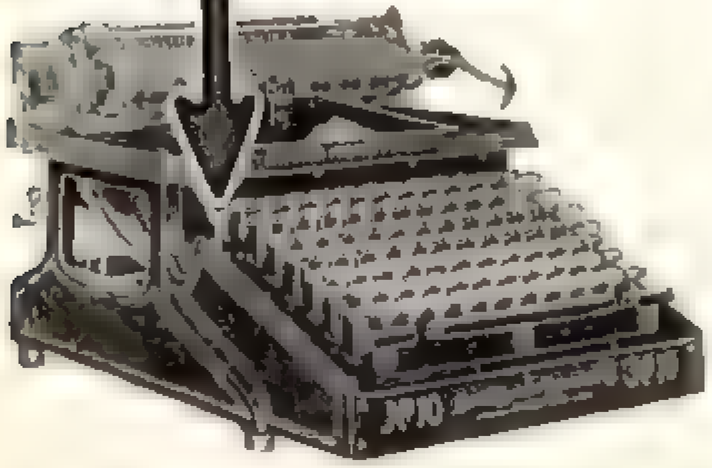
Detroit, Mich.

Members Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

Change of Color

Press this key and the Smith Premier writes in red for emphasis or for billing; press it again and the color changes back to black. One of the 28 features of the easy action, light-running Model 10

Smith Premier Typewriter



Descriptions of all features sent free on request
The Smith Premier Typewriter Co. Inc.
Syracuse, New York, U. S. A.

AS YOU change from heavy to light underwear in hot weather, so you should lay aside close, unventilated shoes and put on cool, comfortable, ventilated shoes. You will know what foot comfort is when you

STYLE No. 1
Ventilated Oxford in TAN and BLACK

Sizes and Prices
9-2 for girls and boys $2.00
2½-6 for women and youths $2.50
6-12 for men $3.00

Wear E. C. Ventilated Shoes in Summer

Men, women and children find them of the greatest comfort. E. C. Ventilated Shoes are the only common-sense shoes for the whole family in hot weather. They [illegible] caused by close shoes.

Made [illegible] up-to-date lasts [illegible] very best material [illegible]
E. C. Ventilated Shoes — [illegible]
Ask your dealer for E. C. Ventilated Shoes. [illegible] Send for circular

ENGEL-CONE SHOE CO., East Boston, Mass.

"CLINGFAST" Nipple For Nursing Bottle
Pure Gum. [illegible]

The Senator's Secretary

SENATOR BAILEY, of Texas, tried to whip a reporter. It wasn't much of a fight, as fights go, for Senator Clapp, of Minnesota, who is bigger than Bailey, held Bailey, and one of the Capitol policemen held the reporter, and neither one of the combatants landed a punch worth mentioning. An umbrella was broken, and the Third Commandment.

Viewed from any Senatorial angle it is distinctly not worth while to whip or try to whip a reporter or correspondent. There are a good many men in the press gallery at the Capitol whom a good many Senators might whip, if they extended themselves, and a good many that no Senator, not even the ferocious Bailey, could whip. But that isn't the point. The idea is that no Senator, even if he pounded a reporter to a pulp, would get anything out of it aside from the joy of battle, for, after the Senator had finished with the reporter, it would be discovered that the reporter had just begun with the Senator.

Odd as it may seem to statesmen and others who are accustomed to look on reporters as pestiferous creatures who always want to know what they shouldn't know, and print it, and who rarely want to print what the statesmen think is the proper pabulum for the people, reporters, as a class, are near-human, and the most clannish folks imaginable, in cases of this kind. So when Senator Bailey had taken his punch at the reporter, the reporter punched back—physically—as well as he was able. Then he went to his typewriter and punched a few times more, and the result was that Senator Bailey got the worst of it, not only in the reporter's paper, but also in the paper of every other reporter.

A Boycotted Lawmaker

Fighting with a reporter is like fighting with a policeman. You do not get anywhere. A man may beat a correspondent for the time being, but after he has satiated himself with that form of amusement he cannot tell his side of the story to more than a hundred people in a day, try as hard as he may. The reporter can tell his side to a hundred thousand, and he can rely on the other reporters in the gallery to tell it to a few million more. If Senator Bailey subscribes to a press-clipping bureau he will know how true that statement is after the clippings about his encounter are in.

Statesmen, when they are hot-headed or new, and find something in the papers that annoys them, often write to the editors of the papers and demand the discharge of the man who wrote the offending paragraph. They always do if they know the editor. Reporters are rarely discharged for such requests. The percentage is so small that the efforts of the past fifty years may be said to be wasted. Occasionally, a timid editor will discharge a man, but if the statement is true, as it generally is, he will usually tell the aggrieved statesman to go to Kalamazoo, and the reporter will continue on the job, getting in his deadly licks from time to time.

There was an eminent lawmaker in the New York City delegation a few years ago who took offense at a story in a New York paper sent over by the man who covered the House of Representatives for that paper. It was a pleasant little story, a joke in fact, harmless and innocent. But this particular lawmaker thought it reflected on his dignity, or something, and he let out a roar about it that echoed all the way from Washington to New York, particularly after a clever editorial writer on a Washington paper had picked it up and had gently poked fun at the statesman.

This eminent lawmaker wrote a letter to the New York paper that printed the story originally, denouncing the joke as a "monstrous fabrication, a tissue of falsehoods" and a few other horrifying things, and demanded the discharge of the reporter who was guilty of this *lèse-majesté*. He wrote another letter to the editor of the Washington paper that had reprinted and commented on the joke, using language just as highflown, and worked himself up to a spectacular rage about it.

Now, the joke, harmless and laughable, was true. It had happened. The reporter who wrote it originally proved that. So he wasn't discharged. Then, being a very human person, he quietly set about getting even. He went to the other reporters who covered the House of Representatives for the New York papers and explained the case to them. From that minute that eminent lawmaker began to get his punishment. It made no difference what he did, there never was a line about him turned in by any of those House reporters for the New York papers. He could talk until he was black in the face, and when he looked at the papers from his home city next morning he found that he had been ignored. So far as New York was concerned he might just as well have been a member of the House of Delegates of Zanzibar. He was obscured. He didn't count.

He stood it for a time and then began to squeal. Squealing did no good. Those young men went on with their revenge. They kept him out of the papers. It was a silent but effective affair, for they said nothing, and the chiefs of the bureaus knew nothing of the feud and did not mix in it. After a time he came around and begged, this eminent lawmaker, and they let up on him. He had had his lesson and his punishment. Think of an eminent lawmaker who cannot get even his name in his home papers! That was revenge for you—r-r-r-r-evenge!

There have been other instances of the same kind, and it is likely there will be more of them. Statesmen who have had little experience in Washington or elsewhere, and some who have been here a long time, are prone to think reporters cultivate them for their personal and statesmanlike qualities. The truth is, the reporters go to the statesmen because they are sent and it is their business to go. No reporter is so pressed for amusement that he would talk to the average statesman for a minute. He can find more entertaining things to do. When the statesmen get to considering the whole affair a business matter there never will be any trouble of any kind. Reporters make mistakes, but so do statesmen. The balance of truth is generally on the side of the reporter. And when a statesman gets up in his seat and denounces something he has seen in a paper —"my attention has been directed" is the phrase—as a malicious falsehood, the probabilities are that it is no such thing, but that the statesman, in order to cover himself, is obliged to denounce it.

"I am worried to know how I shall treat the newspaper men," said a new Cabinet member. "Treat them just as you would treat any other visitor. If you have anything to say, say it. If you haven't, say that," advised a friend, which is the only sensible way of looking at it. Still, as a general bit of advice to statesmen it may be added that there is absolutely nothing in trying to whip reporters. In the first place, the chances are you cannot do it. In the second place, if you do do it you will get the worst of it, this, of course, applying to real reporters and not to the scum of the business, the fakers and blackmailers and grafters, who should be whipped on every occasion, and in which enterprise any real reporter will join with any real statesman at any time.

After a week of great suspense, we have finally learned that John Hays Hammond will not accept the post of Minister to China. Bearing the disappointment as best we can, staggering as the burden is, and disconsolate over the loss to China, it is proper to send up a little cheer because John Hays has been recognized.

A Tardy Recognition

It seemed, for a time, as if Mr. Taft intended to crowd his recognition of John Hays into a permit to visit the White House occasionally, and that, according to all those who bore the heat and burden of the campaign, was not enough. Did not John Hays burst on an astonished nation along in April, 1908, as a candidate for Vice-President, on the platform that he got a million dollars a year salary, and did he not go to Chicago with a bunch of press agents, a ton of cigars and a bundle of pictures of himself? He did. Was not that crowd of delegates who grabbed his cigars with both hands and told him he had a cinch—just as long as the cigars lasted—so cruel and heartless as to refuse him even the cold comfort of the mention of his

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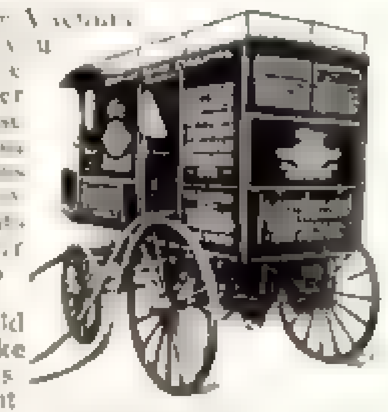

With our Aero Wagon Vacuum Cleaning [illegible] we give you [illegible] experience [illegible] making over $[illegible] a year [illegible] machines. We tell you how to get the business in your town—we supply you with advertisements and booklets [illegible] to distribute to prospective customers. No other business would pay you anything like the Aero Wagon profits on the same investment.

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name in the convention? They were. And did he get a vote? He did not.

These were his claims, but he did not rest here. He annexed a moribund organization of clubs and Hays-Hammonded it, organizing clubs at the rate of a hundred an hour. He claimed merely the privilege of slipping down to Hot Springs, Virginia, now and then during that campaign and having his name at the tail end of the dispatches concerning the day's doings thus: "Others who called on Mr. Taft were Senator Jonathan Bourne, of Oregon, and John Hays Hammond." And after election, when the clubs had done noble work and had gone out of business, save so far as John Hays kept his letterheads in use, he also had the privilege of dropping down to Augusta, Georgia, and reaping the same reward of merit in the press dispatches.

John Hays was patient. He knew his great work had not had sufficient recognition, but he bravely went his way, confident that at the proper time he would be called in to have his medal pinned on. The hour arrived. Former Senator Fulton, of Oregon, had refused to go to China and so had former Senator Hemenway, of Indiana. That was the chance for John Hays. He didn't want the job. Far be it from him to go to far-off China, where he could not stroll into the White House ever and anon. What he wanted was the proffer, the tender, the sweet recognition. Well, Mr. Taft is a kindly man. There are those who say he hoped John Hays would go to China so he couldn't come to Washington so frequently; but that is beside the mark. What happened was that after John Hays had had the offer and had declined, it was given out to the papers that President Taft, knowing the great work done by Mr. Hammond, had tried to induce him to take the mission to China, and had failed, much to his regret, but he, the President, desired everybody to know he considered John Hays a grand little piece of work.

And John Hays returned home, tremulous with happiness. What matters it now how much those cords of forty-cent cigars set him back? What matters it now the pictures, the press-agents, the headquarters, the lack of votes, of everything but smoke? Nothing! To the victors belong the spoils, and John Hays had got his. He has been offered the mission to China! Did they know he would decline it before they offered it to him? Oh, come, now, it ill befits one to be too cynical!

The Favored Thirty

It is slowly seeping into the minds of the men who were put in office by President Roosevelt that there is nothing in the Taft program that insures them tenure of office. The mere fact that an official was appointed by T. R. does not mean he will continue perpetually in place. Neither does it guarantee him anything but the calmest and most judicial consideration by Mr. Taft. There have not been so many changes, as yet, but there will be a lot as soon as the machine gets to working well. The President has a pretty firmly developed idea that he will, at the proper time, put a few of his own men on guard. He is figuring over the lists now, lopping off a head ever and anon and getting ready to do a decapitation act presently that will leave a large number of Roosevelt patriots jobless.

There is a story in Washington that when President Roosevelt left the White House he gave to President Taft a list of men whom he desired to have retained in the public service. The story is that this list contained thirty names and that three of those names were Gifford Pinchot, Lawrence O. Murray, Comptroller of the Currency, and William Loeb. It wasn't necessary to put Murray's name on the list, for he was appointed for a specified term, but it probably was there, for Lawrence was very strong with Mr. Roosevelt. Another name was that of Joseph Bucklin Bishop, secretary to the Isthmian Canal Commission, a close friend of the President. Some smart Aleck on the Appropriations Committee in the House introduced an amendment cutting Mr. Bishop's salary from ten thousand dollars a year to five, and it was adopted, which shows that Congress, after squandering millions in a total of more than a billion in appropriations, can be as mean and measly as a miser, for Mr. Bishop is an efficient man, doing efficient work.

One man who wasn't on the list was Robert J. Wynne, former Postmaster-General, and consul-general to London. He was a Roosevelt appointee, and when the time came to sort over the consular service his resignation was cabled for—not written for, mark you! but cabled for—and Griffith, of Indiana, who had been consul at Liverpool, put in his place. Wynne was a good consul-general, but he had no political affiliations with the Taft Administration

There will be plenty more. Even if Mr. Taft should prefer to maintain the judicial poise, there are plenty of men in his Administration who are maintaining the political poise, and Mr. Taft will not be allowed actually to overlook the politics of the game, if he should so desire, which, being human, with an eye to the future, he probably does not.

'Ware Roosevelt! is the cry that is constantly dinned into his ears. Suppose the next House, either from the tariff or any other issue, should be Democratic. 'Ware Roosevelt! for he will be coming home just about that time.

Remember, you must prepare during this four years for your next four years. Get your house in order! Get your machine made! Get your fences up! 'Ware Roosevelt!

Fish in New Zealand

IN THE minds of the New Zealanders, when they gave so hearty a welcome to our fleet of battleships a few months ago, there may have lurked a grateful recognition of the fact that they owe to us their fishes.

The early colonists who emigrated to New Zealand from Great Britain were much surprised to find that the country, though possessing a magnificent system of rivers, lakes and streams, had no fish—at all events, none of any value for commercial or sporting purposes. Accordingly, they looked about them for means whereby this lack might be supplied. From England they obtained eggs of the Loch Leven trout and the brown trout—the latter has since become abundant in many New Zealand rivers—but the really important help was furnished by the Government of the United States.

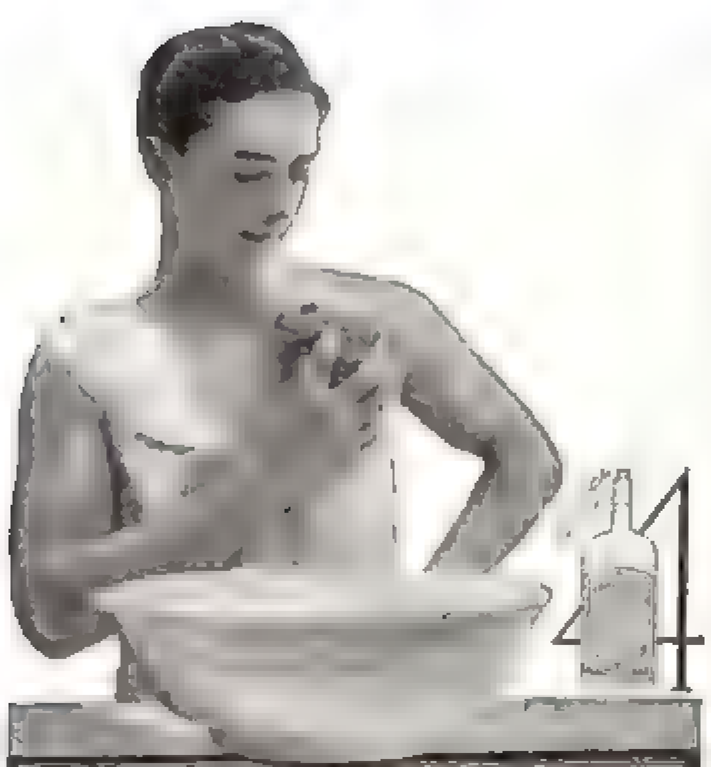
In 1884 three consignments of eggs of the rainbow trout were sent from California to New Zealand. Many were lost, owing to imperfect methods of shipment, but enough were saved to rear adult spawners at the hatcheries. As a result, rainbow trout are now found in immense numbers in the lakes and streams all over the Auckland Province, and grow to extraordinary size, often reaching a weight of eighteen pounds. In two small lakes, called Rotorua and Rotoiti, twenty tons of these fish were taken with hook and line last season, though individual anglers are not permitted to catch more than thirty pounds in a day.

At about the same time eggs of the Eastern brook trout were sent from this country to New Zealand, and for a while there was every prospect of success with this species. They began to appear in large numbers in the streams; but, unfortunately, and much to the regret of the people, who greatly admired the gamy little fish, they have been eaten up and driven out to a great extent by the rainbow and brown trout.

Eight years ago our Fisheries Bureau sent a quantity of eggs of the Chinook salmon to New Zealand. They were hatched successfully, and the "fry" were planted in the Waitaki River, which has conditions similar to the streams frequented by this species of salmon on the Pacific Coast of America. Since then other shipments have been made, a total of two million eggs being supplied, from which one million seven hundred thousand young were obtained. Already these salmon are spawning in large numbers in New Zealand waters.

The "sockeye" salmon has likewise been successfully introduced. Six million whitefish eggs, from the Government hatchery at Northville, Michigan, have been incubated in glass jars since 1904, the fry being planted in New Zealand lakes. We have also supplied eggs of the landlocked salmon, the lake herring, the Mackinaw trout and the catfish.

Respecting some of these it is too early to make any report, but the catfish is doing finely; and, in consequence of the efforts thus made, the rivers and lakes in New Zealand today are already teeming with fishes of the finest quality for sport and food.



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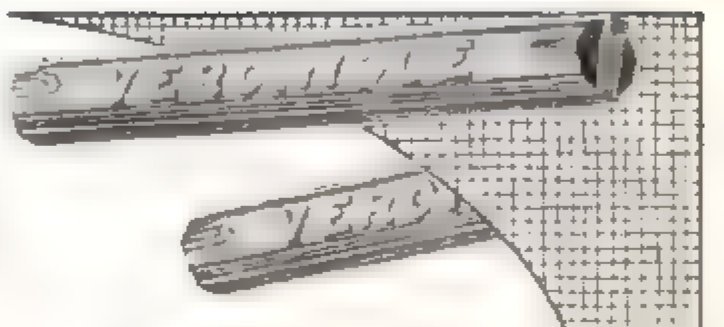

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On all occasions when a toothsome dainty is wanted—with summer drinks, desserts, afternoon tea—whenever things to eat or drink are passed around.

Serve "Veronique"—sugar wafer sticks. Pencil shaped, crisp, cream-filled confections—a little dessert in themselves—something home cookery can't duplicate—better than anything the confectioner can give you.

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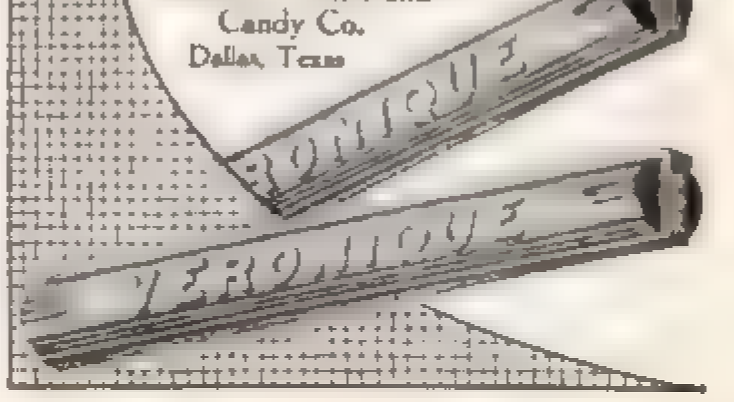

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Fishing for Trout

THE brook trout has filled many a fish-basket with fish, and many a waste-basket with adjectives. The love of the open is lovable in itself, but sometimes it takes stereotyped, indeed electrotyped, forms of expression. When a man kills his first deer or catches his first trout he conceives all the world to be interested in deeds of such novelty and daring, and he rests not until he has broken into print to tell how it all was done. The world is gentle with this sort of literature. As there very possibly may be numbers who have not been fishing even for the first time there may be reason for approaching soberly, without hysteria and without reference to the "gentle art" or the "speckled beauty," this question of going fishing for trout.

As an exercise, trout-fishing far surpasses golf, mumblepeg, tiddledywinks or other associated games. As a compromise with civilization, golf is good, but golf is only osteopathy in a depraved form. To be sure, it wrenches the shoulders and curves the spine to a certain extent; but if, as you lie abed in the morning, you will make an arch of your body, resting on your heels and your crown—what the wrestlers call making a bridge—and if while so arched you will twist your torso violently from side to side, loosening up your vertebræ thereby, you will get more exercise and start more circulation in a minute than you can by an hour of golf. But, as to trout-fishing, there is no substitute whatever. It is the one sport which never fails. If you play golf badly you come home out-of-sorts and abuse the family. If you fish badly, and so lose your best chances, all the more exultant are you explaining to your family just how it happened. A day on the trout-stream increases the circulation of the blood through nerve stimulus which is to say, through mental stimulus; and the incidental physical exercise is not to be despised. Neither osteopathy nor golf can do all these things for you.

Trout and Granite Go Together

Trout-fishing, moreover, remains where many other things vanish. We have more trout, more available and accessible and delectable trout (there goes one adjective!) than we had ten years ago in the most thickly-settled regions of this country. Out of all the outdoor sports of rod and gun now possible in this country Bob-white shooting over a good dog and trout-fishing with a good fly-rod are about the best, and they certainly are the two most likely to endure. Both the Bob-white quail and the brook trout can be planted or propagated, and both can endure the contact of civilization.

The brook trout is Laurentian in extraction. Where you find trout usually you find granite, and where you find granite usually you can raise trout. This fish does pretty well from the eastern edge of Dakota to the Atlantic Ocean, and almost from the lower end of the Great Lakes north to Hudson Bay, not to mention most of the Appalachian system, all the Rocky Mountain system and practically all of the Pacific Coast. There is no other one fish of greater interest to the American angler.

There are a great many Canadian waters and a few in the remoter parts of the United States where trout still live wild, unprotected and unpropagated; but in the greater part of the United States there would be no trout except for the fact that they are perfectly susceptible of increase by artificial means. Fifty years ago there was not a trout in the whole south peninsula of Michigan. Today there is not a grayling left in those waters, which once swarmed with them. The trout has seemed to be the fitter to survive. Most states owning trout waters now plant hundreds of thousands of fry, and this work has given us good fishing in some of the oldest-settled portions of the United States. New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan and Wisconsin would today be troutless save for trout-planting.

Trout and beauty go together. Bass may live in a mud lake or a morass, but no man ever saw an unlovely trout-stream. This fish must have cold lying-ground and green covering above him. He loves oxygen also, which means white water when possible. He fits in with that heritage of beauty which has helped build our characters in spite of us. Adjectives at this point seeming imminent, one must let these matters pass with the mere assertion that you know all these things are true, or, if you do not, it is high time you did

Moreover, the trout himself is a thing of beauty. The Bob-white quail has that same sort of beauty—what you call "class" in a horse, in a girl, in a piece of writing, in a picture. A wood-duck is more beautifully colored than a mallard, but it is not so classy looking. A trout has color and lines both and is thoroughbred all the time. Moreover, again, a trout is a continual puzzle. Golf may be mastered, but trout-fishing never has been and never will be, although it has been followed by some of the most brilliant and some of the most analytical minds of the ages. You may learn the theory of switch-casting or roll-casting, may have thousands of flies in your stockbook, may be wholly esoteric as to the art; yet each day that you practice it you shall come home and say there is yet more to learn. There are no two trout waters alike at any time, there are no two hours the same on any given water, and of two trout living in the same water it is not to be said that both or either of them will act alike in any two different moments of any given day. Yet the converse of this is also true. Sometimes, as though by given signal, every trout on a long stretch of stream will begin to feed at once. Why this should be, no man can tell. Some say a hatch of fly is on, some say electric currents have changed, others advocate the theory of barometric pressures. There is no other pastime which offers so much of novelty or so good a chance to guess. Its rewards for self-sacrifice and abstract thought have no limit, yet it appeals equally to the mind of the child or the ignorant person. It is universal in all its phases, the one thing altogether lovely among pastimes. Above all, it carries the lesson of human fellowship. There is no secret society like that of the trout-stream, yet its membership is open to all the world

As to the doctrine of worm or fly, one no less than Grover Cleveland was frank enough to sanction the use of both. If success can be had only by the use of bait, perhaps bait should not be tabooed. It is tabooed, however, whenever used to take unfair advantage of a trout, unfair advantage of a stream, or unfair advantage of a friend. It is tabooed when used to take trout where they also can be taken with the fly It is tabooed when it means excess of trout-taking. Those who always fish with bait and sneer at the fly may be good men not yet risen to loftier ways of thought; or, again, they may be those who do not care to rise. Perhaps they are among those who measure the successes of the day by the weight of the basket. All such are by self-acting laws barred from the higher degrees of the society of true trout-fishers.

Fishing Lore Not in the Books

Suppose we wish to play the game at its best, and that we are so fortunate as to have access to a real trout water, and that, for a part of its extent at least, it is open enough to allow fly-casting. Suppose, also, that we have not yet caught our first trout nor written our first story about it. What ought we to do in the way of equipment? The best answer is one advising a would-be beginner to seek out some experienced friend and ask him what to do and where to go. No trout-fisher ever learned from the printed page alone. An erudite acquaintance used to carry a certain handbook with him on the stream and consulted it from time to time, but he rarely got any trout, although he was a past master of the theory of angling.

As to rods, one may say, however, a word or two. The best rod for fly-casting is a split bamboo, and there really is no second material in these days, although lancewood and greenheart have their admirers. The weight of the average trout-rod in England is an ounce or more to the foot, and the reels used in that country are larger and heavier than ours.

To every out-door hobby, to every delight of nature, to the very Spirit of Spring itself, there is an added charm for those who

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We guarantee every foot of Sea Lion and Reliance Belting perfect and [illegible]

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[illegible] Same as a $10 Panama hat but rather coarser weave [illegible] All [illegible] for $[illegible] Money back if unsatisfactory. [illegible] press paid, for $1.50. Catalogue of Mexican and Panama Hats free.

FRANCIS E. LESTER CO., Dept. F D 64, Mesilla Park, New Mex.

In America the split-bamboo rods of the best makers will not run over three-quarters of an ounce to the foot, or, say, two-thirds of an ounce. A very powerful rod, stiff enough for sea trout or small salmon, will run about ten feet in length and weigh six to six and one-half ounces. It is not, however, weight, but stiffness, which makes a rod uncomfortable to fish with; and a rod even so light as the latter may tire the wrist of a powerful man if used all day with a line heavy enough to give it proper action, whereas a far heavier rod might be less fatiguing.

The balance of rod and line is, of course, something of the utmost importance. A willowy and whippy rod will not lay a heavy line, and a stiff rod will not lay a light line. The ignorant amateur idea that a trout-line should be delicate and fine is all wrong. The line must be of heavy, enameled silk, the heavier in proportion to its bulk the better; and its weight should be just that suited to the rod. The test of the balance is whether or not the line lies out straight on the water. If it lies straight and handles comfortably rod and line are well adjusted to each other. If the line requires much care to prevent its falling in a long S, and so mussing up the water, something is wrong either with the balance or with your style of casting.

There are fly-casting clubs in many of our cities, and one may learn something of tackle and its use in such a club. The trouble with these bodies, however, is that they often are formed on a competitive rather than an instructive basis. Prizes are given for the men who can cast farthest, and these long-range competitions soon get to be the important contests, whereas those for delicacy and accuracy attract less attention.

The artificial fly can be cast some one hundred and thirty-odd feet with a single hand; but that is not fishing, and the learning how to do that is not learning how to cast the fly. A day on a trout-stream with a real old-timer is worth months of such competitive practice in a sport where competition never ought to enter in any form.

About Flies and Leaders

Your leader, or silk-gut cast, is another matter of care, of course. In some much-fished waters of very bright sort a nine-foot leader of very fine gut must be used. In average trout-fishing six feet is far more comfortable, and gut of medium weight is better than the extremely light article because it is stronger, and, above all, it is much less apt to tangle up. Stained leaders, perhaps, average better than bright; but in all these matters there is no absolute rule, because trout very often come to bad casting and coarse tackle. There is no sense in having your gear so light that it breaks when you strike a good fish. In general, a six-foot, medium-sized, stained gut leader will be found to be the best.

The practice in these days seems to favor the eyed fly above those tied on snells. The trouble with the snelled flies is that they come on all sorts of thicknesses and colors of gut snells. They are easier and quicker to attach to the leader than the eyed fly, but the practice of many anglers nowadays is to cut down the number of flies or even to fish with a single fly. This means less fouling, better casting and less of chuck-and-chance-it methods. In time you may learn to tie your own flies, and in process of your education you may sometimes have occasion to wonder at what imperfect specimens will serve to attract a hungry trout.

As to the assortment of flies offered in the shops, they run simply into thousands of patterns. No one can tell you which of these the trout on your particular stream is going to want on your particular day. In general, it is good advice to purchase your trout-flies as near as possible to the stream where you intend to fish, because the local favorites get to be known in the shops in time. The proper size of your hook also can better be told close to the water where you are to fish. Usually, the hook will need to be smaller as the season advances.

The size No. 8 is about the average trout-fly; but you will find large trout taking flies as small as No. 12's or 14's on some streams, whereas on others even the little fellows will want a No. 6. Moreover, should you happen to fish the same stream year after year, you very possibly may see that a fly which is good one year will be worthless the next. There is no human science which can account for all these vagaries. The only thing to do is to get all the flies of all the sizes you can afford, and to take care that the moths do not eat them up in the wintertime.

The Way of a Fish With a Fly

As to the sort of fly to be used at any given time, not Izaak Walton himself, were he alive, could tell you that. Some general rules you will form for yourself. You will observe that many different sorts of natural flies hatch under the water, and in time you may discover that they come in most cases from a long grub or larva, which makes a case for itself out of sand, gravel and bits of bark. If you look carefully along the bottom of your stream you may, perhaps, see a handful of these collected by the eddies of the current. Watch them closely. You will see them begin to move about, pulling themselves along with legs which extend beyond the edges of the case. Also, you will see a little white dot where the head of the grub appears. This may serve as a hint to use a dark fly with a white-tipped wing on a stream where the trout are ground-feeding on these larvæ.

Again, some will say that early in the day you will need flies with the darker wings, say the March-brown early in the springtime or the duns with slate-colored wings, and that as the day or the season advances you should gravitate to the flies with drake wings; which is to say, with wings made of the light, mottled mallard feathers.

Usually, it is counted good practice toward the close of the day, especially a warm day, to use the white-winged flies. But there are no rules which are not covered up with exceptions. For instance, you can take a big trout with small, dark flies at midnight, when it is so dark that you yourself cannot see where your lure is lying in the water.

In midsummer grasshoppers fall on the water, and few foods are more relished by the trout. It is at this time that the drake-winged flies with yellow bodies, the Professor or the Queen-of-the-Waters, are most logically indicated. But you need not for that reason become an adherent of that school of fly-fishers who declare that in all cases the fly should imitate the living insect.

It looks very wise to open a trout's stomach, examine the insects it contains, and select a fly as nearly similar as you can find; but this is the sort of wisdom which does not always make good. Sometimes trout will strike, even in the midst of a good hatch, at a fly utterly unlike that on which they are feeding.

The only thing to do is to learn all these rules, and then observe all their exceptions. At least, having secured a little advice and something of a rod and line, with the accompanying leaders and flies—having, of course, learned that a trout-reel may be any kind of a reel of single-click sort and that it goes below the hand and not above it, something which magazine and book illustrators find it difficult to learn—you will be ready for actual practice of an art in which both theory and practice are endless.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles on trout-fishing. The second will be printed in an early issue.

Vudor

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at any hour of the hottest day is made possible by Vudor Porch Shades. While keeping out the heat and [illegible] of the sun, they admit every breeze and permit free circulation of air. They can be seen through from the inside but not from the outside, giving seclusion and privacy.

Vudor Porch Shades

are substantially made of wide linden wood slats bound together with strong seine twine, and they last for years. They are stained in artistic weather proof colors, green or brown, and come in various widths.

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Best light for the eyes—a lamp fitted with a MACBETH lamp-chimney.

MACBETH chimneys fit, and compel perfect combustion—a steady, even flame, without smoke or smudge. My chimneys are made from glass that won't break from heat. My name is on every one.

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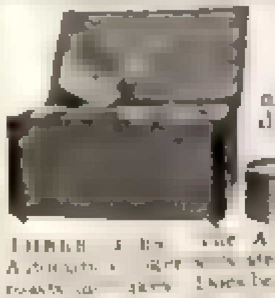

Build Your Own Fireless Cooker

and save money. Anyone can do it. No mechanical ability or experience required. I supply all material and teach you how to do the work.

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Welch's Grape Juice

CONSIDER the uses of grape juice.

A rich, satisfying, refreshing, non-alcoholic beverage.

A natural tonic, with none of the bad after-effects of wine.

A food drink for convalescents that nourishes and builds up the system.

A delicious refreshment to serve either plain or as a punch or to use in making dainty dishes or frozen desserts.

But Remember

that of grape juices there are many brands. That of these many brands there is one that has the richness and the flavor of full-ripe, fresh-picked Concord Grapes; that is made by a process which transfers the juice from the clusters to the bottles unchanged in any way, and that is so pure that physicians prescribe it.

That brand is Welch's, put up in the heart of the great Chautauqua Grape Belt under ideal conditions and sold only under the Welch label.

If your dealer doesn't keep Welch's send $3.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha. Booklet of forty delicious ways of using Welch's Grape Juice free. Sample 3-oz. bottle by mail, 10 cents.

The Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N.Y.

A MINISTER'S MAIL

(Concluded from Page 4)

And here is one with a note of distinct originality. A young man who knows that he possesses ability, and that of a singular kind, saying of himself that he has a good appearance and is "extremely clever, sober and reliable," declaring that he would not accept charity himself, wants to be employed "to investigate the various claims" upon Mr. Rockefeller's benevolence. Here is a letter with the important postscript, "I know that I am writing to a Christian gentleman who will not let my name or address get into the papers." How much she wants in order to keep her "little business" solvent I cannot quite make out, but there is the inevitable "Will you please show this letter to Mr. Rockefeller? He is so rich."

Abuse, of course, is not far away from whining appeals. Here is a letter from an architect, or at least from a man who says that he is an architect. He appears to have sent begging letters to Mr. Rockefeller and received no reply. At a safe distance he opens fire from an unmasked battery. He says: "I am no fraud nor impostor, but a respectable fellow, sober and steady. My sole thoughts are for my poor wife and children, whom I love dearly. I am surprised at the cold treatment that Mr. Rockefeller gave my letter; but he will repent of it." And then follows a tirade about stingy people.

One letter is very long, but it is so characteristic that some quotations should certainly be made from it. It is from an unmarried woman whom I do not know, dated from a good hotel in New York City, and is signed, "Very sincerely, in the Master's service." It begins:

> *Dear Doctor Aked:*
>
> Through financial losses my mother suffered with nervous troubles, and so I sent her to Europe and told her I would recover the loss of the money. I studied up industrials and discovered that American Cotton Oil, selling at 35, was much below value, as that was the best industrial in the market. I own one-quarter share in a house. My share was mortgaged, therefore I could not get more on it. I tried to sell the house, but could not. Then I wrote to Mr. John D. Rockefeller and put this proposition before him. I asked him to take my share of the house, worth $12,000, as security, and would he carry for me shares of a little stock about to rise 15 points. I told him how very much he could make himself, as the stock was so solid. I told him the name, American Cotton Oil, and if he would do this for me it would be such a good, kind work, because I am a Christian worker, and my only wish is to recover a loss of $35,000 for my mother.

The stock, she alleges, went up 18 points. Then follows the usual complaint that her application was not attended to by Mr. Rockefeller and an intimation that she now knows of a stock that in one month will rise at least 20 points, and—

> Doctor Aked, this is a solemn request, but with my hand out to the needs of God's children, my life very full, including two Bible classes for young girls and meetings and foreign missionary work, I appeal to you to help me by taking my letter to Mr. Rockefeller and asking him if this time he will carry for me on my share of the house shares in this railroad.

Later on she says that she has prayed night and day for God to perform a miracle, and says: "If you feel this request is not in accord with the will of God kindly destroy this letter." I do not think that the request is in accord with the will of God, and I am going to destroy the letter now that I have quoted from it.

Of the people who manage, in the teeth of all my precautions, to secure an interview with me, there is not time to speak. I have had to do with a very great personage indeed, who bears one of the noblest names in European history, a name borne for centuries by warriors and statesmen and princes who were the masters of kings. Millions were wanted, of course. And in the same week a dilapidated old man got into my library, declaring himself a Presbyterian minister, telling me that he could be of very great service to Mr. Rockefeller in giving away small sums for him among the deserving poor of this city. I have been in the ministry twenty-three years. For more than twenty-one years I never once refused to receive a brother minister who called upon me, no matter how busy I might be nor how little I was able to be of service. Today I simply dare not allow anybody in my house whom I do not know before he has stated the nature of the business about which he wishes to consult me. My polite Frenchman would present to me his distinguished respects and declare that this, too, is brutal. But my church does not pay me a salary to sit here explaining to good people, impostors and cranks how to get at Mr. Rockefeller's millions. And I have written these lines in the hope that some of these people will see the utter futility of their appeal to me, and will leave me in peace to do the work I came to America to do.

Sense and Nonsense

The Forum

Down to Hicks' grocery store
Tariff's all a settled score;
Income tax is voted on,
Deficit's all paid and gone,
Naval program's all arranged,
Immigration laws is changed,
And we found, on settlin' these,
Time to lick the Japanese.

But we can't agree at all
Where to build the city hall!

Down to Hicks' grocery store,
Africa ain't dark no more,
Hicks traced Teddy's route by rail
With a dried salt herring's tail
On a map, and Homer Pry
Drawed us all a tsetse fly
On a paper sack that Finn
Bought some boneless codfish in.

But we ain't got figgerd out
Who gets mail on our new route!

Down to Hicks' grocery store
I allow we've settled more
Burnin' questions in a night
Than the courts—an' done it right.
Hicks, he allus keeps in touch
With the world's crowned heads an' such,
An' there's very little goes
On abroad but what he knows.

An' he says to Treadwell Pew:
"Who'll I charge them herrings to?"
—J. W. Foley.

Busbey's Amateur Doctor

L. WHITE BUSBEY, secretary to Speaker Cannon, appeared one day about six weeks ago with a limp.

"What's the matter, Busbey?" asked a friend.

"I'll be hanged if I know," Busbey replied. "My knee hurts and my leg hurts and my ankle hurts, and I don't know what it is."

"Ha!" shouted his friend gleefully, "I know. It's rheumatism, that's what it is. Our old friend, uric acid, has got you."

"What shall I do?" asked Busbey.

"I'll tell you," replied the friend, and he glibly rattled off the diet for such sufferers as he had proclaimed Busbey to be. Busbey made a note of it, and for a month ate no red meat and nothing else that he wanted. He lost fifteen pounds, and he felt no better. The knee hurt just as much.

So he went around to his doctor and said: "Doctor, I've got a bad case of uric acid, and I don't get any better although I have followed the diet carefully and have taken all the eliminants I know about. My knee, where the deposit is forming, hurts just as much as it did before I began, and I've lost fifteen pounds."

"Let's have a look," said the doctor. He made a short examination of the knee and began to roar with laughter.

"What's funny?" asked Busbey.

"Uric acid!" shouted the doctor. "Uric acid, my eye! You've sprained your knee."

Puffed Wheat
Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 13c

The Dawn of a New Delight

Foods Shot from Guns

These are rather new foods—Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. Yet hundreds of thousands already enjoy them.

The demand now exceeds a million packages monthly. And, every morning, legions of new homes adopt them.

The fame of these curious cereals is spreading like wildfire. People talk them one to another.

The foods shot from guns are the foods of the day.

Here is the Reason

Imagine unbroken kernels of wheat or rice puffed to eight times their natural size.

Think of gigantic grains—crisp and enticing, nut-like and wholesome—four times as porous as bread.

Grains that melt in the mouth.

Every starch granule is literally blasted to pieces, so the digestive juices act instantly.

Do you wonder that such delightful cereals are displacing the old-time foods?

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 13c
Except in the extreme West

These are the foods invented by Prof. Anderson. And this is how we prepare them:

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

That fierce heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous.

Then the guns are unsealed—the steam explodes. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles.

The kernels of grain are expanded eight times. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have simply the magnified kernels of grain, made porous, crisp and digestible.

Know Them Now

These are the ideal summer foods—the ready-to-serves that all people like best.

They are real foods—not confections. Hearty, substantial, yet they form no tax on digestion.

Serve them with cream, or fruit, or in a bowl of milk, for breakfasts, luncheons and suppers.

We cannot describe these curious foods, and there is nothing with which to compare them. You must try them to know them.

Do it today. You are missing something you never would miss if you knew it.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company

THE WOMAN'S REBELLION

(Concluded from Page 11)

election-time dressed a window in yellow, waved yellow flags inscribed "Votes for Women," set off little yellow balloons and displayed a banner which stated that "If you will give us votes we'll vote for Taft."

The antis even try to defend the button and the colors of the English anti-suffragists chosen by Mrs. Humphry Ward and the Countess of Jersey. The button is large and white, showing an anæmic woman grasping a ponderous baby and the English antis themselves won't wear it. The colors are black and blue. But the antis don't see anything funny in that symbol of submission. Perhaps they believe that women like to be martyrs, but they ought to reflect that maybe they can't get enough martyrdom in the home, and that is why they have gone out in the world to be martyrs for the cause of suffrage.

The antis have very queer minds. It would seem as if their moral logic ran: "I don't want to vote, but I'd feel it my duty to if women could vote; so I shall work to see that no woman shall vote, no matter what are her convictions of duty." Yet, somehow, their consciences did not prevent them, when they formed their League for the Civic Education of Women, from sending out some anti-suffragist literature which hinted that the suffragists shirked motherhood and that the trend of their belief was toward unlimited divorce and free love. Another pamphlet set forth the life of that lady (a suffragist) who traveled to this country with a gentleman, to whom she was not married. So much emphatic objection was made by the suffragists that these pamphlets were hastily withdrawn and the antis said vaguely that it was all "a horrid mistake."

Their literature is still rather slim in bulk, but they are getting more.

"We have sent a person out to Colorado," said one of the leaders, "to make us an unprejudiced report of how suffrage works there, and she promised not to come back till she got every last horror the situation has to offer." "Unprejudiced" is an interesting adjective.

But these dames in distress have their champion, and the chivalry to which they are appealing (they don't want justice or rights) is not dead and won't go to sleep till the suffrage movement is over. Their champion has won laurels, not only with his friends, but with his enemies; and the worst thing the suffragettes can now say of any speaker is that he has out-Lymaned Abbott.

Figure to yourself the meeting in Berkeley Lyceum. See the great hall sparsely filled with beautifully-dressed women who need nothing, who have all they want, who, if they were in England, would belong to the Primrose League. If they have not all they need they have not the skill to know it. Still, they do feel loaded down with the responsibility which has brought them here in defense of the sacredness of home. If in their private lives lurk some dissatisfactions these are for the most part forgotten in the thought of the blessed word, home.

A Specimen Meeting

A chairman calls the meeting to order and begs that no questions be asked after the speeches. The champion arises amid well-modulated, well-gloved applause. He tells them that the place of woman is the home, and the home of woman is the place, and other well-known facts which they applaud. And then occurs the unexpected catastrophe. He reads a passage written many years ago by Mrs. Stanton expressing the belief that divorce is desirable in the case of unhappy marriage. He expects to shock his listeners, but they applaud him. Perhaps they have the habit of applause; perhaps their habit of subserving to man has made them blindly ready to approve all their champion says; perhaps—can this applause express their real dissatisfaction with their husbands and a real disloyalty to the home? The champion says solemnly, with something which looks like male superiority:

"I could never applaud such a sentiment."

Probably with a hope of setting them right he uses the argument that never fails to appeal to certain American women: the Queen Victoria argument. A halo of content settles on them when her name is mentioned, as if she were the pattern of all domestic virtues, a symbol of perfect wifehood and motherhood. And so Doctor Abbott says to the ladies that they must remember that if England had her Queen Victoria, Europe had also her Lucretia Borgia.

Yet the antis do well to cling to Doctor Abbott, for he is their strongest speaker. Their strong women, as a rule, only lend to the movement the weight of their statement: "I don't believe in it." One of the most capable did express herself in print, not giving reasons, merely saying that she considers that women are not fitted physically or temperamentally for the ballot, and that she herself had succeeded very well without it. She has worked hard at her art, but though she calls herself a working-woman, and thus able to represent working-women, she knows but little of the real workaday world or of the sympathies the toilers in that world can evoke, as witness her criticism of a noble philanthropist. This woman has worked hard, too, but not for an art and not to advance herself; she has worked for needy women and children and has spent for them every cent she had above bare living expenses. One night, with tears in her eyes, she said: "Shame on the woman who will not take a responsibility when that helps other women who have to earn their daily bread." Even those who were indifferent to her cause felt that she showed only a deep moral indignation. But the worker in art called her "emotional and hysterical, like all women" (except the exceptions). No, this isn't amusing; it's just sad that a great soul who has worked all her life for humanity should have won so little sympathy from another woman who only now and then talks down a cause in which she doesn't believe.

The Cook That Voted

Yet some of the rank and file of antis do try to make converts. At a reception the other day, between bursts of music an anti swooped down on her indifferent friends.

"How," she cried to one in a pause between songs—"How would you like your cook to vote?"

"Why," replied the lady, "he does vote."

And even the music could not quench the laughter.

Not that the antis cannot do and say sharp things themselves. For example, they have kept the New York Federation of Women's Clubs from being able to declare itself for suffrage. There were eleven suffrage clubs in the federation, and then two anti-suffrage clubs joined—the tiny Guidon and the already-mentioned League for the Civic Education of Women. So the whole powerful organization must remain neutral.

The antis have won a laugh against the suffragette who invaded their meeting wearing a yellow sandwich marked "Votes for Women."

"Can you," she shouted, "give me one convincing argument against woman suffrage?"

"You," said an icy voice, "are to me a very convincing argument."

So the women are rebelling. The battalions heaviest in numbers and mental powers, and now reinforced by money and position, are asking for the ballot; another squadron is holding up pathetic hands to the men, beseeching that it be withheld; a great multitude is sunk in apathy outside the field of battle. And the men look on with strangely mingled feelings.

Man is born of woman, and at once and forever there is division between them. Whatever a woman does a man looks at with a sort of astounded perception. Yes, it's just what a woman would do; he is feeling the wonder of the commonplace—and yet, up to a certain point, man has a kind of opposition toward everything a woman does of her own initiative, as if it must be wrong because it is not what he'd do, or else because he had not planned that she might do it. He looks on her work in the suffrage movement, puzzled or exasperated, and yet every little while the feeling in him that gets the mastery over all other mingled feelings is exhilaration at her cleverness, pluck and endurance, as if with one voice the heart of him cried out: "It's my old woman that's doing that!"

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles on the "Votes-for-Women" movement.

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AN Edison Record made by Victor Herbert's orchestra, conducted by him and playing one of his own compositions, is a masterpiece.

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Thomas A. Edison

Profits by Accident

By ROBERT S. WINSMORE

AN ACCIDENT may be profitable even though it interferes with stock-market thimble-rigging, and, moreover, even the experienced and watchful professional trader may be quite blind to what really is going on. Indeed, such is stock speculation that ignorance sometimes yields more than knowledge. Wall Street has a story of a mild-mannered old gentleman who years ago appeared in a broker's office and inquired timidly whether he might be allowed to deposit a little money as margin and buy some Canton stock. Canton has long since disappeared from the Exchange's trading list, but once it was quite active. It was the stock of a land company that was exploiting Canton, a suburb of Baltimore. The old gentleman was accommodated and within a fortnight his purchase had netted him a very fair profit. Then he sold Canton short and the stock promptly declined and gave him another profit. Then he bought and made money again. Many times he repeated this and always he was fortunate. His success attracted attention, and so, after the custom of the Street, he was taken out to lunch one noon and tactful inquiries were made to discover the source of what seemed to be marvelous information. Indulgently the successful speculator explained. He was a clerk in a tea-importing house. He gave careful attention to fluctuations in the price of tea. When tea advanced he bought Canton. When tea declined he sold. He thought that tea had to do with Canton and Canton with tea. He never had heard of the Baltimore suburb, with its building lots for sale.

Undeserved Winnings

Even alcoholic episodes have been known to yield speculative profits. Once upon a time, the son of a wealthy father dropped in upon his broker much the worse for a night of feasting. In that state he conceived a violent dislike for the shares of a railroad to the control of which he was one of the heirs-apparent. Upon the demerits of that property he discoursed loud and long and, finally, in spite of much persuasion, he sold two thousand of its shares—sold them short. After which he went peacefully to sleep upon a couch in that brokerage office, and after business hours a clerk and a cab took him uptown to his valet. Followed then a spasm of remorse, a wave of reform, a quick dash to the woods and the simple life for a month. Back in New York again the chastened one met the broker. Said the latter:

"Would that I had followed you and sold X. Y. Z. short instead of laughing at your maudlin bearishness."

"Meaning what?" inquired the new disciple of sobriety.

"Meaning that you have ten dollars a share profit on the two thousand shares you sold a month ago," replied the broker.

"Wrong again," was the retort. "Never in my life have I been short of X. Y. Z. I know too much about its value to sell it."

"But you're short of two thousand shares in my office," cried the Stock Exchange man. "Do you mean to tell me that you don't know it?"

And after much explaining it was made clear to the party of the first part that in his befuddled moments he had made a stock-market bet that would have shocked his sober senses, and that, as a result, he was better off by twenty thousand dollars. Whether or not the era of reform survived the discovery is not part of this tale.

Learn now how Wall Street winnings were once saved and salted for all time purely by accident. During the great stock-market boom of the time of President McKinley's second election a certain fool rushed into speculative paths where angels would have balked and, beginning with a shoestring, accumulated great gains. This he did by the delightful but dangerous process of pyramiding, always using his profits to buy more stocks and always increasing his speculative commitments. That is done frequently by inexperienced gamblers; in fact, it usually gives them their experience. It leads inevitably to ruin, since it fixes things so that one loss wipes out many winnings.

But this particular plunger was strangely fortunate. At the height of his success and at a time when his interest in the stock market amounted to twenty-five or thirty thousand shares he chanced to pick up Marion Crawford's delightful history of Rome—Ave Roma Immortalis. He read, and he re-read, and so greatly was his interest excited that he suddenly decided to see Rome for himself and to see it instanter. A Mediterranean steamship was sailing in a week. Within three days he had booked his passage, sold out his stocks, collected his profits and banked his money—all of it. And he sailed just two days before the great panic of 1901, when the stock market suddenly collapsed like a house of cards. Had he been caught in that crash with his big line of poorly-margined stocks he would have been tumbled from independence into debt in an hour. He read all about the panic in a file of English newspapers at Gibraltar, and as he journeyed on to Naples he found ample time to reflect upon what might have happened, so that little chills chased one another up and down his spine in spite of the Mediterranean sunshine. And those chills must have cooled his passion for stock-market plunging, for he has never played the speculative game since, and he is still enjoying the gains that were saved by the chance reading of a book.

Do not infer from these stories of profitable Wall Street accidents that the man who flings his money carelessly upon the Stock Exchange has as much chance to win as to lose. That is far from the truth. Rather is the moral that, though you may be sure, you never can tell. Consider the shirt-stud. Would you care to bet upon what it will do if you drop it?

Manipulation and the making of artificial markets and quotations often create opportunities for such accidents as that. Only recently one of Wall Street's boldest traders cleared up a small fortune as the result of an unintentional plunge into United States Steel Corporation shares. The big Steel Trust turned things topsy-turvy and caused a sharp decline in its securities a short time ago by slashing its prices for finished steel products. Just before that was done the company's common stock was showing great firmness in the market at about fifty-five dollars per share. Now the firmness, although apparently quite natural, was due very largely to manipulation consisting, in part, of the liberal use of matched orders. If you were a large dealer in eggs, and it suited your purpose to give an appearance of activity to a dull egg market, you might give Jones & Co. an order to buy one hundred thousand dozen at a certain price, and Smith & Co. an order to sell the same quantity at the same price, timing the two to meet. Then you would be matching orders in eggs. The transaction would not result in shipments, but it would make the egg trade sit up and calculate. They may not do that sort of thing in eggs, but they do it in stocks, and it was being done in Steel Trust shares at this particular time.

Came Out in the Wash

It so happened that the trader in question had some small interest of his own in Steel, and one day he was doing a little private manipulation all for himself. He was trying to frighten off buyers and to depress the price a bit by boldly offering to sell five thousand shares, though he really did not want to sell any. By pure chance he made his offer just at the moment when matched orders for precisely that amount of Steel were scheduled to meet. And also by pure chance it was his offer that was seized by the man who was handling the buying end of the match. All unwittingly the trader had interfered between Jones and Smith, had demoralized the manipulation and had involved himself on the short side of Steel stock to the extent of five thousand shares. It was the latter that disturbed him and he took a turn around the Stock Exchange floor to think it over. When he returned Steel had dropped a dollar a share. So he decided to wait. It continued to drop and he continued to wait. Ten dollars per share was the extent of that decline and fifty thousand dollars was the extent of that trader's profit.

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JENKS AND JULIANNA

(Continued from Page 13)

long time. He never would ask me, mamma. I couldn't help his loving me, could I? That hadn't anything to do with me, had it? So I just asked him."

"Did what?" cried Mrs. Sexton

"Asked him," repeated the girl with spirit.

"You proposed to him? What taste!"

"Yes, mamma."

"And so—mercy on us!—you are engaged! To James Jenks!"

"No, mamma."

"Then—am I losing my reason?—you are not engaged?"

"No," said Julianna, her upper lip moving tremulously. "He rejected me, mamma!"

"Rejected you!" Mrs. Sexton's voice rose almost to a wail. "Rejected my daughter! For what reason?"

"He loves me," the girl sobbed, burying her face in the cretonne covering of the sofa, "but he says his father—would object—to our family."

The import of these words did not quickly impress itself upon Mrs. Sexton's confused mentality. When the full realization came to her she gasped like one whose lungs have been penetrated by a bullet. With mouth open she sat down quickly and heavily upon the bedside, staring at the prone figure of Julianna and unable to form the syllables of the expressions to which she would have given voice.

"To our family?" she finally ejaculated. "Julianna, has this young man gone to bed?"

"No, mamma," the girl answered faintly. "He has gone to walk through the fields to the river."

"Ah!" the older woman said; in her tone was a suggestion of a lioness about to spring upon the thief of its cub. "I desire to have a talk with this young man Jenks—at once."

"He said," sobbed Julianna, "that he would have to explain it to you—because he is your guest."

Mrs. Sexton sniffed. She rose and proceeded to the door with a determined waddle. "Bertha," she called to the maid, "I will go downstairs again—my gray house-gown!" To her daughter she addressed over her shoulder a little exclamation of motherly sympathy. "What folly!" she said softly. "Go to bed, dear. You poor, tired girl! Remember, your mother is always loyal."

She dressed, provided herself with a warm wrap and went down to the piazza. The air was sharp. She drew a chair toward the steps; she settled into it, huddled in the shadow like a bandit lying in wait. "Cantaloups!" she said.

In the moonlight, and approaching, Mr. James Jenks looked as brown and as silent as ever; the glow of his tobacco appeared, intermittently, to light up his face. He stopped at the steps, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and gazed up with irritating peace into the sky's rotunda.

She coughed.

"Oh, Mrs. Sexton," he drawled as easily as if he had expected to find her there. "I have something to tell you. May I come up and sit down? It is wonderful air, isn't it?" No longer was he the silent Westerner. She endeavored to begin her attack, but he went on without a change of pace in his words.

"I have something to tell you, Mrs. Sexton," he said again. "You see, your daughter suggested to me tonight that we—what shall I say?—that we be married. Of course, this was very flattering to me. I appreciate the honor, indeed I do. I cannot tell you how sorry I am. I had to reject—what shall you and I call it?—her proposition. It was too bad."

"Too bad!" exclaimed the matron. "Continue, Mr. Jenks," she went on freezingly. She had discovered that the use of this certain pitch of voice always struck terror to the hearts of young men.

"Surely," Jenks replied with great ease of manner. He even shut his eyes dreamily. "It *was* too bad, because I love Julianna exceedingly. I have never seen any woman before whom I was inclined to marry. But my duty to the name of Jenks—it is a painful subject, I know. Yes, my father would object. It would give him great pain."

Mrs. Sexton felt her wrath surging up within her. She began to doubt her ability to be conservative. Had it not been for the paralyzing surprise of his next remark she would have been tempted to arise and sweep away into the house.

"To begin with," Jenks went on reflectively, "my father has so great a fear of my marrying a young woman who will grow stout as she grows older. I remember his saying, 'When you choose a wife, son, look to the girth of the parents.' Now, as you know, the Colonel is a little—well, out of training."

"He was a skilled athlete when I married him," said Mrs. Sexton. "Julianna hasn't an ounce of fat on her body."

"Oh, no—not now. But then I have seen young Siwash Indian girls as wiry and lean as a timber-wolf, who were regular tubs when they became squaws."

"You show some delicacy in not mentioning me," said Mrs. Sexton almost hysterically.

"Oh, I wouldn't do that! Indeed, I would not. How could I?" Jenks hastened to say with apparent sympathy. "You must see how hard it is for me to speak of this at all. But you asked me to be perfectly frank."

"Certainly." The mother, tossed about from thought to thought and at the mercy of Jenks' coolness, had now compounded with him the offense of falsehood. "And there are other objections?" she said scathingly.

"Well, yes," returned the young man, clasping his knee. "My father—I don't want to be disloyal to him, but he entertains some very narrow views about people in the East. I have often been cautioned by him. And, I assure you, just as soon as I notified him that I had accepted such a proposal as your daughter has made to me he would at once make exhaustive inquiries as to your family."

"He would find," said Mrs. Sexton exultingly, "that no family had better standing in this part of the world. I am sure I do not lack a proper sense of humor when I tell you that the Sextons have been in Massachusetts since Governor Winthrop's time."

"But your son—John—has told me that they were smugglers during Colonial days."

"It is not substantiated. And, as for my own branch of the family, there is no question. You force me to say it. The estate has descended from generation to generation without a single instance of profligacy or lack of proper standing."

"I am delighted to hear it," Jenks interrupted politely. "And I know that the Sextons, being conservative investors, have always retained their wealth. That is something to be considered, of course."

"In regard to your affection for my daughter?" gasped the lady.

"No, in regard to my father's approval of the match." He spoke in a quiet, comfortable drawl.

"What?" cried Mrs. Sexton.

"Why, perhaps I ought to explain. My poor father has such strange views. He is so snobbish. You see, he raises cantaloups and is very successful. The traditions of our family are well established. The very first rule, Mrs. Sexton, is that the men should pass their life in constructive labor. My father would be terribly shocked if he knew I had married into a family of investors. 'A man should work as hard as his money,' he says. I've often heard him. Perhaps he is a bit too bigoted, but he dislikes men who never created anything."

"The Colonel, I suppose ——"

"Oh, Mrs. Sexton, you are making this so hard for me. You must see how much I love your daughter, and you know that she loves me. It is too bad to treat such—what shall I call it?—a tragedy with irony. Oh, I only wish I dared to face my father's wrath."

"Ah," Mrs. Sexton breathed. "That is the kind of spirit that is in your blood? My own daughter has more courage in her little finger than you have in your whole ——"

"Don't!" Jenks exclaimed. He drew his hand quickly away from one of the wire-haired terriers which was attempting to lick it.

"Perhaps, then, you share in your father's views?" suggested Mrs. Sexton, who had now lost her head completely.

"No," cried the young man earnestly. "It would make no difference even if I did. I love Julianna better than anything in the world. She is everything to me. I don't

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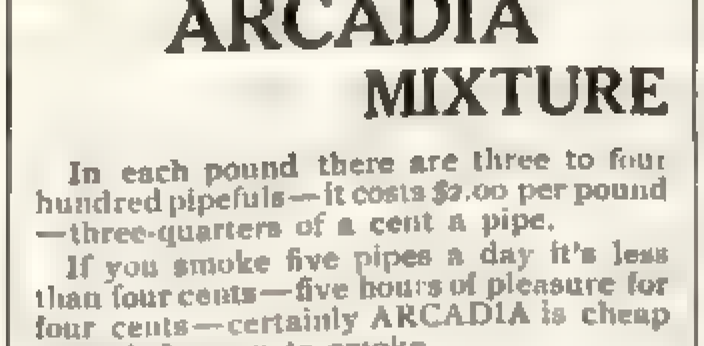

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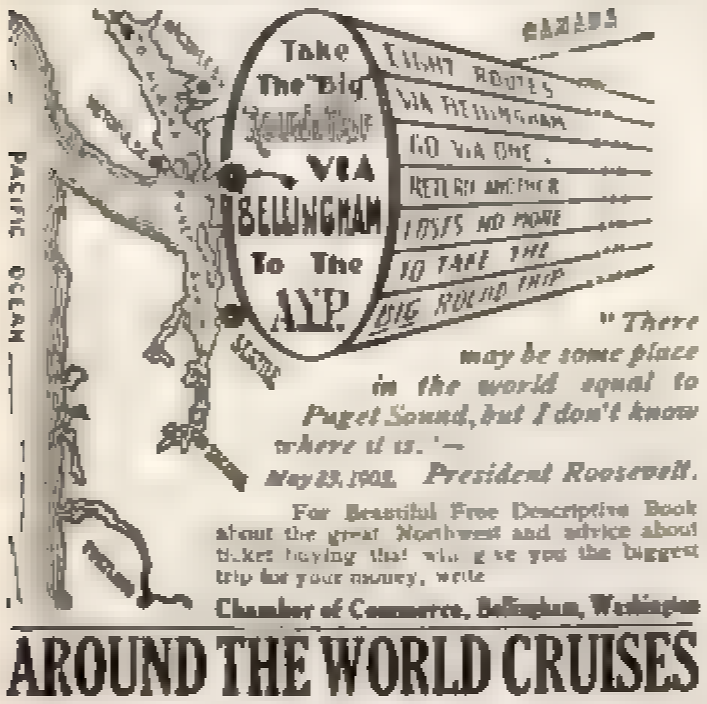

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want to seem dramatic, but, Mrs. Sexton, I would almost give my life to win her. Why, if she were taken out of her closely-guarded, stifling life she would blossom into a wonderful woman! What difference does it make that the Colonel is fat? What difference should it make that you are all of the idle rich and anti-imperialists besides? My father is a narrow-minded, intolerably-snobbish man—forgive me, Mrs. Sexton—I know it."

"I should be inclined to agree with you," she said in the pause. Once more she had assumed the cool, even voice of her tribe. The happiness of Julianna seemed the only important thing in the world. "Mr. Jenks, you have made my daughter suffer. You either should have concealed your affection for her or——"

"Huh!" cried he with startling suddenness, springing up from his seat. "I am a man again. If Julianna ever will give me another chance I will act differently. I will accept her."

"I think it is you who should take the initiative," screamed Mrs. Sexton in final unrestrained fury. She rose from her chair and swung majestically through the front doorway.

"I'll do it," sang out the young man. "Don't go away, Mrs. Sexton. It makes no difference what it costs—I'll do it!"

But Mrs. Sexton, red and breathless, was toiling up the stairs in a dudgeon.

At the top she stopped for several moments to collect her wits. She wondered if she were really she. Then she opened her daughter's door.

Julianna was leaning out the open window, a shawl about her shoulders.

"My girl!" exclaimed her mother "What are you doing?"

Julianna laughed over her shoulder. "Making love, mamma, if you must know," she whispered.

"Making love!"

"Yes, we're engaged now. He asked me from the lawn. He said that both of you agreed that it should be done."

"The monster!" said Mrs. Sexton.

"Yes, mamma. My monster."

"Julianna," her mother said, "shut the window. You'll catch your death. Come here, dear. You've been a foolish girl; I want you to put your arms about me, dear. I'm more nervous than I can tell you. You're such a little girl, after all. I'm glad your father is coming back tomorrow. I hardly know what he will say."

The Colonel and John did, in fact, return the next afternoon.

"Bless my soul!" said the former when he had heard all. "Have you given the matter full consideration?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Sexton.

A curious little wrinkle appeared at the corner of the Colonel's eyes. "You do not suppose that, using a slang phrase, they 'put up a job on you'?" he suggested.

His wife's lips compressed themselves into the danger line. "I hardly know what you mean," she said coldly.

THE VOICE IN THE RICE

(Continued from Page 17)

that that misguided youth put no blot upon the name."

"Misguided," said I, "seems to me a happy expression."

"Come, come," said Lord Nairn, "if Shirley's attempt was spontaneous or if he was put up to it will never be known. The important thing is that he has been struck dead by our young friend, that the news has spread, and that the whole Santee is buzzing like a hive of angry bees."

"There is no one among us," said Sir Peter quietly, "who would care to close with a man whose mere slap is sudden death. One would have the fear that he would close his hand and strike from the shoulder."

"A shotgun concealed among the rice would have no such fear," said Lord Nairn.

"Lord Nairn," I said, "you wish me to quit the country. It isn't because you have the least care for my life. Why do you wish me to go?"

"You will be shot down in cold blood," he said, "and I shall have to punish the culprit according to law. He will be an old friend, perhaps, a member of a family of which I am fond."

"And you, Sir Peter," I asked; "what do you wish me to do?"

"Feel just like sumbuddy was ticklin' the bottoms of my feet when you say

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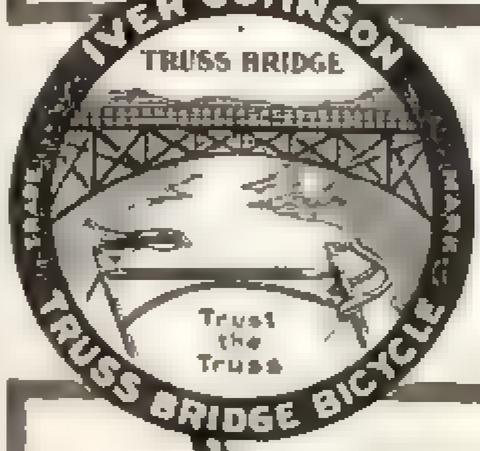

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"I am thinking," said he, "or trying to. Give me a moment." He rose mechanically and walked over to a bracket lamp that hung between the two windows. He climbed on a chair, leaned over and blew the thing out.

"It was beginning to smell," he explained. "It holds very little oil, and they have forgotten to fill it."

Sir Peter had had but two lamps lighted, because the night was hot and sticky. But whether his putting the one out was merely an ordinary domestic act, or whether he suspected the mine that was actually to be exploded by Lord Nairn and was preparing one counter to it, I do not know, but I think the latter. For, having blown the one lamp out, he returned not to his former seat but to a straight-backed chair immediately beside the other.

"Well, Richard," he said, "I cannot agree with Lord Nairn. I think you will be safe enough in my house for the present, and later wherever you choose to go. I am determined to tell the whole truth about the duel. I will not be *particeps criminis*."

"But I," said Lord Nairn, a metallic note of anger in his voice, "have given my word to say nothing about the matter, as Bourne gave his."

"I think that I made no promise," said Sir Peter.

"Silence, sir," said Lord Nairn, "in such circumstances was tantamount to consent."

"I am not agreed," said Sir Peter firmly. "I will tell the whole truth. And you, Lord Nairn, if you *have* sworn to say nothing, have not, also, *sworn* to contradict what I may say."

He reached swiftly for a pen and began to write rapidly.

"I will send a true account of this affair to the Shirleys themselves," said he, "first of all. And if I write notes all night the truth of it shall go to every person of importance in the Santee."

"So," said Lord Nairn mildly.

He towered in the shadowy room, at once a fearful and a wonderful figure.

"So," said he, "the Council disagrees."

"Lady Wrenn would vote with me," put in Sir Peter quickly. He had already addressed his note and commenced another.

"The Council disagrees," went on Lord Nairn without heeding the objection. "So, gentlemen, as chairman I must take it upon myself to be the deciding voice. Once for all, Mr. Bourne, will you go?"

"Once and for all, Lord Nairn," said I, "let us stand upon a basis of facts. You wish me to leave the country not because, as you have reiterated so often, you are afraid *for* me, but because I think you are afraid *of* me. Fate brought me here, and I think in doing so Fate had a mind to raise up an obstacle in your path. And I think, Lord Nairn, that you think so, too. So let us finish with shilly-shallying. I will not go of my own will."

"Afraid of you, sir!" piped Lord Nairn in his shrillest voice. "Not, sir, while I have a live moccasin in each of my jacket pockets."

I admit that I turned very cold from head to foot. Lord Nairn laughed, not a pleasant laugh, and after a moment:

"So another kind of fiend," said he, "carries his hypodermic ever handy. Have no fear. I shall not waste my snakes on one who could not appreciate them."

He turned, opened the door into the hall and spoke a word of "sea-coast." Four negroes, immense, ugly fellows, black as the Styx, filed into the room. Two of them carried a great piece of fish-netting; each of the others had lengths of half-inch rope over his left arm.

"It has seemed at length necessary," said Lord Nairn, "to speed the guest upon his way."

Sir Peter rose.

"This is an outrage against the law," he said in a ringing voice.

"You will find," said Lord Nairn, "that in the Santee I am the law."

"That," said Sir Peter bitterly, "has been dawning upon us this many a year."

"Lord Nairn," said I, "like many other great fellows, has a fancy to be an emperor." I stepped quietly to the fireplace and picked up the poker. But I was not destined to fight for my liberty.

Sir Peter, by a sweep of his arm, sent the lamp by which he was standing crashing to the floor and we were in pitch darkness.

"Bolt!" he cried.

But I had no need of the suggestion. Before, I think, Lord Nairn or his negroes

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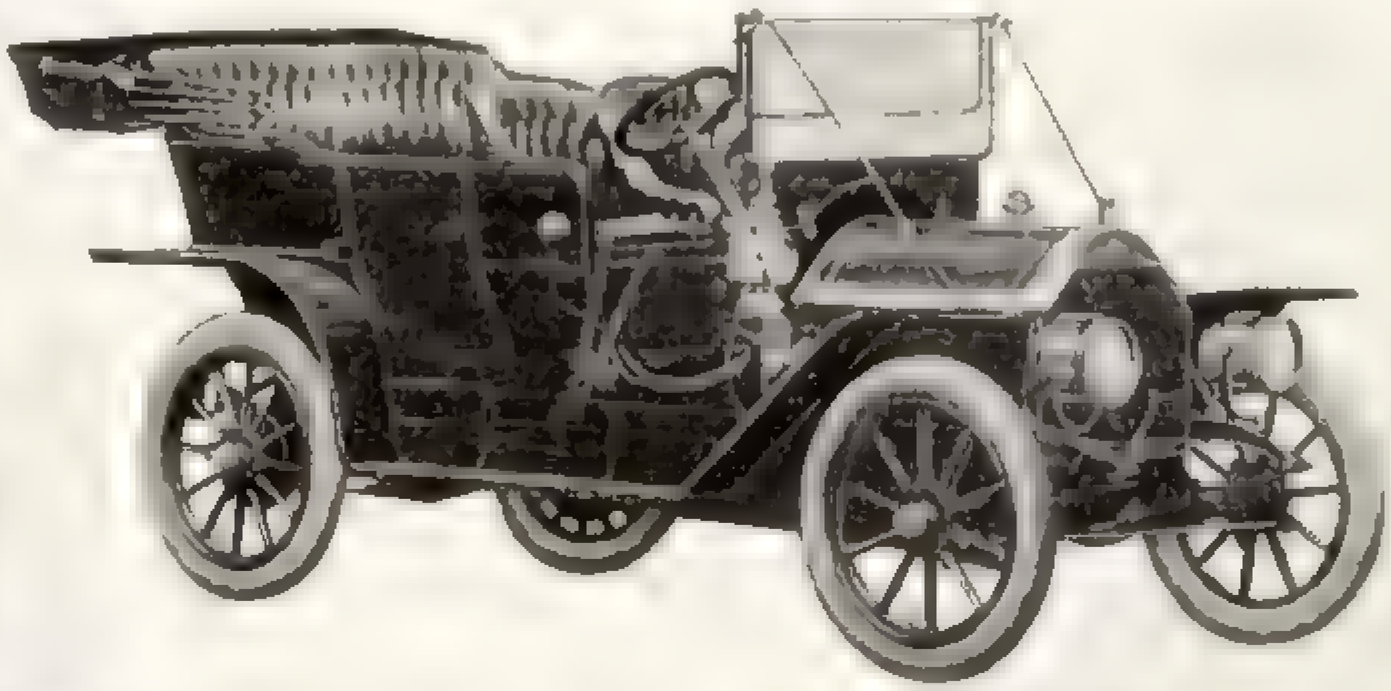

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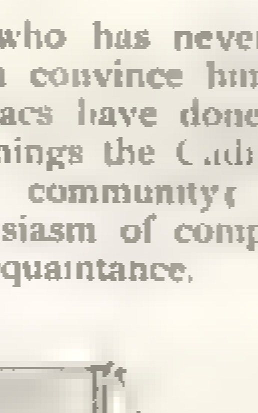

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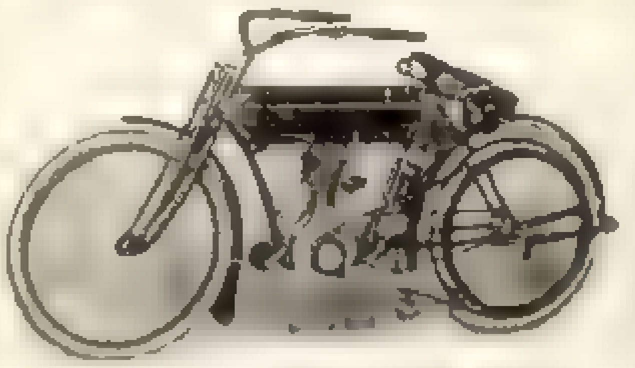

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had moved an inch I was out of the window and in the garden. I heard Lord Nairn curse shrilly. The frame of the window was too narrow to afford passage to his great bulk.

I took up my stand behind a clipped bush of box over which I could just see. The night, still young, was not very dark when your eyes became used to it. It was the sudden extinguishing of the lamp, rather than the actual darkness caused thereby, that had had so blinding an effect in the study. I stood and watched the house to see if any one came out, and had not long to wait. A door crashed open on the little garden porch and the tremendous form of Lord Nairn, looking huger than ever in the starlight, came dashing into the garden. Not to his snake eyes had the sudden darkness in the study been impenetrable. He had seen me plunge through the open window, and while endeavoring to follow he must have seen me hide behind the box bush. For now he came straight at it and, as it seemed, with the swiftness of the wind. They were right who said that the monstrous man could use his feet when he wanted to. He seemed as light upon them as is thistledown upon the wind.

For a moment or two I was like a thing rooted deep in the ground. I thought of the snakes in his pockets and my hair rose into a bristling, electrified pompadour. My whole scalp tickled with it. I do not know how I got over my temporary paralysis, and only know this: that I could hear the breath in the creature's nostrils before I turned and ran—through hedges, over flower-beds and out of the garden gate. Then dashing to the left and skirting the garden wall I ran with all my speed for the next corner, turned that, passed the kitchen end of the house and ran along the side which faces the water. And here a lucky thought entered my head. I turned once more sharply, this time to the right, made one great burst of it for the landing, snatched up a canoe, flung it belly down on the water, myself half in, half on it, as a lad starts his sled at the top of a hill, and by the impetus was carried twenty yards from shore. Then I got to my knees and picked up the paddle that was by good fortune in the bottom of the canoe.

But Lord Nairn, who stood cursing upon the landing, which his great weight half submerged, was unable to follow. There were, it is true, canoes in plenty for those who chose to use them, and the broad-beamed barge in which he himself had come with his henchmen. But his was not the figure for a canoe, and he knew it.

For a second I thought that he was going to plunge into the water and swim for it; and for a second I thought that he was going to throw one of his hypodermics at me, for he took a thick snake from his pocket, all the while cursing shrilly, and then hesitated and put it back. But presently he recovered himself. And his shrill voice came across the stretch of water which I had widened by a stroke of the paddle when I saw him put his hand into his pocket.

"Well," said he, "you have the better of it, Mr. Bourne. Did you show me your natural speed, or was it only cowardice which furnished you with so pretty a pair of heels? I wouldn't venture far into the rice if I were you. You will only lose yourself and perish miserably. Still, please yourself. I'm not sure but what that would be the safest thing for you to do."

He turned without another word and walked slowly back to the house, only to return after a short interval with his four blacks. But I, you may be sure, had retreated into the rice and was keeping still. But no effort was made to find me.

Lord Nairn seated himself in the stern of the barge, the negroes took their places at the oars, and at a word of command rowed off into the night at a furious pace. When I could no longer hear the beat of the oars I paddled to the landing and went back to the house.

I was not a heroic figure, even in my own mind, I assure you. But I devoutly thanked my Maker for the pair of legs with which He had furnished me. And Sir Peter, when he saw me safe and sound, opened his thin arms wide and embraced me.

That night he had the approaches to his mansion watched. But no one came.

XVI

THOUGH no one came and there was no occurrence to excite apprehension, I passed a sleepless and a wretched night. To owe money that you cannot pay; to

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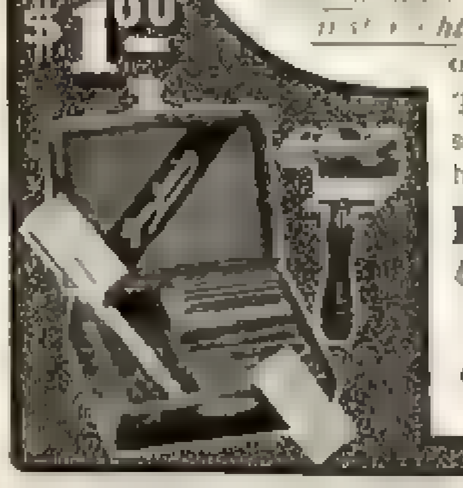

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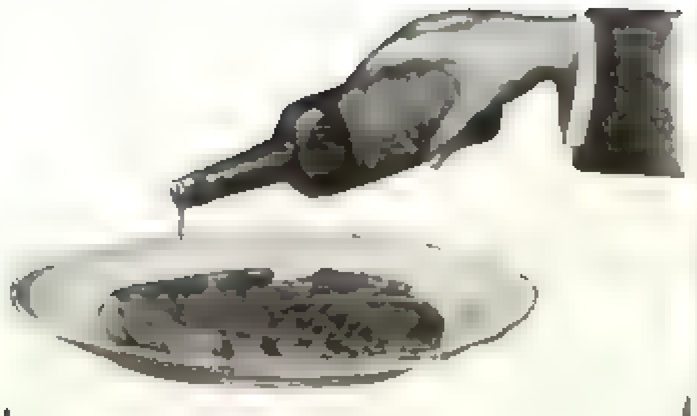

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have failed in some obligation of kindness or courtesy; to be put down wrongly by a word to which you cannot find the answer upon the instant; or, in brief, to have done anything inconsistent with your own golden opinion of yourself; these things support consciousness far into the night.

I had run away as a schoolboy with stolen apples runs from the farmer. Nor could the imagining out of a different scene in which I played an upstanding and triumphant part comfort me. Nor did it comfort me that I had fled not from a man, but from poison. Nothing, it seemed, could ever recover my self-respect for me. I was worse than the hero of the lines:

He who fights and runs away
Will live to fight another day,

which continually ran in my head. For I had not fought before running. I had scampered as a rabbit from a dog. And when in the morning I joined Sir Peter and Lady Moore at breakfast it was to greet them with a hanging head. But they had only approbation for me and a piece of news that made my heart beat like a lion's.

"My brother," said Sir Peter, "was here very early this morning in a state of the most lamentable distress. His daughter, just recovered from her illness, went yesterday upon business connected with the hospital to Lady Wrenn—was with Lady Wrenn for half an hour and has not been seen or heard of since."

"If she has been abducted by that ——" I began. But Lady Moore interrupted.

"I think that she has run away," she said, "to escape him—and her father."

Sir Peter looked grave and nodded.

"I must confess," he said, "that my brother's anguish seemed of a mixed sort."

"I have waited till Richard came down," said Lady Moore, "to show you something. It concerns him more than you." She took a sheet of notepaper, crumpled and soiled, from her lap and began to smooth it out. "There was a fire in the library," she said, "to take off the morning chill. While Santee was talking with us he took this note from his pocket, crumpled it and threw it into the fire. But instead of being burned the draft carried it up the chimney. *You* didn't think anything about it, Peter, but *I* saw him start and change color. Being a woman," confessed Lady Moore sweetly, "I have about as much sense of honor as a hen. I sent half a dozen servants into the grounds to look for it. Coffee Pot found it."

Then, sure of her triumph, she motioned us to her side, and, looking over her shoulder, we read, in a bold, clear hand:

> Father, dear:
>
> A month ago, yes. But now what you ask is impossible. Ruin is a little thing compared to what you ask. A month ago I should have thought it a greater thing. But now I can't. A month ago my duty was all to you. Now it is all to another. Even if I never see him again ——

"Then she hasn't gone to him, whoever *he* is!" exclaimed Sir Peter. The note went on, over the page:

> This is not a mere inclination, but a thing stronger than all the Santee put together. Tell Lord Nairn—and surely he will think better of himself and of you and of me—I cannot and I will not marry him. It is better for me to go away. When you can give me that protection which every man owes to a woman, fly a white flag from the west gable. I shall manage to see it.
>
> MARY.

"So," said Sir Peter, "a month ago she'd 'a' done it."

"And now," said his wife, "she won't."

"Now," said Sir Peter, "her duty is to another."

Suddenly they turned their eyes on me.

"Oh, it can't be!" I cried, carried away by the accusation.

"Listen to me," said Lady Moore. "You have never seen Mary, Richard. You will never see her as she was. Since she found you and brought you home when you were hurt hers has been a different face. Do you think I'm the only one who has noticed it? If you do, how in Heaven's name do you account for Lord Nairn's efforts to get you out of the country?"

"They were else gratuitous," said Sir Peter. "Why should he have put up that beastly job with Shirley? He is not the man to do a murder without what seem to

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him the gravest reasons. He has assumed a kind of dictatorship," cried the hunchback bitterly, "by degrees subtly, until his is as absolute a monarchy as exists."

"The point is this," said Lady Moore, "that Mary is Richard's for the asking."

"I loved her at once," I cried, "that first morning in the garden when Sir Peter showed me an opening rose and said that it did not compare with her."

"You were sent," said Lady Moore. "I have always maintained that you were."

"But she can't care for me," I lamented; "that is an unheard-of impossibility."

"Oh," said Lady Moore, "she was a changed girl after she brought you in. Every fifteen minutes, all that night, I kept bringing her word that you were holding your own. Once it seemed that you were not so well. And then I *knew*. 'Why, Mary,' I said, 'what is this young man to you?' 'What?' said she. 'I knew him well,' she said, 'in Babylon. It would go hard with me,' she said, 'to lose him after ten thousand years.'"

I was trembling in every limb.

"You never told me," I said.

"My dear!" she exclaimed, "I couldn't until I knew that you cared in the same way."

"It's damnably queer," said Sir Peter. "I had not talked with Richard five minutes before I was thinking of Mary. 'Now here's a young man come out of the sea,' I thought, 'bigger and stronger than other young men. Now, I wonder,' I thought, 'if Fate has a finger in this? Pooh!' cried I, 'dress him as other young men, probe him a little, and you will be glad enough to be rid of him.' But it was not to be like that. It's damnably queer," said Sir Peter.

"Now, then," he continued, "it remains for us to find Mary and for Richard to marry her out of hand. So much is plain."

"Yes," said Lady Moore, "and you should send some one, or go yourself, to see if Santee is flying a white flag from his west gable."

There was silence for a time.

"Is your brother," I broke out hotly, "capable of treachery to his daughter? Is he capable of flying the white flag not to bring her back to his protection, but to get her once more in his power?"

"If Lord Nairn knows the contents of Mary's note," said Sir Peter, "he will have brought a tremendous pressure to bear upon my poor brother."

"Cannot you take up your brother's notes?" I asked.

He shook his head briefly and named an appalling sum of money.

"But, good Lord!" I said. "Bankruptcy may be a narrow and bitter way out, but it is gone through with every day in the year by some one or other."

"Not as we go through it," said Sir Peter. "In an extreme case such as my brother's he must become the property of his chief creditor for a term of years. You have seen white men working side by side with negroes in the young rice. All our slaves are not black, Richard."

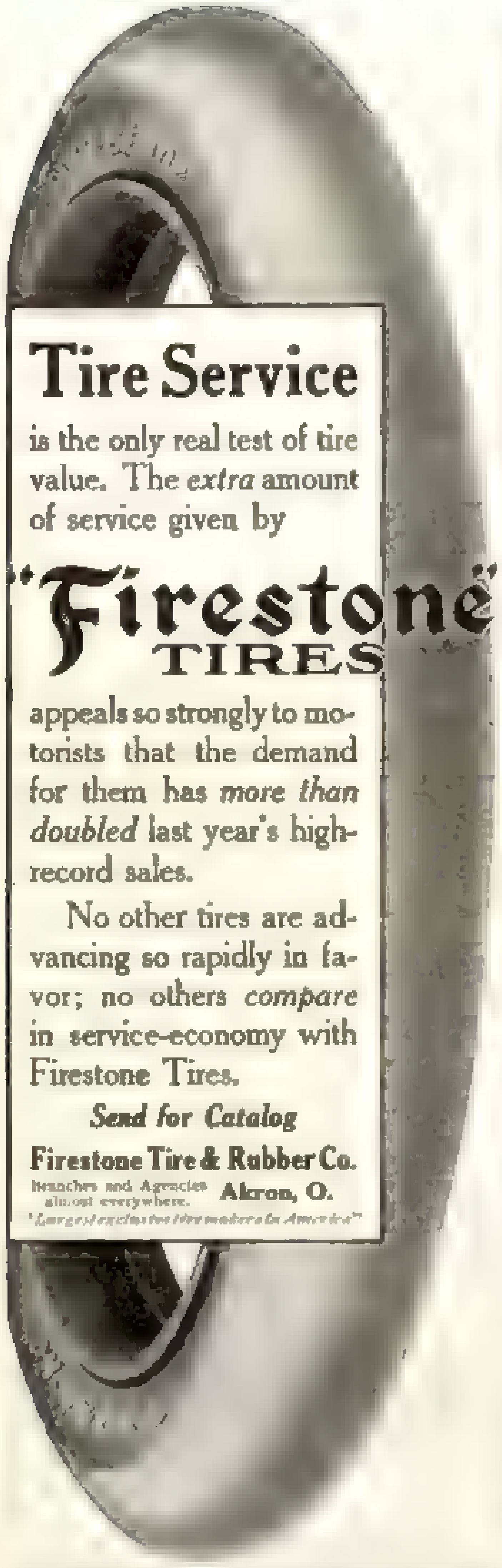
"And your brother's plan is to sell his daughter into slavery that he himself may escape doing a man's work with a hoe?"

"Well, hardly that," said Sir Peter; "they would hardly put Santee at that sort of labor. But he might be compelled to wait upon those whom he had previously entertained. His alternative would be flight—in which case I have funds in London upon which he could draw in moderation—or suicide. As you say, he is asking a great deal of Mary. But he is, on the other hand, in a desperate case. He has a good knowledge of the marshes, but Lord Nairn watches him like a lynx. He has tried flight already three times—only to be caught and persuaded back; always, of course, without scandal. So you see, sir, there is something to be said for my brother. Now, then, I will go to Santee's at once to keep an eye on the west gable. I will leave some one to watch it when I come away. I will be back at noon. You, Richard, had better take Coffee Pot and make a little tour in the rice in case Lord Nairn should call again."

"I'll go with him," said Lady Moore. And when Sir Peter had hurried off, "Richard," she said, "I know of a place—and no one else knows—where it is just possible that Mary Moore may have gone. Get your hat."

I rushed off for my hat almost as swiftly as I had fled from Lord Nairn, and for a Winchester, too, of big caliber.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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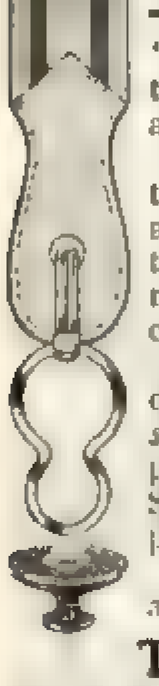

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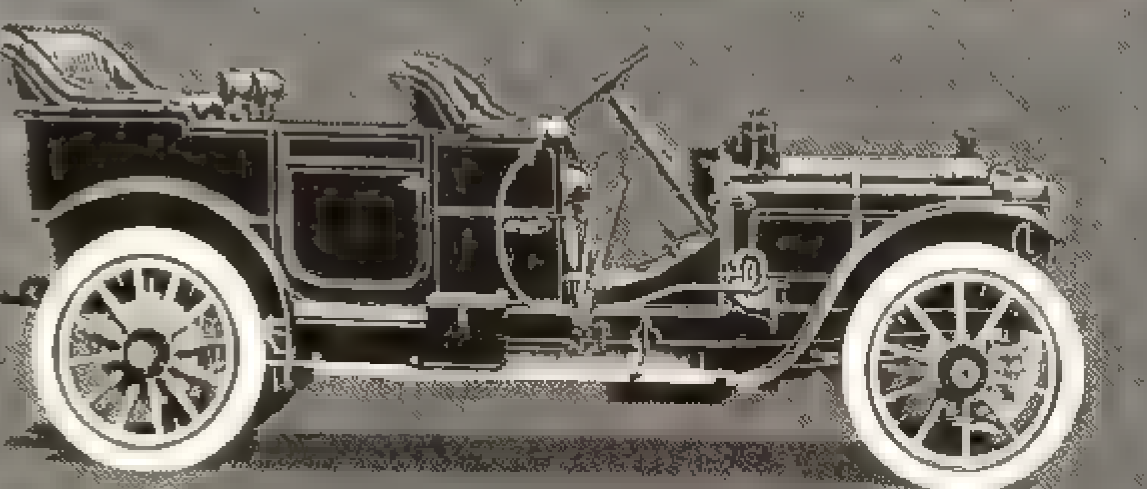

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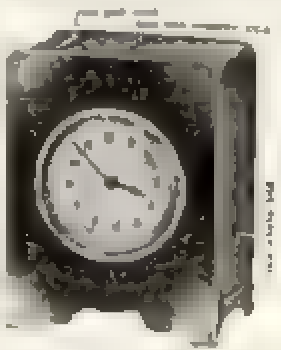

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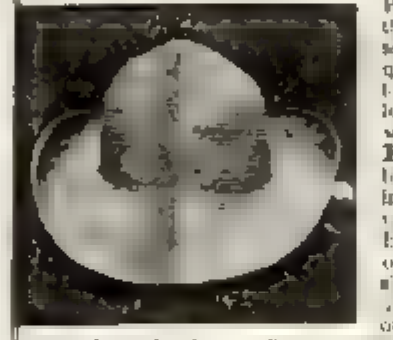

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We Will Buy Stories About Our Boys

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Selling THE POST doesn't mean mere money earning. It teaches a boy self-reliance, manliness and independence. It gives him real business training and teaches him the value of money through having earned some by his own work. The ingenuity displayed by many of them in securing new customers is worthy of imitation by big business men. The prize contests teach a boy to "play fair" and, if he is not as successful as some other boy, to be "a good loser."

We want more stories about our boys. If you know a story of human interest about a real POST boy, let us have it. Perhaps it is your own boy whom you have watched and coached. Or, perhaps, it is a bright-faced youngster who got past your office boy into your private office and not only made a customer of you but induced you to give his name to some of your friends on whom he could call. No matter who he is, we should like to know about him, how he worked, what his methods were and what made him successful. We don't want letters merely commending the cleverness of a boy, but something which tells what methods he used in getting new customers, what ingenious plan he used in securing a list of buyers, how he took advantage of some unusual opportunity to sell a lot of copies, etc. These stories we want to put into a little paper called "Our Boys," which we mail to the boys each month. If you want to see a copy of this paper, write and we'll send it. Just ask for a copy of "Our Boys."

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For the next best story . .	5.00

and for any other story which does not win a prize, but which we can use, we will pay Two Dollars.

The story should be from 750 to 1500 words. It must be about a real boy, whose name and address should be given. It should be legibly written on one side of the paper only (typewritten is much preferred). The manuscript should be folded or sent flat (not rolled) and must bear your name and address. It must be in our hands by July 24.

If you want your manuscript returned should it not be used, inclose sufficient stamps to prepay postage. Address your letter this way:

"Our Boys," Circulation Bureau
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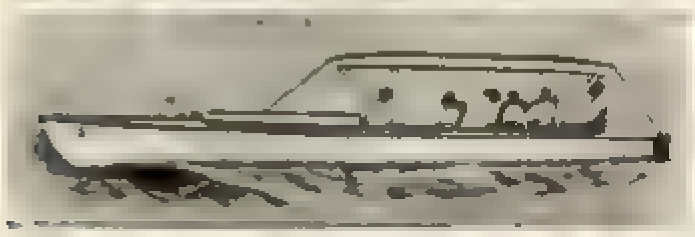

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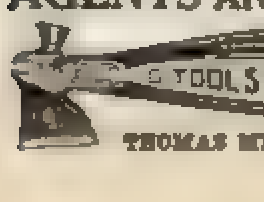

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EDUCATING THE EMPLOYER

(Continued from Page 15)

A niece visiting him from New York brought several popular magazines, in one of which was a story based upon the development of a small water-power. After reading and rereading that story and after many weeks of cogitation he sought advice. A small hydro-electric power plant resulted, and his saving the first year was more than three thousand dollars over cost of steam. For a quarter of a century he had been wasting annually two thousand tons of coal. His own business? Not altogether! Waste of coal is waste of a great natural resource.

It is not unusual for a man's eyes to be opened by a popular magazine or newspaper, though he would never subscribe to a trade or technical journal. A door and sash manufacturer had reached a point where he required more power. An advertisement of a power-transmission system in this magazine attracted his attention, chiefly because of its unusual environment. He sent for and received some excellent descriptive literature and decided to try the system, which consisted of a rearrangement of modern line-shafting and pulleys. The elimination of unnecessary friction gave him sufficient power to run twenty-five per cent more machinery, which was all he then wanted. Here again was a conservation of a natural resource—power from coal.

It is highly probable that the attention of small employers is frequently drawn to better methods of and appliances for business by the magazine which reaches the home, rather than by that one which reaches the office. There appears to be a certain state of mind which induces a man obsessed by self-sufficiency to listen indulgently to a layman when his antagonism would be instantly aroused by a professional.

It has been scientifically demonstrated that the clouds of black smoke emerging from the factory stacks mean coal going to waste. Firing by well-trained men will, and does, effect a large saving; but the common practice is to take a lumper from the yards, make a chalk-mark on the steam gauge at which he is to hold steam, and another on the water gauge at which he is to hold water, then order him to shovel away and earn his dollar-seventy-five!

The new manager of a great bridge-construction plant effected a saving of thirty per cent in coal consumption by the simple process of convincing his astonished firemen that the less work they did the bigger pay they would receive. This was their first intimation that quality, rather than quantity, was desirable in the art of shoveling coal.

When Figures Lie

On one of the divisions of the Northern Pacific Railroad as large a saving has been effected by establishing a traveling lecture car for firemen and awarding prizes for results.

For a quarter of a century it has been practically demonstrated that at least ten per cent more lumber can be secured from a given run of logs by the band-saw than by the circular. But, except in the larger mills, lumber is being cut today by the wasteful circular or gang-saw. Three-eighths of an inch of good lumber is turned into sawdust for every one-inch board cut. It has choked streams and annihilated fish. In view of the rapid denudation of the forests this waste is a national calamity.

It is generally assumed that if a man keeps the wheels turning and pays his bills he knows his business. But in many of the small establishments, if interest on capital and a percentage for depreciation were charged up, there would be nothing shown for the proprietor's or manager's salary. Or, if his salary were charged up, there would be nothing for interest on capital and depreciation. It is all designated "profit," and if it is there, no matter how small, he keeps his head above water and ignores the probability of larger returns by better methods.

To such a man the substitution of a highly-efficient machine for an out-of-date one means paying for it out of his annual income, and that is like having a tooth pulled without an anæsthetic.

The results of apparently very slight improvements in business methods are

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Stand squarely on your determination to get a shoe that fits you. It is the most important consideration in selecting any shoe.

A poorly fitting shoe will be a short lived shoe and an untidy one for the better part of its short life.

If you have had difficulty in getting a perfect fit in a shoe that possessed style try the

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The matter of style you can settle the moment you see the shoe—and it is only a matter of getting "your size" to settle the question of fit. It will take you much longer to determine the wearing qualities, for the Largest Manufacturers of shoes in the World are able and do put better value for the money in their shoes.

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It's the scientific angle of this pin that makes the Handihook the most wonderful little hook you've ever seen. The

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We guarantee Pierce Motor Boats to give perfect service. We furnish free any defective part within **Five** years. 2 gallons of fuel will run one 15 hours. For a safe, durable and entirely seaworthy small motor boat nothing can equal these 14 and 16 ft. **Pierce** Boats. We make other boats up to 40 ft. If interested send 4 cts. in stamps and we will send our complete Motor Boat Catalog. Motor and Dory Catalog sent free.

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to find out how to make shaving a delight? Write us to-day for a small bottle of

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Enclose **4c** in stamps and we will send it at once. Apply after shaving, in place of the usual lotion. One trial will make you want a larger bottle, which you can secure from any dealer for 75c—(6 oz. bottle).

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is an exquisite toilet preparation. It has the fragrance of the living flower. Exceptionally fine for handkerchief, atomizer and bath.

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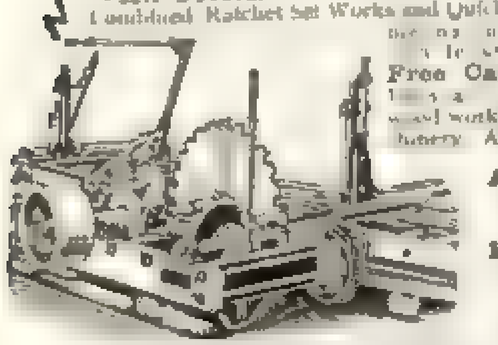

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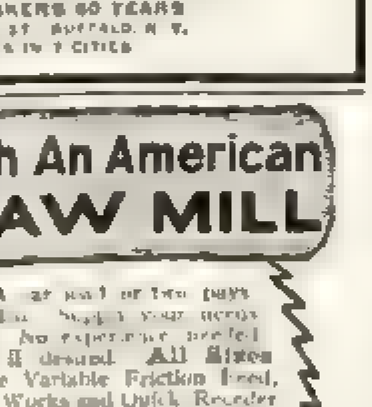

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often marvelous. Two or three instances are selected from a large number, chiefly because they relate to comparatively small establishments.

The proprietor of an Indiana wagon factory sought the advice of an expert upon a method of eliminating waste on lumber, which he felt sure existed but could not locate. A standard schedule was drawn up, fixing the exact amount of material necessary for each job; and a stock clerk was engaged, whose duty it was to measure out accurately the required quantities as called for from day to day in the shop. The result was a saving of twelve per cent of high-grade oak and hickory—a total of eighteen thousand dollars for the first year.

In a machine shop where two hundred and fifty hands were employed men had to go to the toolroom for drills, dies and other small tools and parts as required by the various jobs they had in hand. This meant a walk across a large shop and frequently several minutes' wait while the tool clerk was attending to others. A new system was devised by which the workman received, with his job order and blueprint, a basket containing all the necessary tools and parts for the work. As a very efficient time-checking system was in operation it was easy to figure the time saved by the new plan. It amounted to over seven per cent.

In this shop, as in many others where the equipment is not abnormally expensive, the annual wage total was fully as large as the capital employed. Therefore, that seven per cent saving was equivalent to an extra seven per cent dividend on the capital.

THE GHOST OF THE SHIFTING YARD

(Continued from Page 9)

and spoke her soft again. 'Ma'm,' I says, 'I'm sorry to tell you, but you can't lock out no ghosts with a piece of hardware. If you was to let me, I'll be willing to send you up three hairs off a red-headed nigger and a rabbit's foot. I know where I c'n get 'em, and you c'n put 'em in a bottle.'

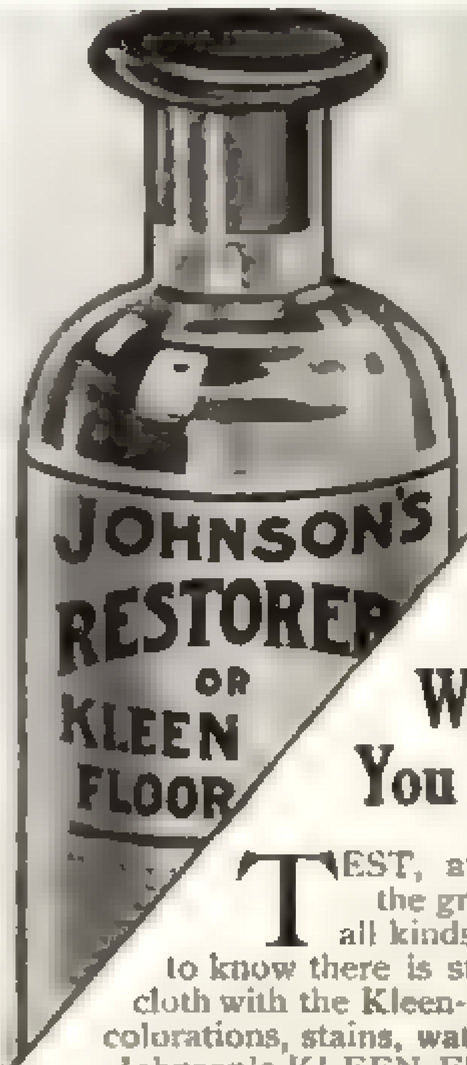
"Say, she just turned red and told me to mind my own business. So I did, naturally, only it didn't make me feel good.

"The boys they got together, and we all allowed we'd hold them ceremonies of a Sunday night. Most of the crews would be in then; and senst we didn't have to bother about no relics, they wouldn't be any complaint if he waited. So we laid out to be real stylish on Jupy—sandwiches and a kag of beer for the mourners, and all the Pittsburgh stogies we'd wanter smoke while we was talking it over, and crape and gloves for the committee. Only when the beer was spoken of, I got kinder worried about what Maggie might say.

"But along come Friday, two nights before Jupy's layout. When my run got in, I heard that the committee on entertainment was meeting over in the yardmaster's hutch, so I went over there to get the last returns. Well, we was all setting around the stove, and talking over what a fine send-off Jupy was to have, when the door, of a sudden, bust open, and a feller come sailing in like he'd been run up the yard on a push pole at thirty miles an hour. Why, he was as white as the paint on one of them palace refrigerator cars, and sucking in his breath like a busted air-tank. Scared? Why, say—a Ginny section-hand could have walloped him with a shovel and he wouldn't have said a word. When he backed up again' the wall, shaking, I sawn it was Bull Finucane, a dope monkey off the shop tracks at the other end of the yard. 'Evening, Bull,' says I, kinder smiling; 'you look like you'd seen two dollars!' I says, 'or has your wife's Mar come visiting with a hatchet?'

"Bull's teeth begun to chatter something fierce. 'You lemme be!' he says, and shakes again. 'I been seeing spooks—me what didn't use to believe in no spirits,' says he, 'and now it's come to hant me!'

"Say, we all give him the hoot, and Bull he wanted to fight. 'Don't you laugh,' says he, 'because I sawn it myself. 'Twas a real, sure-as-shooting ghost—and it come and et up all my dinner bucket.' Gosh! we started in to guy him something fierce; and I never saw a jake get so savage. 'You go on up the shop track and see it yourself!' he bawls. 'Then you c'n laugh,' says he, 'you gang of cinder-eating,



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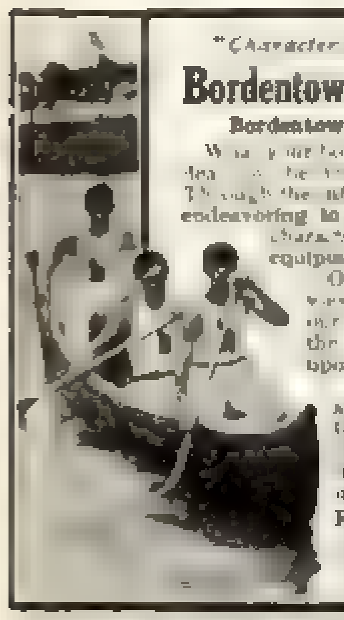

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tie-thumping hoboes, youse! 'Tis the ghost of Jupy P. M. A. Braunschweigler,' he says; 'I've seed him to the face, and now I've got my doom!'

"You bet we quit our laughing then. I guess I was as sick as the rest of them, too, because didn't I remember how I'd abused Jupy the last moments of his life? Bull he told us about it. He'd hid his bucket on the end sills of a cattle-rack up at the head of the shop track, and when he went back to get it the bucket wasn't there. So, Bull he lifts up his lantern to look close, when across the couplings he sees a face staring at him, all white and ghashly. Bull he didn't know it was a shape, at fust, and when he sees the spirit eating up his grub he got all het up about it. 'You doggone burglar!' he yells, and starts to climb across. Well, gents, the spirit just give him a sad smile and then faded away to nothing. Bull, though, had got a real good look. When he come to his senses he found himself half a mile up the yard and running yet.

"Say, Bull hadn't more than got done telling his experiences when another jake come busting in at the door. It's a switchman from the upper cross-overs, and he's seen the ghost of Jupy, too. 'I hear some weeping in an empty box car,' he says, his teeth shaking, 'and it was sobbing and taking on something terrible. Yeah!' says he; 'and thinking it's some hobo with a souse on, I lifts my lantern and looks in. Then I seen *It!* 'Twas Jupy's wraith,' he says, picking up a brake club, 'and don't none of you guys get gay and try to josh me,' says he, 'or I'll bust you on the crock!'

"They come dropping in after that—five all together—and they had all sawn Jupy's spirit. Some one suggests then that we all go and round up the ghost. They wanted to ask him whether he had a grouch, and would he go away if they went and busted the guy he had the spite on. But I didn't want to go monkeying with any ghosts, so I told 'em what was more than likely biting Jupy's spirit was that we had put off the ceremonies so long. I says to them: 'Friends, let's put it to a vote. Let's solemnize Jupy tomorrow eve instead of Sunday. Then mebbe the ghost will get the haitch out of here.'

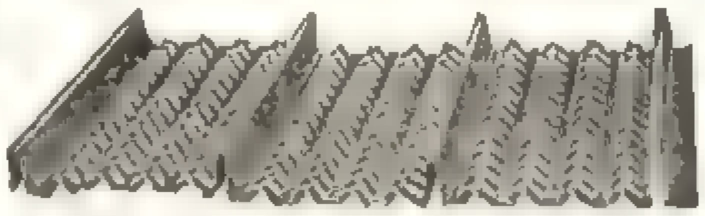
"In the evening we had the wake on time. First of all, I went up and told Maggie about Jupy's spirit, and how we'd better hurry up the obsequious so as to lay the ghost. Maggie she just looked at me a moment, and then she had the hysterics again, laughing till she cried, and then covering her head with her apron. Waiting till she'd thrun her fit I told her about the arrangements—the sandwiches, cigars and the beer and all.

"'Hey, what?' she says, and then bit her lips. 'Oh, beer,' she says, and stared at me. 'Beer, did you say—a hull kag of it?' I nods real polite, and that pleased, too, because I didn't know whether the widow would stand for it or not, her having taken the beer away from her dead deceased.

"'Cassidy,' says she after a while, 'you bring along your kag, and you set it out here on the verandy where anyone c'n see it from the road. It can't come in the house,' she says, 'for this is a home of mourning where there's going to be a line of mourns,' says she, 'that'll make a burying-ground look like a merry-go-round! And be sure and have a spigot on the kag,' she says, and then bursts out into tears.

"Prompt at eight the committee assembled at Stulzheimer's saloon, and marched solemn to the home of the dead departed. We had black gloves and a necktie of crape around our elbows, and when we come to the gate we chucked away our cigars and moved the kag to the porch. Maggie she'd brung up a chair to the window and was setting there, and when she sawn me she leaned back and looked real pleased. Yeah! I had a tile I'd borried from a friend of mine in the undertaking trade, and black pants and a new plush tie that'd set me back a hull half dollar down to the Sheeny's Racket Store. I was looking some, I tell—and what if she was a widow, and darned young and good-looking. Being as I was a friend of the absent corpse the boys had appointed me spokesmaster; and when we'd all shook hands with Maggie she went back to her place by the window and begun peeking through the curtains.

"It was a fine and dandy little talk I gave them. I referred to the age and job of the dear departed deceased, and how he'd been took from us by a main-line crew



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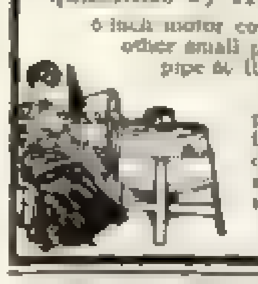

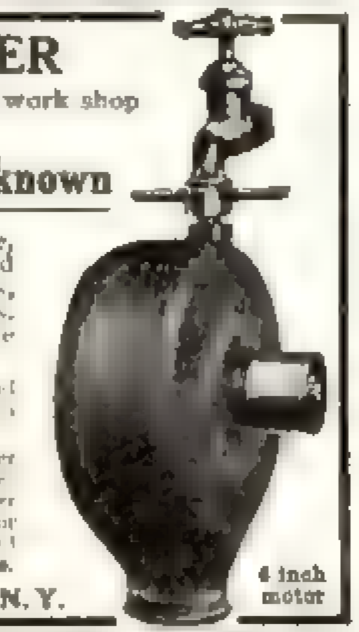

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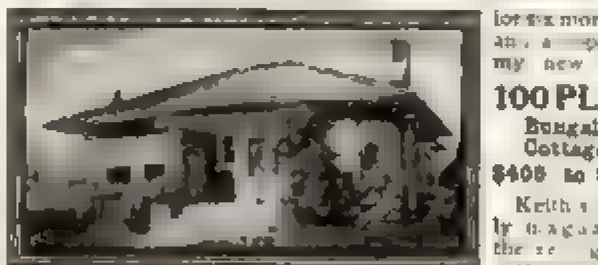

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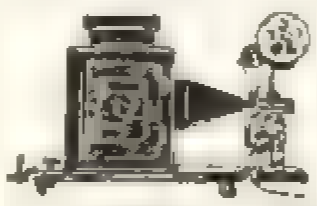

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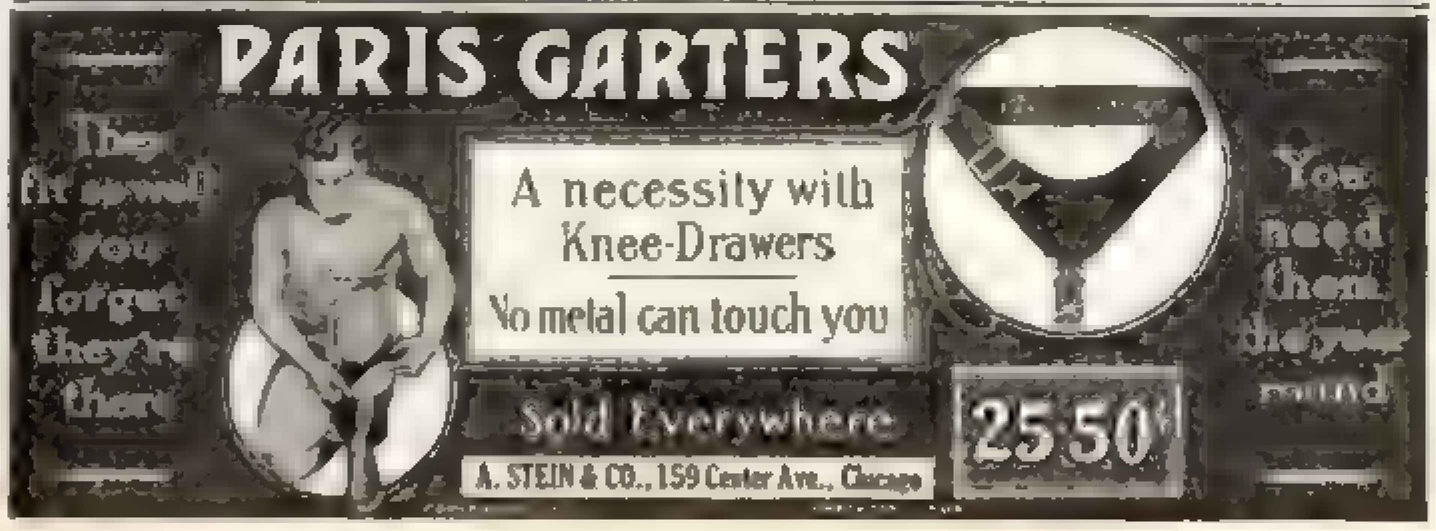
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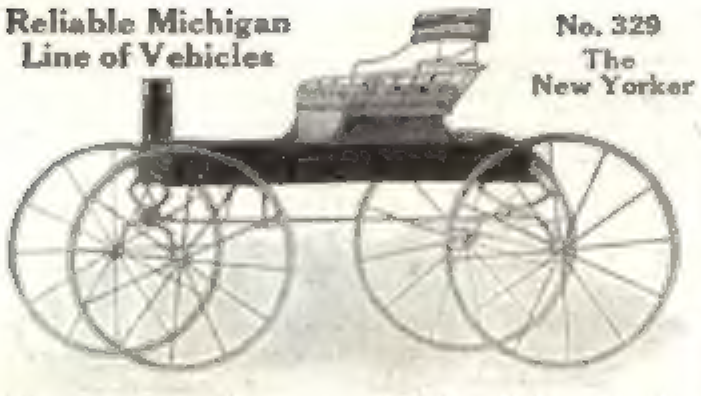

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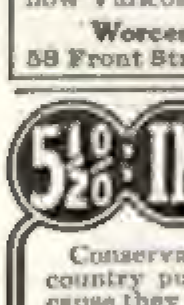

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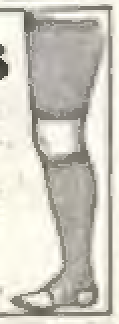

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piling into our hind end when we wasn't looking for it. Yes!—but which was expected, seeing it was on the X & Y. Then I went on to sling it in how he'd always drew down his overtime along with the best of us, and wouldn't he look natural now if he was only a-lying laid out in the parlor instead of being mixed up with the main-line cinder ballast. Yep! I went right on shooting it into the invited guests, all about the corpse; and I was going on to tell how he never beat his wife, no matter what she done to him, when all at once Maggie spoke up sudden. 'Hah!' she says in a whisper, 'there's some one at the beer!'

"Say! me and the rest of the mourners sot up like we'd sat down on something. You bet we knew it wasn't nobody trying to steal the kag, because I guess no one around there would want to pinch nobody's funeral beer. Oh, we knew what it was, all right! There was the stricken widow peering through the curtain, and we all sat so still you c'd have heard a pin drop—and I don't mean a coupling-pin, nuther! Gents, Jupy's ghost had took to walking again, and it'd come straight home to the kag!

"'Sssh!' says I, trying hard not to bite my tongue off, and my teeth rattling like a freight-car that's gone and dropped its lagging. 'Sssh! 'tis Jupy's spirit,' I whispers, 'and maybe, if you sit still, he'll go away without bothering.'

"There was a terrible silence after that. Me and the rest of the committee we was froze to our chairs. Then we heard a squeak of the spigot and a clink of glass. At that Maggie she riz and begun sneaking for the door. 'Leave it alone!' I whispers, scared stiff; 'leave that there ghost get his beer, and I bet he goes away peaceable!'

"But Maggie never pays no attention to me. Outside, I c'n hear the glass clink again and a squeak from the spigot, too. The ghost was having another. 'For Heaven's sake!' says I, and leaps toward Maggie, 'don't you go interfering with no spirit,' I begs, 'or you won't have no luck no more unless you die and git planted.'

"Maggie she just give me a shove. 'Scat!' she says, real harsh and unkind. 'Sit down, Cassidy—or you'll fall down!' says she. 'You're shaking like a ton of coal. Ghosts!' she says, and begins to have hysterics again. 'Ghosts! Oh, my land's sakes alive!' Then, before I c'd grab her, she thrun open the door and lep out into the darkness."

. . . .

A long hoot from the engine up beyond sounded on the night, and Mr. Cassidy paused and cocked up his ear. Another followed, a third, and then a fourth. "Gosh!" said he, leaping to his feet, "there's our road hog hollering for me to come in!"

Swinging himself to the slice-board in front of the tender, he dropped down to the track; and just then Fishplate grabbed him by the collar.

"Say, you hold on there!" growled the fireman. "Did she catch that there ghost?"

Mr. Cassidy, with a violent effort, wrenched himself away. "She did!" he yelled back through the gloom. "She went out and caught him by the kag, and she brought him indoors by the ear."

Again the road engine bellowed for her missing flag. "Hey, you!" bawled Fishplate, "if you don't come back and tell me what happened I'll break your face when I see you! What come to that there ghost?"

Through the dimmed windows of the cab they could see Mr. Cassidy's lantern flash the signal to go ahead. A rattle of draft-gear followed; the freight gathered way and ponderously pulled along. "About that there ghost?" bawled Fishplate. A louder rattling of the draft-gear followed, a grinding of flanges and an exultant roar from the road hog's pipe. Through all this uproar a mumbling voice returned to them. Fishplate drew in his head from the cab window.

"What did he say?" demanded Fergus, reaching for the oil can on the boiler head. "Did you hear him tell what she done to that spirit?"

Fishplate grunted loudly in disgust. "That fellow Cassidy gives me a pain," he answered gloomily. "He says Maggie made the ghost take the pledge."

"Hey, what?"

"Yes," responded Fishplate, reaching for the coal scoop, "and the last Cassidy sawn of the spirit, it was walking to church along with her, wearing pants with a crease in them and patent-leather shoes."

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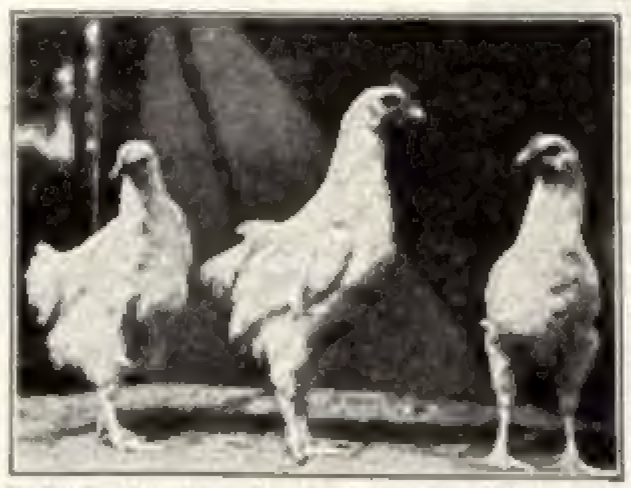

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The Riddle of Central Real Estate

(Concluded from Page 6)

in a growing Western city purchased a corner upon which to erect an office-building, paying for the land $100,000. The building is to cost $750,000 when completed. Its owners are going to lose money on their investment from the start, and it will be long before the building pays at all. It probably will prove a profitable investment, but only when the congested business center expands sufficiently to pull it over the brink into financial safety.

The projectors of this enterprise will be obliged to wait patiently for their dividends because they have ignored the fundamental rule that the amount of rentals depends upon the average number of people who pass that particular location in the business day. This rule is as absolute as is the fact that the value of a piece of property as a dividend-payer depends upon the amount of rentals received from it. Land values and rentals are based upon human congestion and that alone. The nearer the vortex of the congestion a property is situated the more profitable the investment.

These men in this Western city are erecting a building which must bring them $51,000 per annum above all interest charges and cost of maintenance and operation, if they are to receive six per cent on their investment. This amount they must, of course, receive from their tenants. They will not be able to obtain it for the reason that, if the number of people who pass that corner in a day is not sufficient to bring the land value to more than $100,000, it will not be large enough to create the volume of business that will justify tenants in paying enough rents to constitute a profitable return on the investment. No office-building—bearing always in mind that dividends are the great desideratum—should cost more than the value of the land upon which it is erected. The projectors of this enterprise have heavily handicapped their investment from the start, and unless they are most careful they will still further burden it with a style of construction that will fail to bring the largest possible return.

The Limit of Profitable Height

At present, syndicates and individuals seem willing to allow their architects to go as deep into the ground and as high into the air as the building laws of the community allow. They know the value of their ground at the street level and they figure that all they can grab of the air above and of the earth below that level is clear profit, and they make a serious mistake. Basements do not, as a rule, yield good returns upon the amount of money expended in their construction, and yet architects in many large cities are constantly planning for their construction, for that of sub-basements and even of sub-sub-basements.

The style of building that will be most highly remunerative varies according to the size and character of the city in which it stands. Fifteen stories will pay well in Chicago and in New York, possibly a few stories more than that will do well; but for the average city of 150,000 and more population the maximum height for a well-paying building is ten stories. The composite store-and-office structure is the greatest producer of revenue, because it will bring larger rents on the first floor than any other and equally high returns from the upper floors. Generally speaking, one square foot of rentable space in one of the upper floors in a building of this description will, or should, bring in about one-half of the income that will be derived from an equal area on the ground floor; and a basement, if it be not too deep down in the earth, will produce two-fifths to one-half as much rental as the same amount of space on one of the upper floors.

The arrangement of space on the interior of buildings in such a way as to produce a maximum of rentable space is a problem both important and interesting, but its details cannot be considered here. On the whole, it is treated by the owner and architect in much the same manner as are value of the land and the constructive cost of the building, and yet the financial merit of the original investment in the centrally-located business property has in nearly every case been sufficient to make good all other defects.

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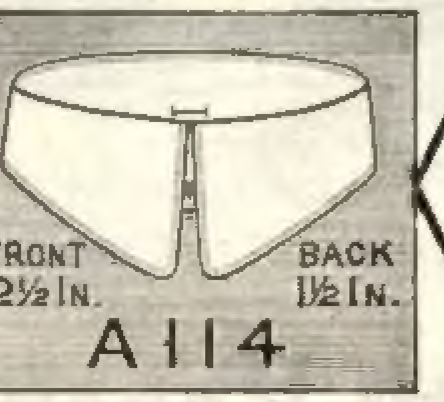
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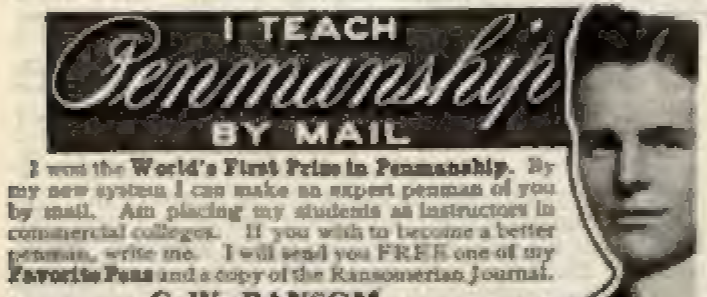

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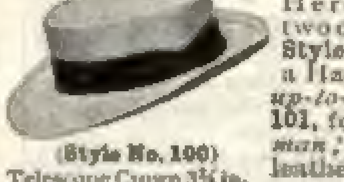

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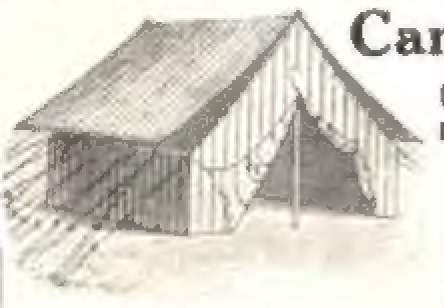

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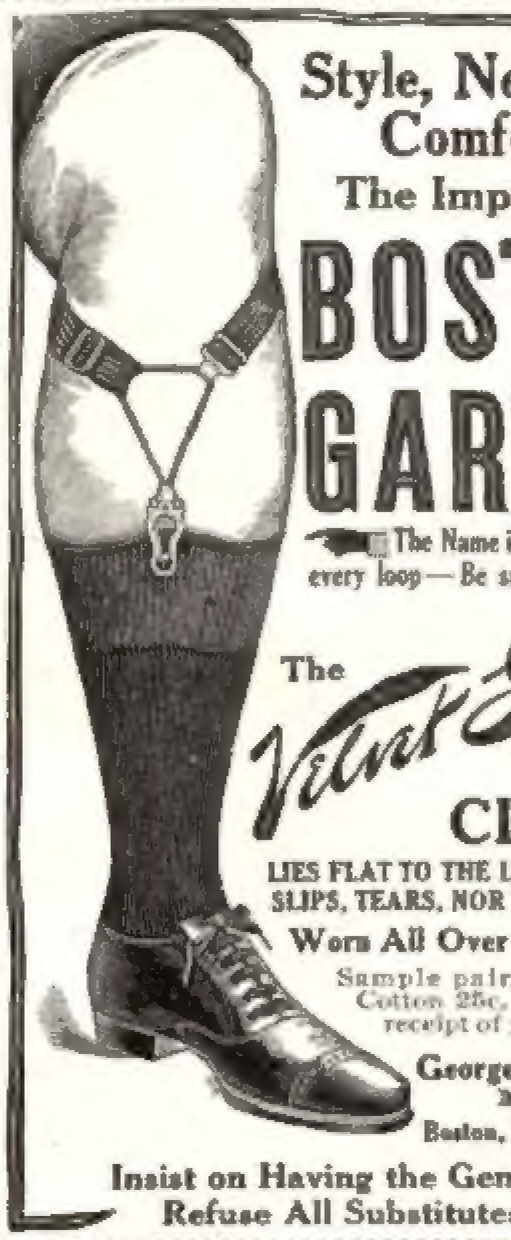

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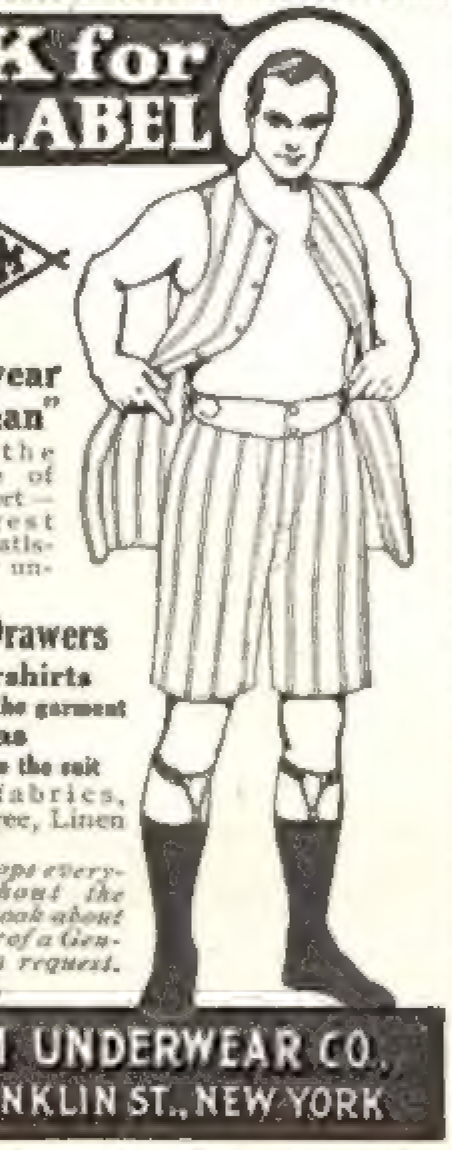

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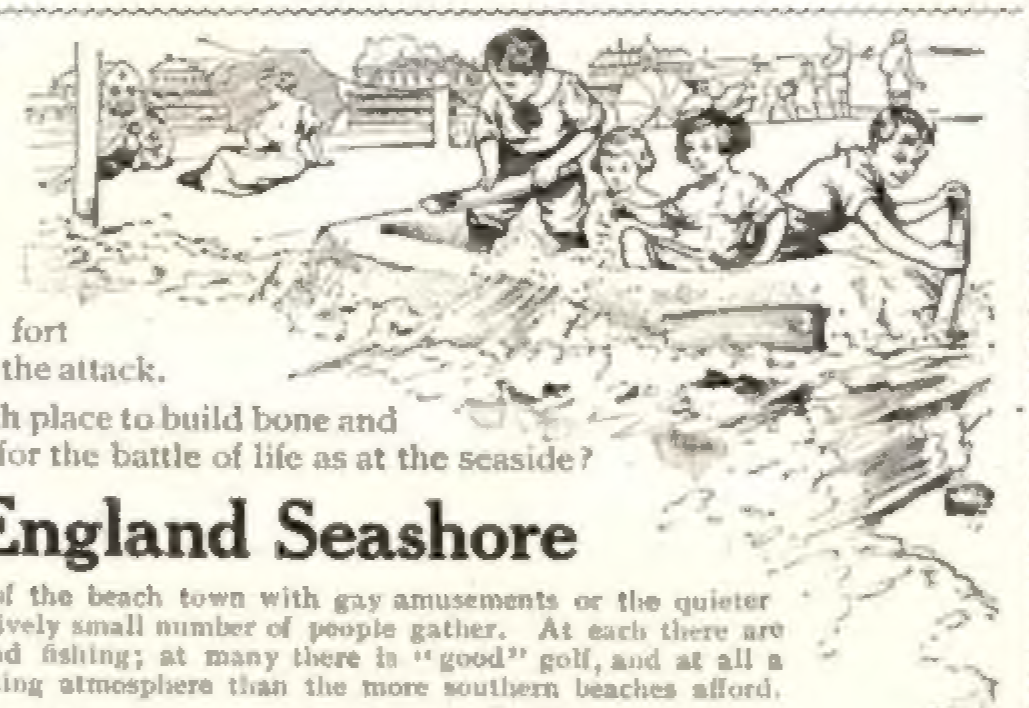

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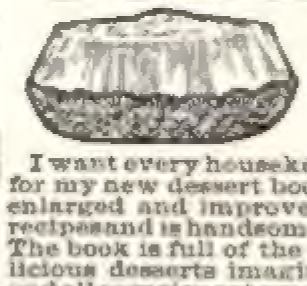

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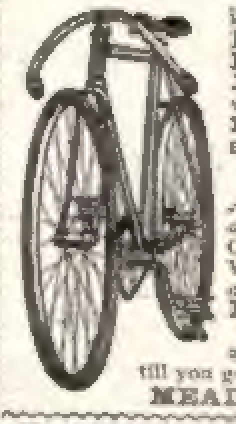

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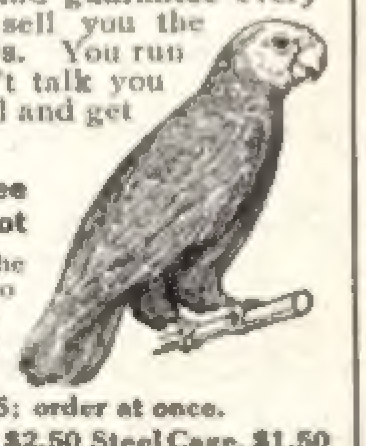

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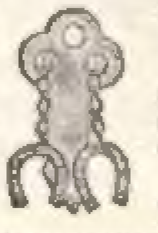

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'Say, Doctor, I wish that tube had been three feet long.'"

Signed by a former President of a State Dental Association.
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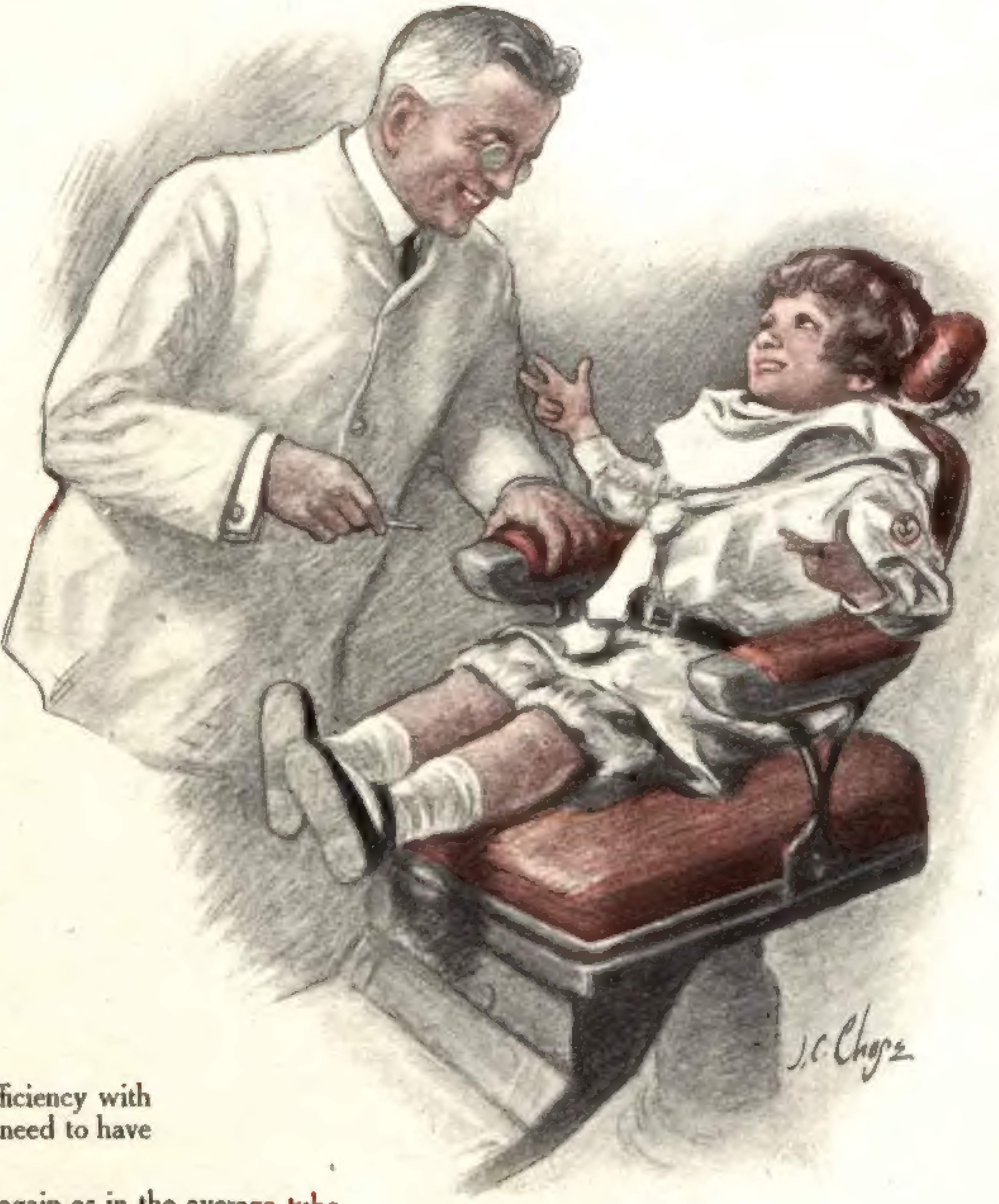

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If he had used it properly—(one inch twice daily) it would have lasted 3 months.

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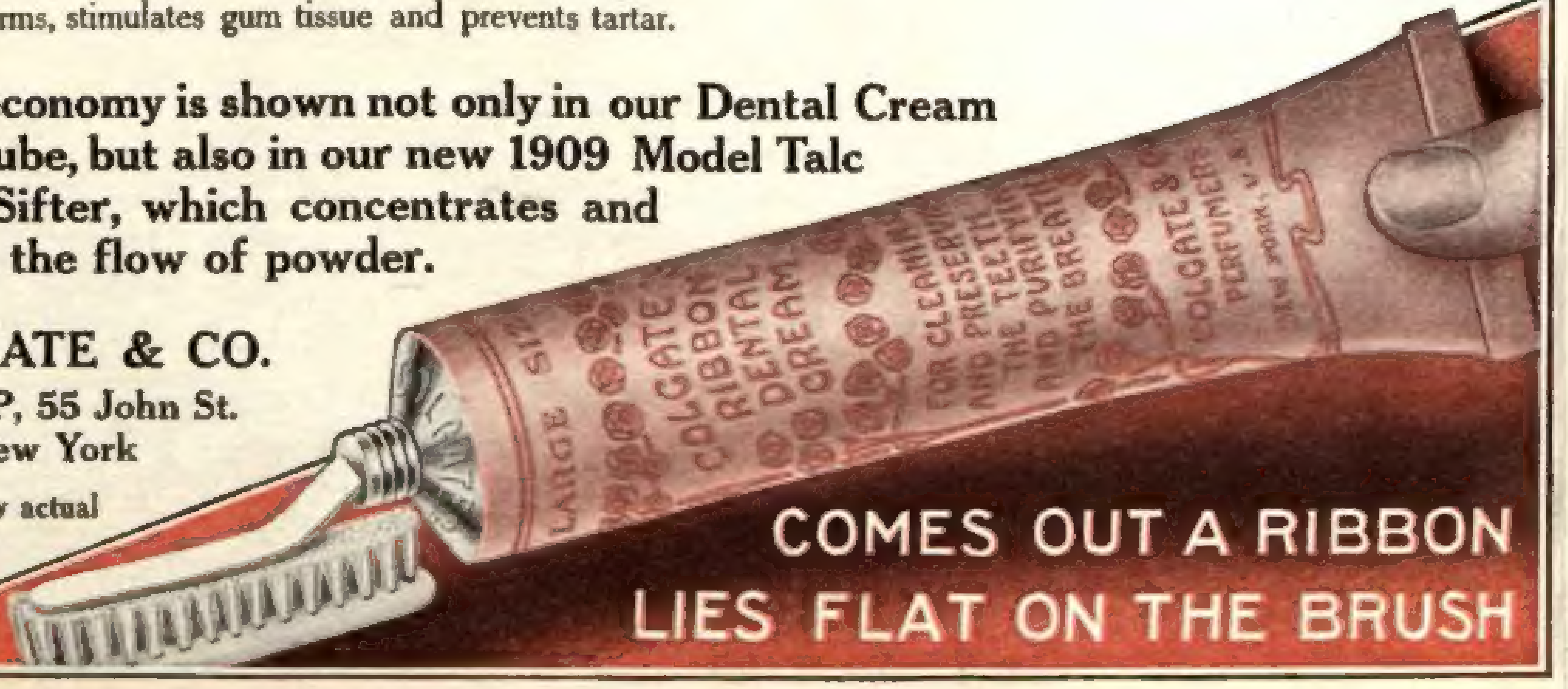
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